

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.—AUGUST, 1880.—No. 8.

CASA GRANDE.

There is no subject of greater interest to the intelligent mind than the unwritten history of the human race. We look back to our ancestors, who were probably no better than ourselves, with an innate veneration, common to all mankind. It is human to inquire into the past. We have a strong natural desire to know the early history of man as an inhabitant of the earth, and to speculate on the future. To us it is a subject of absorbing interest to inquire how we came to be here, and why. Were we created in our present shape, or are we the result of evolution from lower forms? It is now generally conceded that the human race has walked the earth for a much longer period than was formerly supposed. Darwin's well known theory of gradual advance from the lowest types to the highest is now assumed by many educated minds, and the subject has become so interesting that earnest men, in various parts of the world, are devoting their lives to its study.

It is to a certain extent humiliating to visit the British Museum, or to pass through the extensive galleries of the Louvre at Paris, and view the relics of ancient civilization there shown. It humbles our pride to be compelled to admit that in some things the ancients were our superiors, and that they had in daily service articles of use and ornament that we cute Yankees have reinvented and consider new. But there is a period still more ancient, of which we have but vague ideas, and of which we know but little. In Europe, evidences of the age of prehistoric man are being carefully collected, and all new facts bearing on the subject studied with the greatest interest. In the

Eastern States of the Union, the works of the ancient mound-builders—of whom we have no history—are being as carefully investigated and preserved. Over the entire Pacific Coast, also, works of ancient man have been found. Although but little interest has been taken in them by our gold-hunting people, they are being collected by the wholesale to enrich the museums of other lands, when they should be preserved in our own.

The ubiquitous prospector, while searching for gold and silver, is often surprised to find remains of a prehistoric civilization in the most unexpected localities. There is little doubt that the whole country, including the wide-spread desert and mountain *cañon*, has been a scene of activity in years long past. And it is difficult to account for the facts, such as we find them, unless we assume that the unknown race was one of gold-hunters, like ourselves. There is no better theory to account for their selecting, with evident forethought, such a sterile and desolate country for an abiding place. Moreover, there are reasons to believe that they led a roving life, and were constantly changing. There is said to be a tradition among the Pueblo Indians of the south, to the effect that another race, known as the Montezuma tribes, went to Mexico in very ancient times from the north; and that the emigration was gradual, as if the nomadic race had been slowly driven southward by some unknown cause. In evidence of this, it has been shown that a line of ruins extends from the Gila River quite to the City of Mexico, with rather more obscure traces northward. At certain points

the movement seems to have been for a time checked, and a stand made, which must have occupied a long period of years; for it may be shown that the ancient people built cities, engineered irrigating canals, erected *casas grandes*, prospected the hills for gold, silver, and copper, strewed the ground with broken pottery, lost their stone axes and shell ornaments, built mounds, and buried their dead.

It is historical that the Spaniards in Mexico found a mixture of races at the time of the conquest. The Pueblo Indians planted corn, beans, and pumpkins, and lived almost wholly on the fruits of agriculture, while the Montezumas were rich in gold, silver, and copper. Modern miners and prospectors have discovered a relation between these ruins and deposits of the precious metals—a clew to the richest spots in Arizona and New Mexico, revealed by the marks left by the ancient gold-hunters. Wherever they have found old ruins may be discovered, in nearly every case, valuable mines. A similar experience was made by the early explorers of the wonderful copper mines of Lake Superior. The best mines and the largest deposits of copper had been discovered and worked by an ancient and unknown race; in Arizona and New Mexico, old workings are not uncommon. Several instances are fresh in the mind of the writer. In the Valeria Mine, Arivaca District, Pima County, Arizona, a human skeleton, with tools of copper and stone, was found in an old shaft, from which a quantity of native silver has lately been taken. In the Pinal District, Pinal County, tons of litharge have been found, which in all human probability is the refuse of ancient furnaces, which have fallen into decay and all traces of them been lost. The same substance has been found elsewhere in Arizona. Another discovery of this nature has lately been made at a locality twenty-six miles north-east of Prescott, Yavapai County, Arizona, at the copper mines of Head & Richards. An old shaft was discovered, which had become obscured and nearly filled in by drifting sands. When cleared out it was found to be twenty feet deep, with a drift at the bottom fifteen feet long, in which lay hammers and gads of stone. J. J. Vosburgh, agent of Wells, Fargo & Co. at Globe City, was prospecting, in 1879, in the White Mountains of Arizona. On the highest peak, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, he built his evening camp-fire. In doing so, he noticed some Indian arrow-heads on the ground. Stooping to pick them up, he saw, scattered among the loose earth, a quantity of stone beads, some of them in an unfinished condition, an examination of which is a key to the mode of their manufacture. Some of these in-

teresting relics have been sent to San Francisco for the State Museum, where they may be examined by those interested.

The ancient building known as Casa Grande, on the banks of the Gila River, is at the present time the most interesting of all the ruins left by the prehistoric people. Although there are many other ruins of less note which are worthy of careful study, this one is the best known, and is identified with the history of the country. The events which led to the discovery of Casa Grande may be briefly stated. When the Spaniards had conquered Mexico, and the first excitement was over, they began to turn their attention to the unknown north country. As we, at the present day, allow our imaginations to color the mental picture we paint of unexplored lands, so the victorious Spaniards listened eagerly to stories, invariably rose-tinted, which came to their ears from time to time. The El Dorado had not yet been discovered, in the existence of which the civilized world at that period had the most implicit faith; as a proof of which, the voyages of Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1595 and 1617, may be cited, and a number of Spanish expeditions well known to historians. It is not strange, therefore, that the Spaniards in Mexico should willingly equip expeditions to the unknown land. Rumors of cities of great wealth and splendor, and mines of gold, silver, and precious stones, reached Mexico from various sources. It is unnecessary to repeat here what has been so well told in a former number of this magazine. A well written and very interesting account of the expedition of Coronado, with a map of the route he took, may be found in the annual report of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution, for the year 1869, to which the reader is referred. The following extracts bearing on the history of Casa Grande are in part from that source.

In the year 1530, Nuno de Guzman, President of New Spain, became interested in a statement made to him by a slave, to the effect that he had seen in his native country, lying to the north of Mexico, cities nearly as large as the City of Mexico, in which streets were exclusively occupied by artisans in gold and silver. The Indian also stated that a desert intervened, which would require at least forty days to cross. The President having allowed his imagination to get the better of his judgment—a mistake too common at the present day—organized an army with the intention of conquering these cities in the name of Spain. When, however, he had reached Culiacan, a point in Mexico near the Gulf of California, in the present State of Sinaloa, he found the difficulties so much greater than he had expected

that he abandoned the undertaking, and contented himself with making a settlement. Culiacan at the present day contains more than twelve thousand inhabitants. About six years afterward, in 1536, a party of Spaniards came to Mexico from the north. With them came also an Arab, or negro, named Stephen. This party was a remnant of the expedition of Pamphilo de Narvaez, which sailed from the West Indies, in 1528, with four hundred men and eighty horses, in four ships, to explore Florida, of which Narvaez was Governor, under commission from Spain. The expedition ended most disastrously. Shipwrecked, taken captive by hostile Indians and enslaved for years, treated with the greatest cruelty by their captors, this small party of four—probably the only survivors—finally made their escape, and reached Mexico as above stated, having crossed the continent northward, thence traveling southward through New Mexico and Arizona to Culiacan.

These men caused an excitement by the stories they told of cities they had seen, and of mythical mines of gold and silver, which led to the expedition of Coronado, in the year 1540. The adventures of this expedition have oft-times been related—how the negro, Stephen, and a Franciscan friar, Marcos de Nica, with a party, were sent out in advance, to learn whatever could be ascertained of the seven cities; how the negro was killed, and the remainder of the party returned without discovering anything of special importance, yet feeding the flames by drafts on their imagination, inventing stories of golden splendors they had never seen; and how Coronado marched northward nearly to the present site of Omaha, and returned disappointed. All this is a matter of great interest, but has little bearing on the subject of this paper, and is only mentioned here on account of its connection with a secondary expedition, which was sent by Coronado, and commanded by Captains Melchior de Diaz and Juan de Saldivar, to explore a portion of the country.

This party had extended its exploration as far as Chichilticale, on the edge of the desert, six hundred miles from Culiacan. They met Coronado at Chiametta, and gave very discouraging accounts of what they had seen. This did not, however, deter Coronado from repeating the exploration, and visiting Chichilticale in person, which is described in the records in the following language:

"He was especially afflicted to find this Chichilticale, of which so much had been boasted, to be but a single ruined, roofless house, which at one time seemed to have been fortified. It was easy to see that this house, which

was built of red earth, was the work of civilized people, who had come from afar."

This seems to be the first historical notice of Casa Grande.

Father Kino, in 1694, one hundred and fifty years later, visited the Gila River and Casa Grande. He found traditions among the Pima Indians dating back four hundred years. It was then a ruin. Another priest, whose name is not given, visited these ruins in the year 1764. Father Font was at Casa Grande on the third of October, 1775. He says:

"The Casa Grande must have been built five hundred years previously, in the thirteenth century, if we may believe the accounts given by the Indians. The house is seventy feet from north to south (Spanish feet), and fifty feet from east to west. The interior walls are six feet thick. We found no trace of stairways. We think they must have been burned when the Apaches destroyed the edifice."

In modern times, Casa Grande has been more frequently visited, and descriptions of it given. An interesting account may be found in *Notes of a Military Reconnaissance from Fort Leavenworth, in Missouri, to San Diego, California*, by W. H. Emory, published in Washington, in 1848. On the eleventh of November, 1846, Lieutenant Emory was encamped, with his command, eight or ten miles from the Pimos Villages. A party visited the Casa Grande, called by him Casa Montezuma. While riding, Lieutenant Emory asked the interpreter if the Indians knew the origin of these buildings. The reply was, "No. In truth, we know nothing of their origin. All is wrapped in mystery." The following is from his narrative:

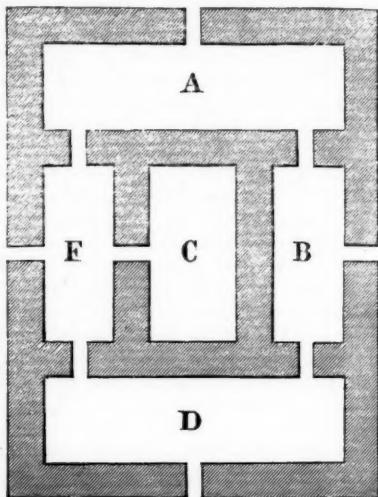
"About the time of the noonday halt, a large pile, which seemed the work of human hands, was seen to the left. It was the remains of a three-story mud house, sixty feet square, pierced for doors and windows. The walls were four feet thick, formed of layers of mud two feet thick. Stanly made an elaborate sketch of every part, for it was, no doubt, built by the same race that had once thickly populated this territory, and left behind the ruins. We made a careful search for some specimens of household furniture or implements of art, but nothing was found except the corn-grinder always met with among the ruins and on the plain. Marine shells, cut into various ornaments, were also found here, which showed that these people either came from the sea, or trafficked there. No traces of hewn timber were discovered; on the contrary, the sleepers of the ground floor were round and unheven. They were burned out of their seats in the wall to the depth of six inches. The whole interior of the house had been burned out, and the walls much disfigured. What was left bore marks of having been glazed. On the wall, in the north room of the second story, was found some hieroglyphics, which were carefully drawn, but the drawings have been lost."

Lieutenant Emory visited other interesting ruins, at one of which he found sea-shells worked into ornaments, and a large bead an inch and a quarter in length, of bluish marble, exquisitely carved or turned.

The writer of this article, in company with Professor George H. Cook, State Geologist of New Jersey, and S. P. Van Winkle, also of New Jersey, visited Casa Grande in April, 1879. This remarkable ruin lies about twelve miles from the flourishing town of Florence, Pinal County, Arizona. It stands on a wide-spreading *mesa*, rising slightly from the main road. The mesquite trees, although low, hide the building until it is nearly approached. For miles distant from the ruin the ground is spread with fragments of broken pottery, in such quantities that it is impossible to reject the idea that the site was at one time densely populated, where now utter desolation reigns. It is natural, under such circumstances, to speculate as to how the people lived; for, if the country was in the same state then as now, the question would be a difficult one to answer. The visitor has ample time to think the matter over from the time he first begins to observe the signs of human habitation until he reaches the building. With our party the conclusion reached was that the Colorado desert may have been once an inland sea, and the climate widely different from the present. It must be a consolation to those who intend to reside in that part of Arizona to feel assured that no violent earthquake could have happened for centuries, for the walls of Casa Grande are in such a condition that they could not withstand even an ordinary shock.

As the traveler approaches Casa Grande he cannot fail to be somewhat disappointed, the more so if he has taken a romantic or poetical view of the published descriptions of that noted building. Instead of the stately edifice he has pictured in his imagination, he beholds only a huge dun colored, almost shapeless mass, looming up strangely from the desolate plain. There is nothing architectural about the structure. It is, at best, but a mud house; though, as he examines it more closely, it seems more and more wonderful, and the mind is filled with conjecture as to the uses to which this great building may have been put, and why it stands so lonely and isolated. But, on examining the ground around about, it will be discovered that Casa Grande is but one of many similar buildings that were scattered city-like over the *mesa*. Fallen walls of houses older, or which were thrown down by some unknown cause, may be traced out, or detected by the characteristic concrete which lies in heaps at various points.

The following is a plan of Casa Grande, on a scale of twenty feet to the inch:



The walls were originally, as near as may be, four feet in thickness, the exact measurement being three and seven-tenths feet. The highest point, as the building now stands, is thirty-five feet. It was originally four or five stories high, each of which was eight feet from floor to ceiling. The extreme length, carefully measured, is fifty-eight and a half feet, and the width



forty-three feet. In the north, south, east, and west faces of the building, there were narrow doors, centrally placed, through which entrance

was made into the main compartments, and over each door, narrow port-holes, decreasing in width from the bottom upward. The foregoing cut gives the form of them, drawn to a scale of half an inch to the foot.

Some of these port-holes have been built in with concrete, as if they had been found to be unnecessary, or had been filled up for defense. The building faces nearly the cardinal points of the compass, the north and south walls bearing north, ten degrees east, which is nearly the true meridian. The interior must have been dark, as the light was admitted only through the before described port-holes. The inner room was, presumably, like a dungeon.

A chemical analysis of the concrete of which the walls are built reveals the secret why the building has for so many years, not to say centuries, withstood the action of the elements, and also the probability that the ancient builders had acquired the art of burning lime, although they were still in ignorance of the use of iron.

ROUGH ANALYSIS OF CONCRETE FROM CASA GRANDE.

Sand and matter insoluble in hydrochloric acid	74.00
Carbonate of lime	17.00
Iron and alumina	1.10
Water	4.80
Organic matter and loss	3.10
Total	100.00

It will be seen by the above analysis that the concrete contains seventeen per cent. of carbonate of lime, and it is fair to assume that part of the insoluble portion may be silicate of lime, a substance which forms in the hardening of mortars. There is no reason to think that the builders made use of the limestones so abundant in the immediate vicinity, but the scattered fragments of shells lead to the opinion that sea-shells were brought from the shores of the Gulf of California; although when the fact is considered that seventeen per cent. of the massive four-foot wall is lime, the expenditure of labor seems almost incredible. It may be that the soil of the *mesa* is in itself calcareous, and that the concrete was prepared much as ordinary adobe is at the present day. But this is not at all likely. It is more probable that lime was burned to mix with the building materials.

The inner surface has remained these long years intact, the smooth face showing no sign of decay. The little wrinkled marks, left when the surface dried, remain the same as when, centuries ago, the builder laid aside his tools, and the work was declared finished. Readers of works written by travelers in Egypt wonder at the accounts given of temple and tomb, whose

pictured walls remain as fresh as if newly painted. They are inclined to think, if at all skeptical, that these statements are exaggerated. Yet here in Arizona we have evidences that, in the warm, dry climate, changes take place slowly. It is not easy to understand why the concrete walls should not last a thousand years as well as a hundred. Some parts of the outer surface remain as smooth as when left by the builder, while in others the tooth of time has gnawed unsightly cavities, like cancer spots. Why this should be the case has caused the writer much thought. For centuries occasional rain storms, and the continued action of the natural sand-blast, have gradually worn away the surface, and left their records on the old dun-colored walls. We are apt to overlook the importance of little things, and may forget that an incessant bombardment, lasting for centuries, may produce great changes, even if the missiles be only grains of sand. Professor William P. Blake read a paper before the California Academy of Sciences, January 15, 1855, describing the action of drifting sand as seen by him in the San Bernardino Pass. Even quartz was cut away. Hard minerals, like garnets, were found, in some cases, to have protected softer stones under their lee. After this action had continued for years, a stony finger was seen pointing to windward, with a garnet or other hard mineral at the tip. The writer has observed the same phenomenon in many localities in both California and Arizona, and lastly on the ancient walls of Casa Grande.

The central series of rooms was at least one story higher than the others. From A into E there is a port-hole in the second story, from room to room. From E into D there was originally a port-hole of the same size, but it has been filled in. From E to C there is a door, but none from C into B, instead of which there are several curious circular openings, from eight to ten inches in diameter, extending through the thick walls, and resembling modern stove-pipe holes. They are still perfectly smooth on the inside. What use these singular openings were put to can only be conjectured.

After making an examination of so remarkable a building, it was perfectly natural to speculate as to the uses to which it could have been put, and this is precisely what our party proceeded to do. It is amusing, even now, to remember how many suggestions were made, and how absurd some of them were. All were finally abandoned, and we were obliged at last to admit that no clew to the mystery had been discovered. One of the party suggested a grain warehouse, as the extensive irrigation works and the signs of a dense population indicated

that large crops may have been raised. But this theory was rejected when it was seen how small the floor rafters were. Any one of the many rooms full of grain would have crushed the floors, if not the walls themselves. Another thought that the building had been a temple, or some kind of religious edifice; but the smallness and multiplicity of the rooms, and the still greater number of doors and port-holes, argued against such a supposition, although the mysterious central rooms and the unexplained cylindrical openings were suggestive of pagan rites.

The interior of the building has been burned out long ago; still the ends of the rafters are well preserved, having been deeply embedded in the walls. On digging them out, it may be seen that they have been cut with a blunt instrument, the marks of which are to all appearance just as they were made by the hand of the workman. It may be argued that the floor joists being of wood, and showing but little, if any, mark of decay, the age of the building may be overestimated. As an offset to this objection, however, may be cited the mining of cedar logs in the ancient swamps of New Jersey. Dr. Beesley, quoted by Professor Cook in the geological reports of the State, estimates the age of some of the fallen trees at fifteen hundred and fifty years. They are at the present time being split into shingles and sawed into lumber, to be used in building in the cities of New York and Philadelphia. The piles upon which old London bridge is built were driven five hundred years ago, and are still in a good state of preservation. One of the wooden piles from the

bridge built by Trajan over the Danube was found to be superficially petrified, but the interior wood was sound after sixteen hundred years. The timber supports used by the ancient copper miners of Lake Superior are still remarkably sound and well preserved. But wood still more ancient has been found in Egyptian temples, which is known to be four thousand years old. Considering these facts, it is fair to admit the possibility of this remarkable antiquity having been built at a period very remote.

Several attempts have been made to discover a clew to the age and uses of Casa Grande by digging, but with indifferent success. A gentleman at Florence informed the writer that he had a piece of gold, resembling a coin, found within the ancient walls. A Mr. Walker made some excavations on an appropriation granted by the Legislature of Arizona. Others, from time to time, have made similar attempts, resulting, as before stated, in disappointment. Some visitors have said that a hollow sound could be heard in the inner room by jumping on the floor. It is quite evident that a portion of the walls have fallen inwardly, which may account for the sound, if it is true. Nothing of the kind, however, was noticed by the writer or party. Steps should be taken to preserve Casa Grande from the vandalism of visitors. Unless something be done to effect this end, it will eventually be carried off piecemeal. The Territorial Legislature should enact a law for its protection, and this cannot be done too soon.

HENRY G. HANKS.

MODERN ARCHERY.

With the antiquity of archery this article has nothing to do. From very early days, it has been the means of supplying man's wants in the chase, of fighting his battles; and to-day it furnishes a pastime, innocent, healthful, and fascinating. The fascination of the long-bow is something seemingly indefinable—growing, gaining on its votaries with each repetition of its use. After the probationary period of sore fingers, tired muscles, so far untrained, and other preliminary steps necessary to the acquirement of the art, comes, with increasing skill, the love of it, ever growing until so firmly rooted as to almost defy removal. The many diffi-

culties to be overcome by the ambitious devotee are but so many incentives, and the more they block the way, the greater the perseverance, the more determined the efforts, until a satisfactory degree of skill is acquired. The bow of to-day is different from the bow of our childhood days in nearly every respect. No boy would be a boy without bow and arrow, and the fact of being its manufacturer undoubtedly added greatly to its value in the owner's eyes. Anything bendable was utilized. An old barrel-stave, or shapely sapling dried in the oven, answered every purpose; and with such crude weapons, the small boy has from time immemo-

rial performed many creditable feats in shooting. That all boys are in a certain sense archers hardly excuses the wonderful tales related by the aged citizen of to-day of *his* shooting in the dim ages of the past. The citizen aforesaid is a grave and respectable member of society, renowned for his many virtues, and undoubtedly his word is as good as his bond. And yet of all the citizens of this class who appear on the archery range as interested spectators, but one is so far known who never killed a bird on the wing in boyhood days. The citizen invariably recounts his youthful exploits (as he remembers them), and if questioned as to killing game "on the move," as invariably answers affirmatively without the least hesitation. And the chances are he believes it. The writer has frequently requested a sample of skill from this description of spectator, and usually with the following result:

Citizen opens the ball: "How far do you call that?"

"Fifty yards."

"You make a great many misses. Not a very good shot, are you?"

"No, nothing extra. About fair to middling."

"Lemme try it once?"

"Certainly; but excuse me for saying you will probably be a little disappointed at first."

"That's all right. Watch this."

Citizen adjusts his eye-glasses, draws up the bow, nips the arrow between thumb and forefinger, lets go, and starts a tunnel in the ground about half-way to the target.

"Hardly steam enough that time. Try again."

Second effort results about the same, and citizen retires in disgust.

"So long since I shot a bow—rather out of practice."

"Just so."

His own efforts rather spoiling his stories, citizen falls back on aboriginal reminiscences. The Indian is always to be relied on as subject-matter for a yarn, and possesses the further advantage of not being on hand to test the accuracy of citizen's remarks:

"When I was a boy, I used to see Indians do some tall shooting. Knew one fellow who'd cut a sixpence out of a stick *every time* at a hundred yards."

"That so? Had good eyes, that Indian."

"Eh! What's that? What do you mean?"

"Nothing more than that you or I would need a telescope to see a sixpence a hundred yards off."

Symptoms of mental commotion evident in citizen's countenance. Decides that "perhaps it wasn't a hundred yards," gradually reducing the distance to a few feet under cross-examina-

tion—eventually hauling off for repairs, quietly muttering a candid opinion to the effect that "there's not much in that game, anyhow."

Little episodes of this sort rank among the fables of archery, and are expected whenever citizens of the said species visit the range, and they are very numerous. Another peculiarity very noticeable is that it seems impossible for the average spectator to enjoy the surroundings without more or less interfering with the participants. Archery is a pastime requiring intense concentration of the faculties on the one object, and many an arrow is sent wide of the mark through some thoughtless act of the spectator, which attracts the attention of the archer at the critical moment of "loosing," that otherwise would have found its way with unerring certainty to the mark. However unintentional the cause, the result is always the same; and this stray hint may not be amiss. Admitting that to the looker-on the sport may be tame, to the participant it has a zest and piquancy hard to explain, which is known only to the archer, but by him thoroughly understood and felt; and the fact that good shooting requires so much attention to the apparently trivial details only adds to the enjoyment felt as the flying shafts strike the mark.

The army of archers is daily receiving accessions from all ranks of life. It is a pastime which is suited to both sexes, from youth to age, and as it requires the open air and fair weather for its practice, it leads to health and happiness. Picturesque surroundings attract the eye, and the amount of physical exercise secured is not sufficient to be harmful, but rather of positive benefit, and more especially to those who lead sedentary lives, and it is from this class that most recruits are drawn. From looking on, one comes to inquire the cost of an outfit, and, once drawn in, the victim almost invariably becomes an ardent and enthusiastic lover of the gentle art. For a long time American archers were dependent on Great Britain for their outfits, and the relative merits of the foreign manufactures are well known among the fraternity. At this time, however, American bows are largely used, and are finding their way all over the country, to the gradual displacement of foreign makes of corresponding price and quality as fast as they are introduced. For beginners, probably the best bows used are what are known as "self-bows"—that is, bows made from a single stick. Of this class, the majority are lemonwood and lancewood. A good, serviceable bow to start with can be had for four or five dollars; half a dozen arrows, say as much more; arm-guard, finger-tips, and quiver, say three dollars—so that a total of

twelve or fifteen dollars will fit out the intending archer ready for the range. A straw target, thoroughly made, with regulation painted facing, will cost say six dollars, but can be bought by a club, or a few friends joining together, for common use. Once the probationary period is passed, the archer will become ambitious, and desire a better bow—and here his taste can be gratified with a large variety to select from. What are known as backed bows, made usually from two different woods (occasionally three), abound in styles and numbers, at from seven to twenty-five dollars in price, according to quality, through the various grades. Snakewood, beefwood, partridge-wood, lemonwood, lancewood, yew, and so forth, joined with ash or hickory for the back, are in common use here, and can be seen on any archery range. Perhaps the handsomest in appearance are the snakewood and hickory, the beautifully mottled dark wood contrasting well with the white. The more expensive bows of this class are marvels of finish and workmanship. Every part is wrought out to a certain scale so delicately graduated as to secure the best results in accuracy of shooting, elasticity, and strength. The yew, however, is the bow *par excellence*, and is unequalled in smoothness and elasticity of pull, quickness, and lack of tendency to "kick," noticeable in all other bows. The archer desirous of doing the handsome thing by himself can get a fine yew bow for two hundred and fifty dollars. Should that frighten the intending purchaser, perhaps a statement that a yew can be secured for fifteen or twenty dollars may be reassuring. The fortunate possessor of a fine bow is envied among archers less favored, but at the same time has a little extra care on his hands in giving it proper attention, although that should be done with every bow, whatever the quality. A frequent rubbing with an oiled rag is to the bow what careful grooming is to the race-horse; and the better taken care of, the better the results in every way, in either case.

Once provided with a satisfactory outfit, and having learned how to hold the bow, how to "loose," and other details, the question of advancement is simply one of practice. Systematic, persistent work in time accomplishes the desired result in the way of skill, and in a few months the novice becomes an expert at the shorter ranges. Many, in beginning, start at ten or twenty feet distance from the target, and practice until they become proficient enough to hit the gold (the bull's-eye) a majority of shots. As skill is acquired, the distance is gradually increased, until the archer is almost sure of "a hit" every time up to sixty yards distance, the

limit for what is known as short-range shooting. Target shooting is practiced in "rounds," the usual shooting in this vicinity being at the "American round"—thirty arrows each distance, at forty, fifty, and sixty yards. With growing skill and experience, the archer, if ambitious, as is usually the case, seeks new laurels in attempting the "York round," the present national round of Great Britain and of this country in public competitions. To get any satisfactory scores at this round is a work of much time and practice, not to mention pedestrianism, as it requires two dozen arrows at sixty yards, four dozen at eighty yards, and six dozen at one hundred yards; and those who flatter themselves into the belief that they are experts at the American round shooting, are usually surprised to see how often they do not hit the target at the longer ranges. The walking required to retrieve the arrows shot at the York round is rather more than could be anticipated without reckoning. An archer shooting alone, and three arrows at an "end" (each time the bow is used), will have walked nearly three miles at the hundred-yard range alone. To attain a respectable degree of proficiency at the York round is a work of years, and requires ambition and persistency on the part of the archer, as progress seems provokingly slow. Of course there are those who develop unusual aptitude, as in all sports, and acquire a condition of effectiveness so much sooner than many others who shoot in company with them that the effect is rather depressing on the slower ones; yet the peculiar attractions of archery are likely to stir up the rear ranks to greater effort in such cases. Time will tell, and it is generally a matter of time, after all. The archer, facing the target for the first time at a hundred yards, is usually more or less surprised to see how it has seemingly diminished in size, notwithstanding the four feet of diameter are still there, inviting the flying shaft. There is, possibly, a little trepidation, more determination, and still more curiosity, as the first arrow is started on its way—an eager straining of the eyes, watching the flight, and accompanying guessing as to its landing place. Following the arc, the archer half expresses aloud the thought, "That went over." Same with the other shots, and, hurrying to the target to ascertain the result, nine times in ten the arrows will be found sticking in the ground far short of the mark—a rather puzzling demonstration of optical delusion. Finally, the eager archer hears the dull thud denoting a hit, and, as it is usually a difficult matter to see an arrow in the target from that distance, mental conjectures as to its proximity to the center abound until the certainty is known. The first hit re-

corded is usually the signal for lively work in retrieving, and it is safe to say the hundred yards of space are covered in a "go as you please" style, generally pleased to go in the least time possible. To find the arrow planted squarely in the golden bull's-eye sends a thrill of exultation through the archer, and the chances are that the echoes are awakened by a joyous shout. Many have the impression that target shooting is "tame fun." More than likely it is the spectator, but to the archer it always retains its attraction. There is just enough of the element of chance to keep one at it from day to day. If shooting in company, each strives to outdo the other. If shooting alone, the records of other archers are always waiting to be excelled, as well as one's own previous efforts, and every increase of score is wonderfully gratifying. Many times has it been asked of the writer, "What fun is there in shooting alone?" Plenty of exercise, more recreation, and always the scores hitherto made by one's self or others to be surpassed. The many would-be witty remarks on "child's play," "two sticks and a string," etc., fall on the archer's ear without effect. Many a time have fishing friends smiled condescendingly on the writer for his "bow and arrow notions," as they term them, profoundly impressed with the fact of so much valuable time being wasted. At the same time the writer (who never fishes) perhaps wonders at the great sport of sitting all day by the lake side, with "nary a nibble." Can it be called an even thing? "Every man to his trade" is a good enough adage; and just now the particular trade in discussion is archery, to which we will return, allowing the preceding comparison to enter as a bit of digression, permissible under the circumstances.

Shooting at a painted target is far from being the whole of archery. The delights of "roving archery," as it is termed, are many, and combine, to the full, outdoor exercise, more or less skill with the long-bow, and a general good time. Take a congenial party, the favorite bow, a few common arrows, lunch perhaps, and start anywhere, unless some particular route is arranged, across the fields, climbing a hill or two, wandering at will in shade or sun. Squirrels are all around you, inviting a shot. Larks fly on all sides; blackbirds are in swarms around the marshy places. Shoot at anything that moves. You will find abundant opportunities, and the fact that you do not hit anything worth mentioning does not detract a particle from your enjoyment. Perhaps you plump an arrow into a squirrel. With the hit will come a start of surprise perhaps, but none the less is it the genuine sportsman's keen delight in

the successful effort. It is a score, and will be hailed with shouts from all. There's no envy in the party—it suits all alike that you have hit. Suppose you have walked two, or three, or five miles. You may have shot a hundred times, with possibly a squirrel or two, or a bird, as the reward of your efforts. The game is valueless as such, but in your eyes it seems worthy a place in the game bag. A cool, shady place, invites a halt, and over the lunch you can discuss the good shots, rejoice in the successful ones, laugh at the failures. It is pleasant to lie full length on the soft grass, and rest after what may have been a fatiguing tramp. The twang of the bowstring is musical to you. There is no aching head from the noise and jar of the gun, no aching shoulder from the "kick." The slight recoil of the bow is unfelt, and the soft whistle of the flying shaft has not frightened the game after the first shot. It may be you have emptied your quiver at one squirrel, and, through poor marksmanship, failed to drive him from his hole, which only your approach to gather the arrows will do. His curiosity to ascertain what were the whistling darts sticking all around has given you abundant opportunity to slay him, although you have not improved it. After a refreshing *siesta* under some hospitable *madroño*, you resume the tramp. More fields, more hills, a departure from the line of march to get the benefit of a sudden discovery of a mark on one side or the other. It matters not if the bird or beast shuns your approach, and you lose the opportunity. The chase was there, the cautious movements to get a close shot; all the hunter's instinct in you has been aroused anew, and, if yielding to the lost chance, subsides only to rise again at the next discovery. And this for a day, with what result? With this result: You have spent the day with Nature, have tramped yourself into fatigue enough to appreciate and enjoy calm, peaceful slumber. Perhaps you are sunburned a little. That is a healthful sign.

One day of this kind will take the sting from many days of seclusion, counteract the effects of confinement, give new life to the delicate, and drive away the cares and troubles of business, or make them seem lighter when renewed. The gentleman of position in financial or mercantile circles may, in a moment of leisure, cast his eye over some enthusiastic recital of archery doings in the field or at the target, with perhaps a contemptuous smile, as he thinks "there's nothing in it." Eminently correct, good sir, from your standpoint. The long-bow would hardly seem fitting in the bank president's luxurious office or the merchant's counting-room—hardly suited to the broker's office.

There is very little of the dollars-and-cents connected with its use. You have no occasion for its services to aid in the acquisition of wealth in your business routine, directly; but indirectly you may have, and remain in profound ignorance of the fact. You, Mr. President, for instance, need some recreation. The gun has lost its charms; you cannot stand the hard work necessary to any degree of success with pleasure to yourself. You cannot shoot or fish at your homes; you can easily find room and space for target-shooting with the long-bow, however, and have never once thought of it. "Pshaw! that will do for children." That's so, and for grown-up children, too; and bear in mind there are hundreds of them practicing archery to-day all over this broad country. Gentlemen of your persuasion beyond the Sierra are indulging in the sport and never tiring—are finding in it a delightful relaxation from business cares. You won't think of your offices in bending the bow. There's too much else to occupy your mind then, and this very forgetting for the time being serves only to bring you to your work with more willingness—more capacity to handle it. This archery which causes you amusement when seen in others will cause you another sort of amusement when you once become its votary. It will never lose its charm, and in place of ridicule you will have only praise. Once you are drawn into its power, you are helpless. There is no other modern pastime that will fill its place. Age is nothing, dignity is nothing, position is nothing in archery. It is a solace for all, a most delightful relief and relaxation, and can be enjoyed alone as well as in company. Go and buy a bow, arrows, and target, and go at it. On the start you probably could hardly hit "the broadside

of a barn;" but before very long you will be surprised to find what an interest you are taking in your improvement, and then will the "fascination of the long-bow" begin to exercise its power over you. From the contemptuous idea you will go to the other extreme, and wonder why you never discovered it before, why you could believe it so much nonsense, and why you considered it too ridiculous for a second thought. That will follow as sure as ever you attempt archery.

The footing already attained in this community by this pastime is very little understood. It has long been a mooted question, "Where do all the pins go?" and among archers the same question applies to bows. A single house in this city has imported and sold bows by the hundred, and yet there are very few recognized archers in comparison. Many a backyard is decorated with the bright colored target for private recreation, that to passers-by on the street, and even to "friends of the family," is unknown. Decorate your lawn in like manner. As you come down town, stop and get an outfit. Visit any convenient archery range, and watch the shooters (but *don't* tell any Indian or other tales of wonderful shooting). The necessary details as to holding the bow, arrow, etc., will be practically explained in a few minutes, though they are difficult to satisfactorily express on paper. The rest you must teach yourself, and in time you will find it a labor of love. It will grow upon you ever. Don't think you will soon tire of the pastime. Maurice Thompson, the father of American archery, says, "So long as the new moon returns a bent beautiful bow in heaven, so long will the fascination of archery keep its hold on the hearts of men."

ALBERT W. HAVENS.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

CHAPTER III.

As they neared Omaha, Nell and Agnes sat listening to a very excited argument between the masculine young married woman and Chesterfield, on the practicability of Mill's ideas on the rights of women; and just as the radical young matron began to perceive how impregnable was Chesterfield's position, surrounded by the wall of his prejudices and platitudes, Win-

ter called to Nell that there was a fine herd of buffaloes to be seen from his window. Nell was delighted, and drew a hasty sketch of the herd careering around ambiguously in the distance, touching it up with snow-capped mountains in the background, and a decidedly impossible Pawnee warrior in the foreground. When finished, Winter quietly remarked:

"I'm sorry you took so much care with your sketch, for I begin to fear that it is only a drove of cattle, after all."

"Not every-day cows?" indignantly cried she. "Cows," said he, with humility.

Nell vowed vengeance, but a compromise was effected by his pointing out to her, during the day, numerous coyotes, deer, and prairie-dogs. Apparently the two had drifted back to a safe footing, but they

—"tore greedily up
All silence, all the innocent breathing points,"

with an instinctive dread of what they might develop. Nell caught him gravely studying her face, and, upon her raising her eyebrows interrogatively, he said:

"I am glad our tickets take us by different roads from Omaha to Chicago, because a short absence seems to solidify the fluids of our feelings, giving us a chance to handle them."

"Why do you say 'short absence?'" asked Nell, ignoring the under-current of meaning in his remark. "I thought our routes diverged permanently from this point."

"Mrs. Alston told me you were going to stop over at Chicago, for a rest of several days, and I shall be there one night, at any rate; so you will have another chance to torment me, if it will give you any satisfaction to know it," he answered, looking inquiringly at her as she bent over the shawl-strap, in the vain endeavor to smuggle therein all of Elsie's stray toys.

Before Nell could answer, Mrs. Reddington, Chesterfield, and other of their car companions, came up, and bade her the pleasant good-bye and *bon voyage* so ready on the lips of American travelers. Mrs. Reddington stood looking at Nell for a moment, with a very grave expression on her girlish face; then she said, "I'd like to speak to you one minute, Miss Grey." Then, as she took Nell to a quiet corner, she continued, in an agitated whisper:

"I can't help thinking I ought to tell you a discovery I have made about Mr. Winter. That man is desperately in love with you. You are too young and thoughtless to notice things much, but I have not lived all these years for nothing."

"Why did you consider it necessary to put me on my guard? Is there danger of hydrophobia?" asked Nell, laughing in spite of the old lady's earnestness.

"Oh, no; but I know just what a peck of trouble lovers are, with their tragic, ruffling ways, and I believe in getting rid of them as soon as possible."

"What course would you advise, my dear Mrs. Reddington, supposing such were the case?" said Nell, trying to look serious.

"There's only one way," she said, sighing, as if weighted by many experiences; "let them

propose, and get done with it, or they will pester the very life out of you with turnings-up at odd times, and long, wearisome letters, and such things. I could see in a second that you don't care anything for the poor fellow; so you mind what I say, and you will be all right." And she bustled off, leaving Nell standing and looking after her, wondering whether the difference between them was one of kind or merely degree.

Polly was to continue with Agnes as far as New York, to the great satisfaction of both mistress and maid.

Winter saw Mrs. Alston and her party into their car at Council Bluffs, and, under cover of the general confusion, he stooped over Nell, and said, in low tones:

"Good bye, child. Half the time before we meet again will be a memory, the other half an expectation. Do you understand?"

She looked up into his eyes with a thrilling sense of comprehension, that made her catch her breath quickly; but she merely nodded, and he was gone.

As the train flew through the more cultivated lands of the middle West, the eyes of the travelers were gladdened by the homelike traces of humanity, after the dreary isolation of the plains. May had begun to spread her green carpets, and to run up on the tree-tops the signals of the royal advance of summer. These meager signs of coming beauty suggested, by contrast, the perfected luxuriance left behind in California's valleys, and the last grand sweep through the Sierra.

Inside the car there were many new faces, that caused a certain revival of restraint. Nell found time to finish a magazine story that she had commenced near Sacramento, while Agnes sat in speechless exhaustion, waiting for their journey's end.

The mere thought, by this time, of a lunch-basket, and its musty, indefinite contents, was nauseating, and gladly they emptied out of the window their remaining pickles, crackers, sardines, and turkey bones, and betook themselves to the attached dining-car, whose fare had, at least, the charm of novelty.

A few hours before reaching Chicago, Nell sat looking fixedly out of the window, struggling with the passion of a sudden conviction. Dreamily looking down the vista of her future, she had suddenly realized that its horizon was bounded by the walls of Chicago. There seemed no beyond, and then full upon her fell the thought of Saint Bartholomew. A familiar mystery to us all is the sudden cleavage of the consciousness into a duality, the twin parts of which are distinct as to their animus and independent as to their action—the one, a proud and

critical representative of the soul's idealism; the other, a plausible ambassador to plead the cause of humanity's weakness. One of these spirit-warrings stirred Nell's whole consciousness as the thought flashed upon her, "Can it be that I love this man?" A stranger, whom she had known scarcely five days? She, who considered that propinquity covered the whole ground of any mushroom growth of love—who named a true love a spiritual development that wrought slowly, as grind the mills of the gods? Then came the thought, made familiar to her by a close self-analysis, that her nature was of the kind that lives intensely in the present, and, looking back over her life, she could see her "tattered sympathies and sentiments dangling on every bush and fluttering in every breeze." This fancy, then, would rend as had done others of sterner stuff, and in a week she would, probably, glance back with a laugh to see it, also, caught on the wayside bramble. Wearily drawing her hand over her aching eyes, Nell dismissed the thought with a bitter sense of self-contempt that clung to her.

"Nell, please hand me my valise. We will be in Chicago in about an hour," said Agnes, brightening up at the prospect of a release from their narrow quarters, the soot, cinders, dust, and disorder, the alternate draught and suffocation, and the endless jar and rattle of the wheels.

"I suppose our two remaining clean collars must go on duty; notwithstanding which addition, there is a hopelessly seedy look about us, Agnes, and I doubt if we gain an *entrée* into any but a fourth-rate hotel."

"We have the conventional overland look. It is unique, and people recognize it instantly, and it makes us preëminently respectable," said Agnes, in reassuring tones, as she bade Polly pack away the well worn dusters.

As the city came into sight, a curious electric transformation swept over the car, changing its whole atmosphere, and tempering it to suit the great world's exactions. The party passed safely through the mazy routine of the depot, and they were soon seated in a hack and spinning through the streets to the hotel.

"Please, Agnes, when the clerk comes, answer all questions, for I can't recollect our names, origin, residence, destination, or anything else. I feel as if we had got traveling, and would be compelled to go on forever, round and round the globe," said Nell, throwing herself into an arm-chair in the hotel waiting-room.

When the clerk came, Agnes gave one of her characteristic orders, "Rooms, bath, lunch."

In the evening Agnes sat writing letters by the bright coal-fire, while Nell wandered rest-

lessly about, with the mercury of a strange excitement running through her veins. At last she went into the hall, and, meeting a bell-boy, sent him to the office, weighted with an inquiry that brought back the answer, "Yes, miss, a Mr. Morse Winter and man, from California, registered this morning. Anything more, miss?"

This answer sent Nell into Agnes's bed-room to have a romp with Elsie, whom Polly was putting to bed. In a few moments, Agnes opened the parlor door, and said, in a voice touched with a shade more indifference than usual, "Nell, come in. Mr. Winter has called."

Nell followed her sister immediately, and, finding him standing by the fire, went up to him, and gave him her hand with her usual frankness and self-possession, but shrank back slightly, and flushed hotly, when his hand met hers with a jealous, gathering clasp, and his great black eyes kissed hers with a long, yearning look. She sank into a chair, completely unstrung by this wordless greeting, and he was the first to regain his self-possession. Turning to Agnes, who had seen everything, and was tingling with the recognition of a tragedy in process, he opened a desultory conversation, spiced with an occasional recollection of Mrs. Reddington, in which Nell soon joined. An hour passed, during which Jeremiah called to pay his respects, looking as somber as usual. With a tact and grace to which even Nell's sensitiveness could not take exception, Agnes begged to be allowed to finish her letters, and was soon deeply absorbed. A fire-alarm bell gave Winter the excuse for drawing Nell to the bay-window, behind the curtains of which they stood facing each other, totally oblivious to the repeated alarm.

"I wonder if you know what my joy is at seeing you once more?" he asked, in low, grave tones.

"Mr. Winter, let us leave unsaid much that may be regretted. It is best," she answered, quickly.

"Best! It is a word of the earth earthy. It implies the diplomate. It does not touch my mood, child," he answered, with gathering excitement.

"It is the superlative. Can your mood be beyond that?" she said, to allow him a chance to escape, if he would, through the door of commonplace.

He did not even hear her, for his next words were:

"The hours since we parted have made something very plain to me, Miss Grey—I love you! Please don't trouble yourself about it, child. I ask nothing from you; I only want the same recognition of it that you would give—if I may

say so—the quiet beauty of a starlight night, or the perfume of a flower; they don't ask anything in return, neither do I. I just wanted to tell you about it—I really had to. And this hour will be so much to me in the days to come."

"You use the word 'days' advisedly, Mr. Winter, for I don't see how a true, lasting love can grow in a week. It seems impossible," she said, holding well in hand the leash of her feelings, and arguing more with her own fainting convictions than heeding his.

"A wayward modern mind dissecting passion, I see," he said, surprised at her words, but speaking lightly and smiling down at her; "sounding the coin I offer her to see if it's counterfeit! That is all right, little girl; if more of you women did it there would soon be less false money circulating. But," he continued, with a complete change of voice, "you can't measure my love with a yard-stick cut from the tree of your prejudice. I do not know how to make it clear to you, I'm sure. Some things must be taken on faith. Four-fifths of life is made up of things as intangible as electricity. Then, again," he said, dropping to a more comfortable level, "a journey of even a few days, in as close companionship as ours has been, is worth a year of evening calls under the gaslight. However it is, child, my love for you is the strongest, purest, most loyal my life has ever known; and I know the highest my nature is capable of. You shall see."

"It all seems plain enough, but sophistries are masqueraders," she said, in a slow, strained way, and so low that he only caught one word. "Sophistries!" You are a bit severe, I think, little one," he said, gravely.

"Oh, I did not mean you. I mean myself," was her quick, seemingly irrelevant answer.

"Do you know, Miss Grey, I think you are acting very strangely. I don't understand you. I am not sure that you have heard anything I have been saying to you," he said, wonderingly.

"Strangely? Have I?" she asked, in a startled way; then, looking up at him and giving her head the little toss she always did before saying anything very impudent, she said: "So you cannot imagine why I act so, can you?"

"I suppose it is because you don't believe one syllable I've been telling you."

"Your imagination is very dull to-day," she said, turning and looking out of the window. Then, facing him again, she said, kindly, "I do understand you perfectly, Mr. Winter, and I am glad my life is blessed by your respect and love; nothing sweeter or truer has ever touched it."

He bowed silently, with no thought of what she hid from him, for his ill health had given him opportunity for a wider knowledge of books than of people, and the feeling was so strong with him that she must not love him that it completely shut his eyes to a just reading of her actions. They continued with a tacit change of manner.

"I hope fate will cast our lives together before long, Mr. Winter," said Nell, pleasantly, with a full knowledge that the triteness of her words best hid her true feelings.

"If we meet again it will not be the work of any more classic a fate than Morse Winter, Esquire, for your sister has kindly given me your summer address, and as it is not very far from Boston, and she has invited me to do so, I would not be surprised if some day I should appear suddenly at a banquet like poor Banquo's ghost, a creature out of place." And he laughed a little bitterly.

"Please omit the green tarlatan, gory gashes, and other scenic effects, and I can assure you you will be cordially welcomed."

"Mrs. Alston tells me you will spend the summer with friends at C—, but that there is quite a nice hotel in the town, so that Jeremiah and I may journey that way some day, when mother gets tired of seeing me about."

After a pause, he quietly took her hand and said, "You know, child, that the sure companion of my disease is hope; well, I confess to a hope—which I thought forever dead when I left San Francisco—that New York physicians may change their minds regarding my case, and say that all may yet be well with me, and then—"

Nell looked up at him with fast filling eyes, all her own pain forgotten in pity for him, blinded by the light of so false a hope.

"Well, good bye. I must not keep you; I am off in the morning. May peace and joy be with my little love!" So saying, he stood for a moment looking at her drooping head, and then, drawing her hand softly over his closed eyes once or twice, he gravely kissed it, and left the room after a few parting words with Agnes, who still sat by the fire, apparently oblivious to all surroundings.

"Good night, Nell," said Agnes, in a voice that entreated confidence.

"Good night, Agnes," replied Nell, in a voice that recognized it, and was firm in its negation.

CHAPTER IV.

At the end of a week, Mrs. Alston and her party arrived at the little mountain town of C—, Connecticut, where they were greeted

by their cheery hostess, Mrs. North, with her usual cordiality. Professor North was a man of inherited wealth, whose life had been spent in scientific study and research, and whose greatest effort in the world of tangibilities was to keep his energetic and worldly little wife so occupied as to make her forget as much as possible his peaceful, earnest existence. C—— being his birthplace, he had built there a large, handsome summer residence, which his wife filled with their friends, for whose pleasure it was her greatest happiness to plan, and the whole house seemed flooded with the sunshine of her bright, warm nature.

Being a Californian girl, born and bred, Nell was at first assiduously courted by the gentlemen among the gathering guests in the light of a rare curiosity, and attentively studied by the ladies, with a view to imitation if proved of attractive metal, and circumspect criticism if not. Nell was soon the merry, pleasant favorite of them all, but slightly feared because she seemed impervious to any closer relationship, loving best to wander alone, or with the children of some of the guests, over the daisied meadows or pine-covered hills, where somehow the distance seemed bridged between herself and her "Saint Bartholomew," the weary, pain-racked man who appealed to her deep, strong nature as no man had ever done before; and whose influence seemed to grow faster as a memory than as a presence, until the future seemed one great hope that he would come to her, if only for an hour. She had faced, in her honest, healthy way, the fact of his fast approaching end, but it brought no true realization of its pain, her temperament limiting her life of feeling to the present.

So the weeks flew by, filled with a round of gayety, and Professor North wandered with his testing-hammer among the rocks, with a heart full of quiet, grateful content. Among the guests was a young lawyer, a Mr. Black, whom Agnes soon selected to be the fittest subject for a summer flirtation for Nell, her love of intrigue conquering her sore memories of the past. Nell's frank, good-natured indifference was her best defense, and Mr. Black soon wearied of his suit, and left her to wander whither her mood led her, and, as Agnes expressed it, "to try to set up a reputation for oddity at the risk of chills and fever and being considered imbecile"—for poor Agnes's spirits were somewhat ruffled at Nell's reception of Mr. Black's attentions.

One early morning, toward the end of the fourth week after their arrival, Nell went to the breakfast-room to read till the rest came down. The butler entered and handed her

several letters; three were home letters, whose superscriptions were as familiar as home faces, but a fourth sent the hot blood to her face, and then left it pale and quivering. It was the handwriting that had scored the *euchre* account, interlined her rhymes, and labeled her sketches in the weary crossing of the great desert; the quiet, unshaded letters, with capitals plain and without flourish, as if the hand that held the pen was too tired for ornament. Nell carried her letters, unopened, out into the morning sunshine, which leavens all tidings either of joy or sorrow. With the fascination of pain endurance, Nell left Winter's letter until after reading her Californian news; then she opened it. It ran thus:

"I am coming by Sunday evening's train. Keep a day or two free for a hungry man. Tease me, scold me, snub me, hate me, but let me see you once more.
"M. W."

A few homely words, but they seemed to put their arms about Nell and kiss her with a swift, deep passion, and she sprang to her feet with a little gasping sigh, and, following a very common instinct, off she started for the woods. She was young, and forgot her breakfast and her parasol. The sky looked a bit bluer than usual, the pines a trifle taller, the grass a little greener, the rose-tinted arbutus was certainly more fragrant, and surely no lark ever before sang its liquid seven-note trill as did the one that greeted Nell that morning. And then a sudden sense of great gladness of life came over her, and sent her bounding through the woods, laughing aloud for very ecstasy as she leaped over stumps and streams in a way that would have petrified Agnes could she have seen her. As she neared the edge of the woods, one of those electric changes that only such a nature is subject to came over her, and she threw herself upon the ground and sobbed passionately. After a time she stopped, and lay perfectly still; then, sitting suddenly upright, she shook herself impatiently, and said aloud: "Helen Grey, you are a hopeless fool—go home!"

That night, after Agnes's light was out, Nell went into the room to have their usual evening chat, and in a voice thoroughly non-committal in its inflection, she said, "I received a note from Mr. Winter this morning; I suppose you remember him. He says he is coming up by to-morrow's train. I hope we can make it pleasant for the poor fellow."

Nell's was one of those natures that crave sympathy, as a flower does sunshine; but the sympathy must be perfect—an identity of soul-tissue that warrants an assurance of complete

comprehension, that renders superfluous even a word, a look, or a hand-clasp. A lesser sympathy was met by an instinctive reserve that made her seem as cold and proud as her sister.

Agnes expressed her pleasure at again meeting Mr. Winter, which was very true, as the fair prospect of fresh possibilities of indulging in her favorite pastime of superintending love affairs spread before her. Being a little sleepy, she was off her guard, and began determining audibly whether they had better give him a picnic, to which Nell could wear a white muslin-cambric with a certain very picturesque hat, or a dinner, where Nell's dark green silk showed to best advantage her rich coloring, especially with a touch of coral and white lace at the throat.

"Why, Agnes, what on earth is the difference? If he could stand us a whole week in those hideous linen dusters and green veils, he will not care if we are dressed in gunny-sacks, tied in the middle," said Nell, whose mood made her more than ever "grandly independent of externals."

"I must say I should like Mr. Winter to see us respectfully dressed for once. There is a way of doing everything, Nell—one right way; and the amenities of life are founded on 'large principles, that are seldom recognized by frantic cavilers after abstract truths,'" said Agnes, with as much resentful severity as was ever heard in her even-toned, refined voice.

"I promise, Agnes, I'll give up the gunny-sacks, only don't call me hard names. You shall make out a programme for me to dress by during his visit, and I'll follow it meekly to the hair-pin—and may heaven have mercy on my soul!" So saying, Nell bade Agnes good night, and went to her own room, with a strange pity in her heart for her sister, in whom she saw, every hour, such rare capabilities that lay dormant under the edict of her sovereign conventionality.

On Monday morning Winter called, and Nell went to the parlor, leaving Agnes and Mrs. North to follow at their leisure. She found him standing, with one hand resting on the back of a chair, and when she entered he did not speak nor move, beyond a slight gesture that bade her come to him, which seemed so familiar, as his illness had warranted many a reversion of courtesy between them. Nell went to him, and stood, white and still, facing him. He placed a hand on either side of her face, and, raising it, held it so, and her spirit quailed before the passion in his eyes, and she closed hers with almost a shudder.

"At last!" he muttered, with an intensity of feeling that told the tale of his inner life since they had parted.

Another silent moment, and they heard the ladies approaching, and, after the manner of the modern world, they were found seated, chatting merrily about past traveling experiences. Mrs. North's heart was immediately won by his quiet grace of manner and pale, worn face. Under cover of the general conversation Nell had a chance to study him, and she was shocked to see the changes a few weeks had wrought. What seemed more inexpressibly pitiful than all else was the stamp of entire hopelessness on face and manner. Nell knew that "he" did not wish to receive the many hospitalities that Mrs. North seemed determined to shower upon him, and so she fought valiantly for his peace, and he looked his gratitude.

The days flew by, spent by Nell and Winter in a world of their own, from which the other guests withdrew, almost impatient at this thrusting of a vision of death into their merry-making. Seeing him thus set apart, and spiritualized by the contrast, Nell rejoiced that of them all her spirit alone could reach his in a fellowship that bound them more closely every hour. Almost every day Winter spent at the Norths', Mrs. North's feeling toward him of reverential admiration growing every day, her tender heart being often wrung by absolute pain from her intense pity for him, while the Professor unconsciously drifted into an intellectual comradeship with him.

Many were the conjectures, but no one understood the relationship between Winter and Nell, for there had never been a word of love between them since his coming, and yet they all saw that he lived only in her bright presence. By common consent, they and the Professor were left to themselves, and the subject was generally dismissed with, "Well, it's beyond me!" which statement was literally truer than they imagined. Realizing that to gain Nell's confidence was impossible, Agnes contented herself with the scenic effect of the *ensemble*, and her sarcastic criticism of her sister's unconventionality was not often heard during those sunny days.

One day—a fair, sweet day in early June—the household went on a mountain-drive and picnic, leaving Nell, Winter, and Professor North on the lawn under the maples. The two men were engaged in a quiet discussion of some sort at a little distance from Nell, who sat leaning against a tree, surrounded by books, shawls, cushions, and a basket of fruit. As Jeremiah—who was always within sight of his "boy," as he called his master with democratic familiarity—placed the fruit near Nell, and before he arose from his knees, he said, in a breathless kind of way, without looking at her

"Save him, Miss Grey! Please save him; it's only you that can do it. You know what I mean."

"I know, Jeremiah, I know; but it is too late. Utterly hopeless—hopeless—hopeless," moaned Nell, shutting her eyes and leaning back wearily. Then sitting up suddenly, she said, with an imperious gesture, "There—you may go."

Jeremiah went away, with his hard, unwholesome little face broken up into quivering misery. Nell was soon joined by Winter, and together, in an amused silence, they watched the Professor, who was madly chasing butterflies, bare-headed and with a lack of dignity that was irresistibly funny.

"I seriously think it is all a mistake about man being a gregarious animal," she said at last, not taking her eyes off the zealous scientist.

"I think I catch your drift, but let's hear the oracle speak," he answered, watching her face with a deep, quiet content.

"Well, there's no denying the fact that this world is beautiful, always beautiful—even the brown earth, and the dead leaves, and the gray rocks. We humans are the disturbing element. Not each one alone, but it is the friction between two that upsets things and makes life hideous. Just look at Professor North; he is this moment perfectly happy, and I think he is the only one in the whole houseful who knows what lasting peace is, just because he does not pretend to be gregarious."

"Granted the disease; how about the remedy?" gravely inquired Winter.

"Pen each creature up in a separate acre of his own, and then peace would reign," she answered, promptly.

"I pass over the flaws in your brilliant argument. You apparently are not, then, an upholder of duty?"

"Duty is the screw that is loose in the human fabric. Men and women will always suffer so long as they acknowledge it as a leader. Now, confess, would not the world be a real jolly place if it were not for the blot of a brother here, a mother there, or a husband yonder?" continued Nell, with the comfortable assurance that she was always charming to this man who loved her, however perforated by sophistries her philosophy might be.

"Yes, child, it is so; and I've often wondered whether this same duty is a natural element in us, or an abnormal development of some narrow law of earth. Certain it is that an omission of duty causes us more misery than a brave doing of it; and—that brings me to a point I have shrunk from ever since I came up to C—. Pardon my intruding it upon this

sunshiny day, but I think I had better have done with it."

"Certainly, Mr. Winter," said she, turning her head away quickly, conscious of the sudden dread that swept over her face, taking with it the bright coloring of her lips and cheeks.

"I told you in Chicago that I cherished a hope of recovery. Do you recollect?"

"I understand all, everything. I beg that you will spare yourself, and—me, the pain of explanations," she said, quickly, without turning her head.

"That hope," he continued, hardly noticing her words, and looking off to the horizon, "has gone from me—forever. With it, all else that binds me to earth, except my love for you and mother. There are not many to mourn, and my going will give little pain. Poor mother is used to sorrow, and used to my long absences from her. You—well, you will miss me, I suppose, a little while. I have not spoken of it to you, but I fully appreciate your noble sacrifice of yourself to give me a few sweet days of holy joy before I go out of life." A pause, and then he said, slowly, "I had hoped to live and try to win the chrism of your love. I wonder if I could have won you, child! I fear not, for there is a something about you that I have never been able to translate; it often puzzles me." Another pause, during which Nell made a sudden movement as if about to speak, and then he said, quickly, "I ask your pardon; I have no right to speak so to you; let it pass. I am happy, very happy, in loving you, and would not have it otherwise. Come, hand me Schiller. We have kept Wallenstein in a precarious position long enough."

And through the quiet hours he read to her, and she heard not a single word, but sat with her eyes, big and black with suffering, running over and over, with slow and painful precision, the outline of the pine-covered hills; and those hours took something from her that she missed through life.

The days lengthened into weeks, full of a joy such as had never touched her life before, and full of a sadness that stalked beside the joy like an ever lengthening shadow. Nell often felt that she ought not to deceive him, and must tell him of her love, but there always came over her a strange, prophetic instinct, of which pride formed no part, that bade her keep silent and suffer alone. The last day of his visit came, when he felt that his strength was fast failing him, and the rest of his life he owed to his mother, waiting for him without a murmur of reproach. He never left his hotel after nightfall, but this last evening he spent at the Norths', and it was late after he had bidden

them all good bye, and stood with Agnes and Nell on the broad piazza in the bright moonlight.

Mrs. North had not been seen since, earlier in the evening, she had seen Winter lift little Elsie, and hold her closely to him, burying his white, haggard face in her sunny curls. The gentle-hearted woman had fled to her husband's library, where she sobbed out her grief on his shoulder.

"Oh, John, if you could have seen the poor fellow standing there with Elsie, saying good bye to life and its dead possibilities. It was the saddest sight I ever saw," and she cried again, while with one hand her husband patted her head soothingly, and with the other softly turned the page of the latest phase of the Ruskin-Whistler controversy, which lay on the table before him.

A curious numbness seemed creeping over Nell, who stood silently by as Agnes repeated her farewell in a voice whose usual pitiless composure was disturbed by a perceptible tremor of true feeling. Turning to Agnes, with a grace and dignity she never forgot, Winter said:

"Will you trust your little sister to walk to the gate with me, if she wraps up warmly, and I promise not to keep her long?"

In reply, Agnes drew from her shoulders a white shawl, and threw it over Nell's head, who felt a sudden dart of hate for her sister, when, from a force of habit that never forsook her, she arranged Nell's unruly locks about her brow with a few touches of her soft, white hand. With a fear that Agnes saw the flash in her eyes, Nell hastily kissed her, and, taking Winter's arm, they turned down the long, moonlight-checked avenue. In unbroken silence they walked until they reached a rustic bench, midway between the house and gate. They seated themselves without a word, the great hush in the world external seeming to Nell but part of the numbness that was deadening her senses, and against which she struggled in vain.

"Nell, Nell," at last broke from him, "do you know that this is good bye forever?"

Her stiff lips motioned for words, and at last she said in a voice that sounded strange to her own ears, "Why?"

"Why, child? Because I met you too late, and because I am dying. Never again on earth after to-night, little girl."

"How long do you think you will live?" she asked, with a calmness that stung him.

"A few months, at the utmost."

She continued coldly, slowly, and evidently with great effort, and he was completely misled.

"You have never asked me to love you, nor to be your wife, but now I ask you. I beg you

to marry me. Marry me to-morrow morning, and take me with you, to be there until the end."

"Do not tempt me into accepting the self-sacrifice. Do not, I say. I am not as strong as I used to be against temptation."

"Where is the sacrifice when I love you?" she asked, in the same wearied voice.

"Nell, I know you, and can see the great womanly pity that prompts you to this. I am not blind. If you loved me, you could not speak so calmly and coldly."

"No, you are wrong. There is something that has come over me this evening that seems like a spell. I can't break through it, and it is deceiving you."

"You are brave, child, but I cannot believe you."

As she sat looking at him it suddenly flashed upon her that she never would be able to convince him of the truth, and the thought roused her. She rose quickly, walked a few steps from him, then, returning slowly, she stood in front of him, saying, in low tones, that had a strange throb of entreaty in them, "Mr. Winter, I do love you. Please believe me. I have from the very first. Oh, please try to believe me."

Winter knew she was not acting, but he was also certain that her sympathy was ruling her present mood, and that he must be very firm, and not lose his head.

An imaginative temperament, in emergency, often mistrusts itself, and, in turning traitor to its own instincts, overshoots the mark. Nell read his incredulity in his quiet attitude, and, turning from him with a low moan, she threw her arms about a tree that was a step from them, and laid her face against the cold, dark trunk, in speechless misery. A moment of silence, broken only by the step of Jeremiah on the gravel, as he paced to and fro far down the avenue, near the gate, waiting for his "boy," and then Winter went to her, and, unwinding her clinging arms from the tree, he quietly took her to him, and said, with a great tenderness in his voice, "Listen, little girl, there must be no misunderstanding between us that might trouble your future. You have mistaken for love your sympathy for me. The strongest element in your nature is your wonderful sympathy. I saw it in every feature of your face the first time I looked at you, and I've seen it in every phase since then. Your sensibilities are so delicate that I believe you fairly lose your personality, for the time being, in that of another. I am many years older than you, Nell, and I know you better than you do yourself, and I know you do not love me."

Then, as she started from him, he held her, and continued:

"Hush, child, I have not finished yet. Do you think that, even if I were sure you loved me, I would bind you to my remnant of wasting life, and, after the end, to my memory? Most decidedly, no. I would not have you love me, even if I could. You must not, you shall not. Nothing would make my last days so utterly miserable as to think that my blind selfishness had given you any pain. Your future shall be worthy of you, and brimming over with all that life can give you."

As he spoke, Nell became very quiet, and the strange, prophetic ban of silence, that she had felt from the first, was made plain to her, and she knew that, for the sake of his peace, she must hide her suffering. She lifted her head, and tried to smile up into his face, but she could not control her quivering lips, and a sudden self-pity sent the hot tears slowly down her white cheeks.

"Child, I cannot see you suffer in this way. Tell me that I am not mistaken. Speak quickly, and say you do not love me," broke from him, in a voice sharp and thin from sudden pain. She breathed hard and slowly once or twice, and then whispered:

"You are right. I was deceiving you. I do not love you. Be at perfect peace regarding me."

"Are you sure?" he persisted, startled by her manner and quivering voice, so pathetic in its uncertainty.

She gave a quick look about her, with eyes like a hunted animal, and then said, rapidly, "Sure, very sure. Now, good bye. The night air is too damp for you. You must go—go quickly. We have been such good friends, have we not, Saint Bartholomew? Jerry will scold if I keep you any longer. Good bye," she continued, with an effort at her old bright manner. And in a moment he was gone. When the slow step retreated down the walk, was joined by another, and then died away in the distance, the silence was broken by a long, low moan, and the girl fled homeward up the avenue.

A month passed. One still, sultry morning, there came a letter to Nell from Boston, addressed in the small, delicate handwriting of a past generation of gentlewomen.

It contained these words:

"My son's spirit found rest last night, at midnight. Among his last words were these: 'Mother, dear, you will not forget to write a word to my little love?' He had great affection for you, my child. He would lie for hours and tell me of your winsome face and manner. He said you had a very superior intellect—almost masculine. I suppose that is the reason why you could not return my son's affection. It is a woman's mission to cultivate her heart rather than her brain, but, for the sake of his love for you, remember, dear, you have always, until the Father calls me, a friend and mother in
"ESTHER M. WINTER."

ANNA ALEXANDER.

UNDER THE SANDS.

The sunshine falls upon a golden strand
Beside a sea that stretches far away,
Where all the summer long, in careless play,
The peaceful waves come rippling o'er the sand—
So calm, so still, we cannot understand
That ever sailors' wives should sit and weep,
That ever they should wake while others sleep,
Because of tempests on the sea and land.
Ah! wait till winter waves assail the shore,
And beat away this level floor of gold,
For where 'twas wrecked and buried years before
A ghostlike ship shall lift its timbers old.
O sorrow of my heart, thou liest as deep!
Heaven grant no storm of time may break thy sleep.

SEDDIE E. ANDERSON.

SOME OF OUR EARLIER POETESSES.

It is among the *dii minores* that we discover a large proportion of our choicer verse. The glory of these lesser singers, when at their best, outshines all but the brightest effulgence of their superiors. Particularly in their scenic song do we repeatedly meet most glowing passages; and it may not be amiss to here renew our acquaintance with certain of them. The poetry of America does not suffer in the hands of such men as Gallagher on shore, and Sargent on the sea. For instance, the opening of "Miami Woods," by the former author:

"The Autumn time is with us! Its approach
Was heralded, not many days ago,
By hazy skies that veiled the brazen sun,
And sea-like murmurs from the rustling corn,
And low-voiced brooks that wandered drowsily
By purpling clusters of the juicy grape,
Swinging upon the vine. And now, 'tis here,
And what a change hath passed upon the face
Of Nature, where the waving forest spreads,
Then robed in deepest green! All through the
night
The subtle frost hath plied its mystic art;
And in the day the golden sun hath wrought
True wonders; and the winds of morn and even
Have touched with magic breath the changing leaves.
And now, as wanders the dilating eye
Athwart the varied landscape, circling far,
What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what pomp
Of colors, burst upon the ravished sight!
Here, where the maple rears its yellow crest,
A golden glory; yonder, where the oak
Stands monarch of the forest, and the ash
Is girt with flame-like parasite, and broad
The dogwood spreads beneath, a rolling field
Of deepest crimson; and afar, where looms
The gnarled gum, a cloud of bloodiest red."

Again, from the "Falls of a Forest Stream," by another Western poet. Would that the mighty never wrote after a lesser fashion:

"O'er all these broods repose; the breeze
Lingers as it goes past;
The squirrel's foot sounds loud among
The leaves by Autumn cast;
And the lonely bird, whose glancing wing
Flits restlessly among
The boughs, stops doubtfully, and checks
The sudden burst of song.

"And silently, year after year
Is ushered in and goes,
And time, amid these quiet scenes,
No other measure knows

But the wakening and the sleep of birds,
The dawn and shut of day,
And the changes of the forest leaves,
From budding to decay.

"The wilderness is still; the long,
Long sleep of ages gone,
With its unmoving presence fills
These distant shades and lone;
And changing dynasties, and thrones
Cast down, send hither brief
And fainter echoes than the fall
Of Autumn's faded leaf."

Such poets are not rare among us; their song, though wafted to no great distance, come fresh and fragrant as the very forest. But we have promised ourselves to devote this paper to the female poets. Maria Gowen, better known as Maria Brooks, and perhaps better still as Maria dell' Occidente, has been dead about thirty-five years. How many of the present generation are aware that this, their countrywoman, was pronounced by Southey to be "the most impassioned and imaginative of all poetesses." Mrs. Browning has since put England in a position to dispute the title with us; but the star of our own poetess is burning still. Beautiful throughout her being, in soul, mind, and body, gifted with those high and mysterious powers that so rarely take up their abode in the flesh, Maria Brooks must be remembered as one of the most wonderful of American women. A life of sorrow is too often the price of unusual endowments, and this suffering one paid it in full. At the age of fourteen, she was betrothed to a Boston merchant. We have not the space to give her after history. The reader may learn enough from these four stanzas, direct from her own heart:

"The bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete.

"But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and
fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant,
and bleed.

"And 'as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream—

"So many a soul, on life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers, recoils; then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends, and sips the nearest
draught."

Who would know whence comes the truly fearful passion of this author, let him read that strange romance, "Idomen, or the Vale of Yumuri;" then he will be prepared to take up her master-piece, "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven." We shall not attempt a review of this poem, a marvelous mingling of the human and preterhuman, rich in all the colors of the Orient. Its sweep is all too wide, its passion too subtle, its language too luxurious, for any but the true lover of poetry. The reader can do no better than to study it as an entirety. We glance at the heroine, Egla, a Hebræss, and pass on:

"He who beheld her hand forgot her face—
Yet in that face was all beside forgot;
And he who, as she went, beheld her pace
And locks profuse, had said, 'Nay, turn thee
not.'
Placed on a banquet couch beside the king,
'Mid many a sparkling guest, no eye forbore;
But like their darts, the warrior princes fling,
Such looks as seem'd to pierce, and scan her o'er
and o'er;
Nor met alone the glare of lip and eye—
Charms, but not rare; the gazer, stern and cool,
Who sought but faults, nor fault or spot could spy;
In every limb, joint, vein, the maid was beautiful,
Save that her lip, like some bud-bursting flower,
Just scorned the bounds of symmetry, perchance,
But by its rashness gained an added power,
Heightening perfection to luxuriance.
But that was only when she smiled, and when
Dissolved the intense expression of her eye;
And had her spirit-love first seen her then,
He had not doubted her mortality."

Passion is ever varying with this writer, and each change brings unexpected charm. The thought is always high and pure, and the diction forcible. Mrs. Brooks lived for a considerable time in Cuba, and there wrote perhaps the better part of her poetry. There, too, she was destined to die. Her farewell to this land of "dark-eyed daughters" comes to us with peculiar tenderness:

"Alas! I fear my native snows—
A clime too cold, a heart too warm—
Alternate chills, alternate glows,
Too fiercely threat my flower-like form.

"The orange tree has fruits and flowers;
The grendilla, in its bloom,
Hangs o'er its high, luxuriant bowers,
Like fringes from a Tyrian loom.

"When the white coffee blossoms swell,
The fair moon full, the evening long,

I love to hear the warbling bell,
And sunburnt peasant's wayward song.

"Drive gently on, dark muleteer,
And the light seguidilla frame,
Fain would I listen still to hear
At every close thy mistress' name.

"Adieu, fair isle! The waving palm
Is penciled on the purest sky;
Warm sleeps the bay, the air is balm,
And, soothed to langour, scarce a sigh

"Escapes for those I love so well,
For those I've loved and left so long;
On me their fondest musings dwell,
To them alone my sighs belong.

"On, on, my bark! Blow, southern breeze!
No longer would I lingering stay;
'Twere better far to die with these
Than live in pleasure far away."

More familiar to American readers are the writings of Elizabeth Oakes-Smith. "The Sinless Child" and "The Acorn" have given this author a popularity that her other poems, though as perfect in their way, could not have secured. Passion is not the first element one meets as one reads her little volume of verse. We the rather seek such words as high, purity, the command of an exalted self, with which to picture the impression received. There is certainly power; but the fire that leaped along the lines of Maria Brooks is here a calm, tempered light, never dazzling, but always beautiful. It is the halo that surrounds the philosopher, the true thinker, trusting not only to the mind, but to the soul, to lead the way to truth. Intellectual as she is, the motto of Mrs. Smith is, "Instinct before intellect." This theory underlies the sweetness of "The Sinless Child," and we find it constantly recurring in all the varied writings of this pattern authoress. Poems, essays, novels, all reveal the same strong reliance upon the inner sense to perceive the true and the beautiful.

"The Infinite speaks in our silent hearts,
And draws our being to Himself, as deep
Calath unto deep. He, who all thought imparts,
Demands the pledge, the bond of soul to keep;
But reason, wandering from its fount afar,
And stooping downward, breaks the subtle chain
That binds it to itself, like star to star,
And sun to sun, upward to God again.
Doubt, once confirmed, tolls the dead spirit's knell,
And man is but a clod of earth, to die
Like the poor beast that in his shambles fell—
More miserable doom than that to lie
In trembling torture, like believing ghosts,
Who, though divorced from good, bow to the Lord
of Hosts."

The same voice is again heard in the sonnet, "Mental Solitude." Various as are the vehicles

in which the genius of this author is carried to the world, we find none more suitable than the sonnet. The sonnet is, naturally, less used than those forms of verse where the writer is free from the restraint it imposes. Genius, however, has been pleased to lock it choicest treasures in the sonnet, from Dante down. May be it will, one day, again be fashionable to read it. We shall not speak so much of Mrs. Smith's familiar poems, preferring to ask the reader's attention to those somewhat neglected. None can fail to recognize the music of the upper air in the sonnet of the "Wayfarers:"

"Earth careth for her own. The fox lies down
In her warm bosom, and it asks no more.
The bird, content, broods in its lowly nest,
Or, its fine essence stirred, with wing outflown,
Circles in airy rounds to Heaven's own door,
And folds again its plume upon her breast.
Ye, too, for whom her palaces arise,
Whose Tyrian vestments sweep the kindred ground,
Whose golden chalices Ivy-Bacchus dies,
She, kindly mother, liveth in your eyes,
And no strange anguish may your lives astound.
But ye, O pale, lone watchers for the true,
She knoweth not. In her ye have not found
Place for your stricken heads, wet with the midnight
dew."

In her dramas we believe Mrs. Smith to be at her height. The student cannot but rejoice in them. The writer does not recall one "pretty" line in these writings; and when it is remembered that the author is a woman, the statement assumes somewhat of importance. No sparkle, no shimmer, no butterfly grace or spinning of cobwebs, but sober visions from the depths of thought. The poet looks in the face of her fellow creatures, and puts the one question, "What does it all mean?" She is ever searching, and the results of her inquiry are embodied in language worthy of the subject. Her peculiar cast of mind is strikingly exhibited in the little poem entitled "Presages:"

"There are who from their cradle bear
The impress of a grief.
Deep, mystic eyes, and forehead fair,
And looks that ask relief;
The shadows of a coming doom,
Of sorrow, and of strife,
Where Fates conflicting round the loom,
Wove the sad web of life.

"And others come, the glad ones,
All shadowless and gay,
Like sweet surprise of April suns,
Or music gone astray;
Arrested, half in doubt we turn
To catch another sight,
So strangely rare it is to learn
A presage of delight."

The reader may have read the "Ministering Spirits;" if so, he is asked to read it again:

"White-winged angels meet the child
On the vestibule of life,
And they offer to his lips
All that cup of mingled strife;
Mingled drops of smiles and tears,
Human hopes, and human fears,
Joy and sorrow, love and woe,
Which the future heart must know.

"Sad the smile the spirits wear,
Sad the fanning of their wings,
As in their exceeding love
Each a cup of promise brings;
In the coming strife and care,
They have promised to be there;
Bowed by weariness or grief,
They will minister relief.

"Lady, could the infant look
In that deep and bitter cup,
All its hidden perils know,
Would it quaff life's waters up?
Lady, yes, for in the vase,
Upward beams an angel face;
Deep and anguished though the sigh,
There is comfort lurking nigh—
Times of joy, and times of woe,
Each an angel presence know."

The poems of Mrs. Smith are addressed mainly to humanity, but Nature now and then receives a worthy tribute. A poem of Nature is selected for the closing quotation. The human element will intrude; and, after all, becomes, perhaps, the prominent feature:

"THE FIRST LEAF OF AUTUMN.

"I see thee fall, thou quivering leaf, of faint and yellow hue,
The first to feel the Autumn winds, that, blighting,
o'er thee blew.
Slow-parted from the rocking branch, I see thee floating by,
To brave, all desolate and lone, the bleak autumnal sky.

"Alas! the first, the yellow leaf—how sadly falls it there,
To rustle on the crisped grass, with every chilly air!
It tells of those that soon must drop all withered from the tree,
And it hath waked a sadder chord in deathless memory.

"Thou eddying leaf, away, away, there's sorrow in thy hue;
Thou soundest the knell of sunny hours, of birds, and liquid dew,
And thou dost tell how from the heart the blooms of hope decay—
How each one lingers, loath to part, till all are swept away."

A charming singer is Sarah Helen Whitman. She is filled with sweet sounds, and pours them

forth as naturally as the bird. She has not the harmony of either of her sisters-in-song before mentioned; but she has their melody, and more. Not that she is over light—she is, on the other hand, thoughtful, though we may not say profound. She could write the "Ballads of the Fairies," and she could also write the "Hours of Life." She is a student, a genuine lover of her art; and what she touches she does not leave until it is finished. Whether her theme be lofty or low, the words follow one another like the strokes of a bell in the interpretation of her thought. She is a lyrist. Her instrument is the lyre, but she can also wake the grander voices of the organ. The arbutus itself is not more delicate than her description of it:

"There's a flower that grows by the greenwood tree,
In its desolate beauty, more dear to me
Than all that bask in the noontide beam,
Through the long, bright summer, by forest and stream.

Like a pure hope, nursed beneath Sorrow's wing,
Its timid buds from the cold moss spring,
Their delicate hues like the pink sea-shell,
Or the shaded blush of the hyacinth's bell,
Their breath more sweet than the faint perfume
That breathes from the bridal orange-bloom.

It is not found by the garden wall,
It wreathes no brow in the festal hall,
But it dwells in the depths of the shadowy wood,
And shines, like a star, in the solitude.
Never did numbers its name prolong,
Ne'er hath it floated on wings of song,
Bard and minstrel have passed it by,
And left it, in silence and shade, to die—
But with joy to its cradle the wild-bees come,
And praise its beauty with drowsy hum,
And children love, in the season of Spring,
To watch for its earliest blossoming."

Mrs. Whitman is always happy in her poems of Nature, endowing them usually with a human interest.

"No foliage droops o'er the woodpath now,
No dark vines swinging from bough to bough;
But a trembling shadow of silvery green
Falls through the young leaf's tender screen,
Like the hue that borders the snowdrop's bell,
Or lines the lid of an Indian shell.
And a fairy light, like the firefly's glow,
Flickers and fades on the grass below."

The description is continued with like exquisiteness of thought and diction; but the poem is not finished without these lines that fasten it to the heart:

"Yet sad would the spring-time of Nature seem
To the soul that wanders 'mid life's dark dream,
Its glory a meteor that sweeps the sky,
A blossom that floats on the storm-wind by,

If it woke no thought of that starry clime
That lies on the desolate shores of Time,
If it nurtured no delicate flowers to blow
On the hills where the palm and the amaranth grow."

With all our author's cheerfulness, the melancholy that will overlie the life of the sweetest singer has settled upon her own. The struggle to free herself from this shadow gave birth to her finest poem, "Hours of Life." Mrs. Whitman is not only gifted, but learned, and in this voyage of the soul from darkness into light, erudition is admirably mated with poetic skill. The following few lines may prove acceptable, though they convey but an imperfect idea of the complete poem:

"In the long noon-tide of my sorrow
I questioned of the eternal morrow;
I gazed in sullen awe
Far through the illimitable gloom
Down, deepening like the swift maelstrom,
The doubting soul to draw
Into eternal solitudes,
Where unrelenting silence broods
Around the throne of Law.

"I questioned the dim chronicles
Of ages gone before,
I listened for the triumph songs
That rang from shore to shore
Where the heroes and the conquerors wrought
The mighty deeds of yore,
Where the foot-prints of the martyrs
Had bathed the earth in gore,
And the war-horns of the warriors
Were heard from shore to shore."

The search is continued in the legendary haunts of many a land; when "wearied with man's discordant creed," the poet turns to Nature:

"A holy light began to stream
Athwart the cloud-rifts, like a dream
Of heaven; and lo! a pale, sweet face,
Of mournful grandeur and imperial grace—
A face whose mystic sadness seemed to borrow
Immortal beauty from that mortal sorrow—
Looked on me, and a voice of solemn cheer
Uttered its sweet evangels on my ear.

* * * * *

"Royally the lilies grow
On the grassy leas,
Basking in the sun and dew
Swinging in the breeze.

"Doth the wild fowl need a chart
Through the illimitable air?
Heaven lies folded in my heart;
Seek the truth that slumbers there—
Thou art Truth's eternal heir.

"Let the shadows come and go,
Let the stormy north wind blow,
Death's dark valley cannot bind thee
In its dread abode;

There the morning star shall find thee,
 There the living God.
 Sin and sorrow cannot hide thee,
 Death and hell cannot divide thee
 From the love of God."

Many a heart dwells fondly on the memory of a beautiful woman and poet, who, after comparatively a short life, purer even than anything she had written, died at New York some thirty years ago. Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood was a delightful writer of prose, and a poet of no ordinary power; but her writing is like a veil between us and the author, behind which sits the woman, surpassing her loftiest utterance. One little poem may speak for her:

"SILENT LOVE.

"Ah! let our love be still a folded flower,
 A pure moss rosebud, blushing to be seen,
 Hoarding its balm and beauty for that hour
 When souls may meet without the clay between!

"Let not a breath of passion dare to blow
 Its tender, timid, clinging leaves apart;
 Let not the sunbeam, with too ardent glow,
 Profane the dewy freshness of its heart!

"Ah! keep it folded like a sacred thing—
 With tears and smiles its bloom and fragrance
 nurse;
 Still let the modest veil around it cling,
 Nor with rude touch its pleading sweetness curse.

"Be thou content as I, to *know*, not *see*
 The glowing life, the treasured wealth within—
 To feel our spirit flower still fresh and free,
 And guard its blush, its smile, from shame and
 sin!

"Ah, keep it holy! Once the veil withdrawn—
 Once the rose blooms—its balmy soul will fly
 As fled of old in sadness, yet in scorn,
 Th' awakened god from Psyche's daring eye."

There are many of our female poets of whom we should speak; but anything like a complete review of this division of our subject would carry us far beyond the line allotted. The South has furnished her quota of women illustrious in prose and verse. Susan Archer Talley, Amelia B. Welby, Catherine Anne Warfield, Anna Peyre Dinnies, L. Virginia French, Rosa Vestner Johnson—all these are bright names. Miss Talley, a true descendant of the Huguenots, with a nature free as the winds and waters that were the playmates of her childhood, is a writer of decided character and merit. In one particular, she stands alone. Early in life she lost her hearing; and yet the music of her verse is such as satisfies the most sensitive ear. Shut out from the world, she turned within herself, and created a world of her own. Literature and the arts became daily sustenance; and her

works thereafter attest a richness of intellectual and spiritual growth that is its own reward. "Ennerslie" is a poem, come from what source it may; but, from one hindered by so vital an infirmity as that of Miss Talley, it is indeed a triumph. Not only in the weirdness of the story, but in the harmony of its numbers, it rivals the creations of that master-artist, Edgar A. Poe. Two stanzas will suffice for illustration:

"Yet in that tower is a room
 From whose fretted oaken dome
 Weird faces peer athwart the gloom,
 Mockingly—mockingly!
 And there, beside the taper's gleam,
 That maketh darkness darker seem,
 As one that waketh in a dream,
 Sits the lord of Ennerslie.

"Sitteth in his carved chair—
 From his forehead, pale and fair,
 Fallett down the raven hair,
 Heavily—heavily;
 There is no color in his cheek,
 His lip is pale—he doth not speak—
 And rarely doth his footstep break
 The stillness of grim Ennerslie."

The critics are divided concerning the claim of Mrs. Welby. Poe declares that "she has nearly all the imagination of Maria dell' Occidente, with a more refined taste; and nearly all the passion of Mrs. Norton, with a nicer ear, and, what is surprising, equal art. Very few American poets are at all comparable with her, in the true poetic sense." This we believe to be the one extreme, and as far from the truth as the converse opinion that she is a happy compound of music and fancy. There was nothing in the life of this joyful woman to call up the passion that suffering awoke in the darkened heart of Mrs. Norton; neither could her nature have been as sensitive at the beginning. Passion and imagination do not strike us as characteristics of Mrs. Welby's poetry; but in native grace, spontaneous thought, and simplicity of diction, she stands on a level with the best of our authoresses. Her "Musings" is, in our estimation, not only an excellent exhibition of the author's peculiarity of genius, but a master production of its kind. Having read this poem, the reader is at once satisfied that the writer might accomplish much in other directions. The first two and last two stanzas must suffice for our quotation:

"I wandered out one summer night,
 'Twas when my years were few,
 The wind was singing in the light,
 And I was singing, too.
 The sunshine lay upon the hill,
 The shadow in the vale,

And here and there a leaping rill
Was laughing on the gale.

"One fleecy cloud upon the air
Was all that met my eyes,
It floated like an angel there
Between me and the skies.
I clapped my hands and warbled wild,
As here and there I flew,
For I was but a careless child,
And did as children do.

* * * * *

"I heard the laughing wind behind
A-playing with my hair—
The breezy fingers of the wind,
How cool and moist they were!
I heard the night-bird warbling o'er
Its soft, enchanting strain,
I never heard such sounds before,
And never shall again.

"Then wherefore weave such strains as these,
And sing them day by day,
When every bird upon the breeze
Can sing a sweeter lay?
I'd give the world for their sweet art,
The simple, the divine;
I'd give the world to melt one heart
As they have melted mine."

This necessarily imperfect paper will be brought to a close by a glance at the genius of Mrs. Warfield. The life of this lady has not been that of the true poet; but, in spite of her surroundings, she has disclosed certain qualities of mind rare among writers of either sex. The author of such a story as "The Household of Bouverie," and such a poem as "The Legend of the Indian Chamber," lifts herself by these productions to an honored place among the exponents of the tragic and the mysterious. Hers is a dangerous realm, but she travels it with steady step, and returns from her shadowy journeying unharmed, unwearied, and self-pos-

sessed. The reader does not need to know the story in order to appreciate this author's subtle command over the shapes of darkness, as it is exhibited in the last three stanzas of the "Indian Chamber:"

"Turned away the soul-sick stranger,
Traversed he the chamber high,
Where the Baron's awful aspect
Chained his step and fixed his eye.
Never from his memory perished,
Through long years of after life
In the camp, the court, the battle,
That remorseful face of strife.
Rooted as a senseless statue,
In his hand the cup of gold,
Lips apart, and eyes distended,
Stood the Norman Baron bold.

"High her cup the phantom lifted,
Flames within it seemed to roll;
Then alone these words she uttered,
'Pledge me in thy feudal bowl.'
Chained and speechless, guest and servant
Saw the Baron drain the draught;
Saw him fall, convulsed and blackened,
As the deadly bowl he quaffed;
Saw the Phantom bending o'er him,
As libation on his head,
Slowly, and with mein exulting,
From the cup of flames she shed.

"Then a shriek of smothered anguish
Rang the Indian chamber through,
While a gust of icy bleakness
From the waving arras blew.
In its breath the watchers shuddered,
And the portals open rung,
And the ample hearth was darkened,
As if the ice were on it flung;
And the lofty torches, waving
For a moment in the blast,
In their sconces were extinguished,
Leaving darkness o'er the past."

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

PROTECTION OF ANIMALS USEFUL TO MAN.

Man has spread over the earth, and believes himself lord of it; but by his consumption, and still more by his waste, he has destroyed the balance of nature, and is depopulating both land and sea. He is a thriftless lord, who, if he continue his present habits, will leave a diminished heritage to his descendants. Now that the laws which govern life are to a great extent known, and the relations borne to each other by plants and animals are understood, it is in the power of mankind to check this loss

by affording protection to all organisms which are useful to him, and also such as furnish food.

Protection against climate and inorganic influences is an important part of this protection, but will not be treated of here, since man recognizes its necessity as regards his domestic animals, while he is comparatively powerless in this respect as regards undomesticated, though useful, species.

Man's waste has lost the world many useful species, and, if not stopped, may lose many

more. A few examples will prove this. The *rytina*, a marine herbivorous mammal, similar to the still existing manatee and dugong, the great auk, the dodo, and the solitaire, have all become extinct within comparatively recent times. The former, a native of Behring Sea, reached a length of thirty-five feet, and, from its cumbrousness, fell a ready prey to its Russian enemies, who slaughtered it so mercilessly that in less than a century what might have afforded a permanent store of food, through all time to come in a region where food is scarce, disappeared entirely from existence. The three others, birds with imperfect wings, unable to fly, but able to cope with their environment until the advent of man, were similarly hunted down by "those who go down to the sea in ships," and are now known only by pictures, bones, and relics. The gigantic moa birds of New Zealand have had a similar history, but in this case the Maori, instead of the Aryan, is responsible. Not only bones, but feathers and eggs, of these gigantic birds, some of the largest of which attained a height of from twelve to fourteen feet, have been found, and the natives have traditions of the moa-hunts in which they used to engage, surrounding the poor birds, and, with loud yells, driving them into a lake, where they could be killed from canoes without a chance to resist.

Many of the large quadrupeds now existing are destined, at the present rate of destruction, to complete disappearance, at least in their wild state, in a few generations. If the disappearance were confined to the larger *carnivores*, the loss could be endured. Mankind would probably prefer, on the whole, to view the lion, the tiger, and the bear in the safe retreat of a menagerie, rather than in their native wilds. But the extinction of the African elephant and the American bison will be a loss to mankind. Ruthlessly killed wherever met with, partly for the sheer pleasure of killing, partly for the sake of tusks that were once his defense, specialized for his own use, the elephant stands no chance in the struggle unless man have mercy. The bison once ranged from 62° to 25° north latitude, or from Great Slave Lake, in the north, to the north-eastern provinces of Mexico; while westward it extended to the Blue Mountains and the Sierra Nevada; and eastward it passed the Mississippi, and even the Alleghanies. Now it is limited to two small areas—one in western Kansas, north-western Texas, and the Indian Territory; the other about, and to the northward of, the sources of the Yellowstone. "At this present rate of decrease," says Allen, "it will certainly become wholly extinct during the next quarter of a century."

The elephant-seal (*Macrorhinus proboscideus*) was once common along the coast of Upper and Lower California, and abounded in many localities in the southern hemisphere, between 35° and 55° south latitude; but it was so persistently hunted, for the sake of its oil, that it disappeared almost entirely from our coasts, and became very rare even at Kerguelen Land, Heard's Island, and the Crozets. So scarce did it become that the chase was almost relinquished, and the result of only five undisturbed seasons was that in December, 1874, it was, according to J. H. Kidder, "very numerous" at the Crozet Islands.

In 1879 a schooner from San Francisco found nineteen of these animals on the coast of Lower California. At once the crew killed all but seven of the youngest, and they think it probable that the crew of another vessel killed the remainder.

The sea-elephant is the largest of the true seals, the males equaling, or exceeding, the almost equally unfortunate walrus in size. The facts given above tend to show that but a small amount of intelligent forbearance would enable this creature to again become abundant.

Even if the sheer waste of life indulged in by man for his whims, his pleasures, or his passions, were put an end to, and his destruction limited to what is required for food, it is certain that, without protection, and, in some cases, assistance, at the season of reproduction, many species required by him for food would not be able to keep up their numbers. Man recognizes this fact in the case of all such species of plants and animals as are immediately under his care, but usually ignores it in the case of undomesticated species, however useful they may be to him.

He is careful not to slay the cow with calf, or the ewe with lamb, but takes the fish when full of spawn, and gives neither seal nor whale a fair chance to reproduce its kind. He appears, in many instances, to have actually a notion that God will keep up the supply for his benefit, in spite of his efforts to put an end to it.

Yet the necessity for a "close time" for certain animals is beginning to be recognized. Already it is decreed, and, to a certain extent, observed, in the case of such beasts and birds as are denominated "game," and also with one of the most valuable kinds of food-fishes—the salmon. What is done is but the beginning of what will have to be done in this direction, if the supply is to be kept up.

That portion of our food which is derived from the land area of the globe is, in this respect, far more favorably situated than that derived from the water area. Although, unless

care be taken to prevent it, such wild species of quadrupeds and birds as are useful to man are doomed to early extinction, yet at least he retains within his hands a less varied supply in his domesticated animals and plants.

But man's power over the water area is, and probably ever will be, more limited than over the land. The depths of the ocean are beyond his sway. The most that he can do is to traverse its surface with more or less safety, and to extend his rule around its shores. He cannot enter in and dwell there. The waters directly under his rule are only lakes, streams, and the borders of larger bodies of water. Yet his power, even over the harvest of the ocean, is, if intelligently directed, quite considerable.

As animal life in the ocean is under different conditions from that of the land, depending for respiration not upon the oxygen of the air, but upon that in the water, and for food almost entirely upon other animals, since plant life does not exist at great depths, man's efforts must be principally directed to keeping up the stock of animal food needed by the species upon which he feeds. That is to say, while upon the land he must keep up the supply of food-plants for the animals he feeds upon or requires, in the ocean his task is to keep up the supply of animal food required by species useful to him. To this end, a knowledge of the entire life-history, food, habits, and distribution of all kinds of marine organisms is needed, and this work is slowly, but surely, being carried on by unobtrusive workers scattered over the civilized world. When a full knowledge of these things is obtained, it will often be found quite feasible to protect any species in the reproduction of its kind.

This protection can be exercised in two ways. First, by ordaining a "close time," during which it shall be unlawful to catch the protected species; second, by artificial breeding. Most mammals and birds have a limited number of young, and, although it is possible to hatch the eggs of the latter artificially, yet, as the bird herself sits upon the eggs, the advantage is doubtful. But with fishes the case is different. The eggs, or ova, laid may often be tens or even hundreds of thousands in number, yet the species does not increase in numbers, even when man's hand does not tax it heavily. As the mass of ova is fertilized after it is laid, by the squeezing over it of the milt of the male, a large proportion is never fertilized at all. As the eggs are deposited upon the bottom of the stream or sea-bed, currents and storms, and the accidental passing of objects over the spot, cause many to be washed away and destroyed. Still larger quantities are eaten. Every predatory fish is on the

watch for ova, and the little fishes get even with the large ones by devouring their spawn. Even the parent fish will, in many cases, devour her own offspring.

All this has been successfully remedied in the case of salmon, trout, and a few other fishes, and can as well be remedied in other cases. The ripe ova are gently pressed through the oviduct of the female, which is then released. The ripe milt of the male is pressed out over the ova, and carefully mixed, to insure fertilization. The ova are cared for in tanks, constructed to suit the habits of the species, and, after hatching, are placed in the water to take their chance. In this way, out of about sixteen thousand eggs yielded by a salmon of twenty pounds in weight, fifteen thousand may, according to our Fish Commissioners, be made to produce fish.

Apply the same ratio to other fish, and we shall begin to see how much can be done toward increasing the harvest of the waters, by at the same time supplying fish and finny food for fishes. Were this process followed methodically throughout the world with all the most useful species, the increase, if destructive agents were kept down, would be limited only by the power of the ocean to supply life.

The invertebrate habitants of the waters, some useful directly to us, all useful as food for fishes, can also be, to a great extent, protected. Though a "close time" can hardly be extended to them, the increase of the species can be cared for in the same way as is that of oysters—by beds, pounds, or preserves, within which they can multiply, free from enemies.

The *crustacea* (crabs, lobsters, shrimps) need no artificial fertilizing, since, as in birds and mammals, the ova are fertilized before extrusion, but they may advantageously be bred in ponds.

When those regions of the earth now held by savage, barbarous, or semi-civilized tribes falls into the hands of nations which have among them a few who study the actual book of life—and the time, judging by recent acquisitions, is not very far distant—we may hope that the protection of a "close time," during which they may bear and suckle their young, will be extended to such mammals as the bison, the elephant, the walrus, the elephant-seal, and the whale, and that all birds, except such as are notoriously injurious to man's interests, will be granted a term in which they can hatch their young in security.

Although plant life in general is essential to animal life, there are many plants which are deleterious in their nature, and more which are useless from man's point of view, since they do

not furnish food for animals under his protection, or crowd out more useful plants. The protection of useful plants against their rivals is thus really the protection of animals against plants, because the prevalence of comparatively useless species is a check upon animal life. But besides these indirectly injurious plants there are certain plants possessed of toxic qualities, which, though no more inimical to rival plants than others not possessed of such qualities, cannot safely be allowed to flourish where domestic cattle are kept. As an example may be cited the *loco* (*Astragalus Menziesii*), by which cattle in California are often poisoned.

The class of *fungi*, so protean in its forms and qualities, not only furnishes species which are poisonous to animals, but it also contains forms which live upon and often destroy animal organisms. Insects and fishes are frequently killed by molds, which multiply within them to such an extent that they are forced to succumb. The death of the former is often no loss in itself, so far as mankind is concerned, but the dead insects, filled with fungoid spores, are themselves a source of danger.

A glance in a fish tank will but too frequently reveal the ravages of *fungi*. Patches of mold may be seen upon the sides of the fishes—a miniature forest borne about with them as they swim. These are mischievous enough, but below them are still lower plants—agents of putrefaction—the vibrios, bacteria, and spirales, those mysteriously appearing living particles, which have been the mainstay of the believers in spontaneous generation. Many of these are the sure accompaniments of certain fevers, and in some cases the origin of the disease has been traced to them. While some doctors still deny this, and others as strenuously maintain that all diseases are caused by parasitic living cells, the germs of which are to be found in the air, the facts point to at least its partial truth, tending to show that while some diseases are caused by living agents, others are more probably caused by some alteration in the secretions of the body, induced by external causes.

In the words of Dr. Wythe: "Every agency of nature outside of the bodily organism, and every activity of body and of mind within the living structure, is capable of becoming a cause of disease, as soon as it disturbs the normal current of life, so that the number of causes is practically unlimited."

The protection of flocks, herds, and poultry from quadrupeds and ravenous birds is tolerably well effected by mankind, at least in civilized countries. The problem has to a great extent been solved, as it will have to be solved over the entire face of the globe, if population

should largely increase; the larger beasts of prey are driven to the recesses of forest or mountain, or are exterminated, while the smaller are kept down with shot-guns and traps. It is not improbable that the only lions and tigers of some future generation will be those bred in captivity.

But the most dangerous enemies of ourselves and of our animals are not the vertebrata, but the myriad forms of insects, and those protean organisms, the internal worms. The insect has things very much his own way in the world—he is victor over the vertebrate, though worsted individually, by sheer numbers, power of reproduction, and ability to elude search. The tsetse fly, which renders large portions of Africa impassable by horses, oxen, and dogs, but does not attack man; gnats, fleas, lice, bugs, mosquitos, black-flies, ox-flies, the *Asilus crabroniformes*, are so many free parasites, living upon the bodies of animals and men, and for the most part sucking their blood; the chigo, free when young, is when adult parasitic on man and on his animals; the ichneumon larvæ feed upon those of the lepidoptera, and do not spare the silk-worm because it is useful to man; the curious young of the blister-beetles, known as triungulins, cling to bees and other hymenopterous insects, and thus obtain access to their nests and thrive on their honey; the gad-flies pass their early stages within mammals. These are but a few of the insects that exist upon other animals. Among the arachnida the lower forms (*Acarida*) are both troublesome and dangerous. Most mammals have their peculiar species of acari; the horse has two, which give rise to skin affections; man has the itch from another, bees are killed by another; ticks (*Ixodes*) attack dogs, sheep, and other quadrupeds, living free on the bushes until some mammal passes; birds swarm with acari. The crustacea, insects of the water, do for fishes and cetacea what the insects and arachnids do for birds and mammals, thus taking a sort of revenge for the consumption of free crustacea by larger animals. The isopoda live in the mouths and among the gills of fishes, taking toll from the food, while some penetrate the skin, and others prefer to live beneath the carapace of higher crustaceans; the female lerneans, free when young, attach themselves by the mouth, when older, to the eyes, fins, or other parts of fishes, lose their limbs, and become swollen masses ending in two ovisacs, bearing upon their bodies the minute males, who retain their limbs and senses; while barnacles fix themselves on whales.

The internal worms are almost endless in their forms and in their metamorphoses. The

filariæ, free when young, are introduced with food—or, more often, water—into the bodies of molluscs, fishes, amphibians, birds, and mammals, where they multiply exceedingly; and trematode-worms (flukes—*Monostomum* and *Distomum*), pass their entire lives as parasites, changing their hosts and changing their shape, and frequenting fishes, mammals, birds, and other animals. The whale, the sturgeon, the herring, the seal, the sheep, all are troubled with distomes in the liver, and man is far from being free from their presence.

Tape-worms abound in the digestive organs of almost every class in the animal kingdom, and their immature forms traverse the tissues, and become what are known as "cestoid" worms within such organs as the brain, the liver, the kidney, or the eye. The tape-worms of herbivorous animals pass their young stages in the water or on plants; those of carnivores inhabit their prey, and only become adult tape-worms when eaten by proper species. These various parasites, and many other forms, do not always kill. On the contrary, a healthy animal will often carry about many of them. Yet we have but to mention the dreaded *trichina* (a *nematode*, or round worm), and the tape-worm, to prove that they have the power to injure man. There can be no doubt that an excess of even the comparatively innocent kinds injures the host, or that a weakly organism may fail beneath its internal burden.

Now that the life-history of most of these dreaded parasites is known, it is possible to avoid their presence, and to this end the eating of uncooked or partially cooked food, and the drinking of water that has not been boiled, must alike be avoided. Heat kills the young of worms, as it does germs of all kinds; and, when we consider how abundant the ova of these parasites are, we may doubt whether man does not, to a great extent, owe his supremacy and increase of numbers to the fact that he alone, of all animals, subjects his food to heat. Good cookery, therefore, is, even from this point of view alone, a large part of the science of life.

The carnivores of the ocean, the sharks and rays, and the toothed cetacea, play havoc among our food-fishes, and need to be checked in their increase. This can be best done by utilizing them. Sharks furnish oil—one species is taken for its oil on the coast of California. Sharks' fins are a delicacy in China, and white races eat some of the rays. The flesh of sharks and rays would furnish good and cheap food for the poor.

When man needs any animal for food or in the arts, its numbers soon decrease unless he takes steps to prevent it, and, in the case of the sharks and rays, as well as of the dolphins, the decrease is a benefit to man, permitting more useful species to increase.

W. N. LOCKINGTON.

FRITZ REUTER'S LIFE AND WORKS.

"Qui vir, et dialectum patriam et sensus animi patrios callet; quem eundem Gratia ipsæ Musis conjunctæ jocis miscere seria docuerunt; cujus scriptoris quum alia opera tum etiam librum aureolum huncce OLLE CAMELLEN, Germania laudat universa."

A friendly Kiel critic of my first article (upon Groth, Ditmarsch, and Plattdeutsch, in the February number of THE CALIFORNIAN) seems to think that there is a thread of half apology running through it in behalf of the Low German, and ascribes it, in a charitable spirit, to my wish to overcome the supercilious "pride of the English race," toward a kindred but humbler tongue—a poor cousin, as it were. It may be that there was such a tinge unconsciously given to the essay; but if any prejudice exists in the American mind as to Low German (a premise I do not wish to concede), it has assuredly sprung from exotic seeds planted there by fastidious High Germans. There is a class of Germans who, in discussing Plattdeutsch

with Americans, leave an incorrect impression as to the social *status* of the less cultivated tongue, not so much in the facts they offer, as in the impression left, to be derived from those facts. There is still another class, who (not being quite at ease as to their own educational ground) fancy that any suspicion of the *platt* in their language would be a social blot—a proof of vulgarity. Of this order was that lady, introduced in a modern German novel, who assumed to be an oracle in culture by reason of being the daughter of a professor, and who reproved her docile husband for saying *hippodrom*, instead of *hippotraum*, "because *drom* was so *platt*!" No language or dialect is in itself mean; nor can any dialect beget

vulgarity; on the other hand, vulgarity degrades any language it employs, no matter how noble it may have been in origin. Tuscan has, ever since Dante and Boccaccio, been the cultivated language of Italy; but, for all that, the proud Venetian retained his own soft dialect. It accompanied him everywhere; even in his courts, where the pleadings were entered in Tuscan, the arguments of the advocates were in Venetian; and it proved the chief feature of as bright a period of the drama as Italy ever saw, when Goldoni wrote down his plays in his native idiom. Under such circumstances, no speech, or phase of speech, could be anything but dignified. Broad Scotch has never been relegated to an inferior social position. It has been the garb of lyric and elegiac poetry; it has been the solvent for wit in the drawing-room; it has intensified the humorous sally of the advocate, and has furnished its harmony to the lecture-room of the professor. So much for the dignity of dialect, provided, of course, we take dialect in its scientific and good sense, and do not confound it with disintegrating language. A bronze medal may not be of greater intrinsic bullion value than a debased coin; but, in that it is genuine, it is meritorious, which the greasy coin is not. Chinook is a tatter fit only for the worst days of Babel; Pigeon English is disgusting—Confucius himself would be contemptible if he attempted to converse in it. If ever a Chinese admiral blockades our harbor, and dictates a surrender in Pigeon English (and who can say what is in store for us?), he would probably be listened to with inextinguishable laughter.

Slang is distorted metaphor and corrupt speech at the same time, both of which vices, like a pair of bow legs, give it a harlequin, pigeon-toed air. Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" is simply a well arranged chain of slang; and he ought to have been ashamed to offer it in pawn for fame, when he had far better stuff in his scrip at the time. James Russell Lowell's *Biglow Papers* may be considered partly in the light of dialect, partly as an attempt to represent a peculiar local pronunciation, and partly as the angular wit of one class of American society—not precisely slang, and yet which looks at times very like the boldest order of slang. Artemus Ward wrote the *patois* of the billiard room and country hotel—an *argot* that would, and did, enable him to discuss the broadest questions of philosophy, politics, and art with the average crowd for which one has the bar-keeper "set up the drinks."

But I must return to my subject, having announced that my platform (a vile Americanism, *mein kieler Freund*) contains a plank for the

due support of the social and literary dignity of all twigs of the great Teutonic or Gothic branch of articulate speech, whether written or unwritten. And, in one respect at least, I would suggest an advantage which the German has over the English limb of the Teutonic tree: when High German wears out in spots, as all languages are fated to do, by constant use, the High German has a choice lot of archaic material at hand, in the shape of Plattdeutsch, with which he can mend his tongue—expressions, phrases, constructions known to the elder Cethegi of the race, which can be used without violence to taste. But when our English tongue rusts out, we have nothing wherewith to patch it, except chunks of slang, or euphuistic soft-solder, imported from Gaul. It is interesting to notice the dainty efforts of the Laureate, now and then, to substitute an ancient word in lieu of a trite modern phrase, like old tiles set in a new chimney-piece; but it is evidence that the language is disintegrating.

In the former article I undertook to treat of thought worked into a quaint and novel language, under peaceful auspices, in "a land where all things always seemed the same," and where the poet would appear to have drawn the georgic tranquillity into his blood, and to have reinfused it into his verse and prose—a sort of Teutonic Theocritus, in fact.

Now, I must speak of a widely different character, laboring, if not in the same field, at least just over the hedge, and obtaining a different success, although reaching it by the same paths.

Groth's *Quickborn* is a felicitous chain of lyrics; and the work may fairly be placed as the first serious employment of the dialect in which it was composed for two centuries, if we leave out of consideration the dilettant efforts of Voss and a few others, who, in times past, for amusement, noted the possible capacity of the common tongue for literary effort.

Groth has written prose tales; but these efforts, so far as concerns the matter of them, might as well have been idyls; for verse would have suited eminently their pastoral character.

On the other hand, Fritz Reuter first appeared as a writer of verse. But though his *Laiischen un Rimels* won great success, and brought him a degree of provincial fame, I consider that collection as no evidence of brilliancy that would give promise of his future work. It was, as he says, an "assembly of street urchins," amusing from their dirty faces and mirthful ways, but with nothing to indicate what they would be when grown to manhood. They were like tavern signs, on which a great painter may

have labored before his genius had been hailed by the world of culture.

And although Fritz Reuter wrote poems, and long ones, too, it is as the prose sketch-writer that he is to be deemed most successful. This is not to disparage his poetic talent, which blossoms out of everything he said or wrote. It is simply an attempt to establish an approximate standpoint from which to consider him in discussion. If Burns were to be taken as a Scotch type of Groth, the Ettrick Shepherd might bear some resemblance to Reuter.

Fritz Reuter was born in Stavenhagen, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, November 7, 1810. In the Rathhaus, where Fritz first saw light, the enthusiastic burghers, in 1873, placed a commemorative tablet to his honor, having, in 1865, already planted a "Reuter Oak."

The town is in the midst of a flat country, here and there a bit of rising ground called ostentatiously a mountain, with little lakes as resting places for the sluggish streams. The inhabitants, both gentle and simple, have their interests mainly centered in the crops, wheat being the staple—a land of slow-moving, reflective, perhaps a little sly, peasantry—men loath to grasp at new ideas, with a ponderously careful tread, as if progress were being made over wide furrows, with constant danger to the grain below.

Stavenhagen (*platt.* Stemhagen) was ruled in those days, and for generations thereafter (1805-45), by Fritz's father, as *Burgermeister* (a sort of mayor, with certain criminal and other conciliatory jurisdiction.) Fritz's mother was one of those typical, patient invalids, full of kindness and cultivation, a queen *faindante* in her household, carrying for scepter her knitting needles, regarded by all, high and low, with affection and chivalrous courtesy, elicited by her helplessness and bodily suffering. It was probably to her nature that Fritz owed his literary leanings, his powers of humorous observation, and his tact and gentle charity in expression. It certainly was not from his father that he drew any of these gifts. His father was a shrewd, common-sense official, full of plans which he carried out with success, bound up in his daily life and duties, and conscientious in performance, a man of stalwart power and passions, filling his part in life amply and creditably.

Fritz has, in "*Ul de Franzosentid*," given us a vivid picture of life at Stavenhagen in his infancy. With a masterly hand, he has drawn for us an outline of the Amtshauptmann (Prefect of District) Weber, a grand old figure, something of a tyrant in his way, looked up to

by both burgher and peasant, and of his wife, a worthy counterpart. Then there is an "Uncle Herse," who, however, was no uncle at all, but who had that make-up of character and habits which brings the child inevitably to claim some irresponsible relationship with him—a man who was clever, who knew what the birds said, and could answer them—a treasure to any community of children anywhere. Then there was Fritz's mother's sister, "Tante Christiane;" there was Mademoiselle Westphalen; there was the "Watchmaker Droz," a *real* Frenchman (aus Neufchâtel), employed to teach Fritz a proper accent.

Fritz did not, for his first years, attend the public school, but took his lessons with his sister, Lisette, and his two cousins, Ernst and August. Finally, he went to a girl's school, "an owl among the crows." Uncle Herse taught him arithmetic and drawing; the town apothecary, Latin and history; his father, geography; and so his training went on, in a straggling way, until a theological student appeared in the house as a regular pedagogue. When Fritz was fifteen, he lost his mother by death, and, at about the same time, was placed at school in the little town of Friedland, Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Of his life there (it lasted three years), there is a quaint picture drawn in "*Dörchläuchting*."

At this time Fritz had thoughts of becoming a painter; his more prosaic father preferred the law. Neither was right; but Fritz gave to art a better chance than to jurisprudence. He was sent to the gymnasium at Parchim. In 1831 he went to the University at Rostock, "the up-and-down jump for every true Mecklenburger," as he terms it. In half a year he left Rostock for Jena, and became an altogether too gay member of the Burschenschaft there. It was here that he committed the offense which led to his subsequent conviction of an attempt at high treason, sentence to death, followed by commutation to imprisonment for life, then softened to thirty years, and finally remitted, after he had served seven years of misery, and had lost the flower of his days in aimless trifling within prison walls.

It was the misfortune of the young man that in those days the German governments comprehended so little the radical leaven which must, at a certain age, work into a ferment in the veins of most educated youth. Had Fritz played the same class of political pranks at an English university, perhaps the college dons would have looked after him with some degree of nervousness, and would have given him an admonition now and then; but to have ranked him as a criminal would have been, in their eyes,

downright absurdity. In an American college, such talk or conduct might have brought a jocular criticism from the rhetorical professor, who, with his gibes, would have patronized the sophomore reformer into conservatism. Dilettant radicalism has long been regarded by English and American professors as an amiable drone-bee in the youthful bonnet, that must finish up a certain amount of buzzing before it assumes a duly conservative torpidity, or is kicked out of the hive altogether by ideas of a honey-gathering class.

The Germanic authorities in those days had, however, the blood of Kotzebue in their eyes, and they fancied every top-booted, velvet-coated, be-ribboned student to be a possible Karl Sand. They make cabinet ministers out of such stuff nowadays. Witness Baron Haymerle.

The prominent facts of Fritz's trouble are these: There was found to be a student conspiracy ramifying all the universities. Some silly fellows did actually commit an overt riot and sedition at Frankfurt. Fritz was captured in Berlin (he had left Jena, and had gone thither to study law), was tried, and commenced his seven years' life in the different military prisons (Festungen) to which he was relegated, finally winding up, as an act of grace, at Dömitz, under his own Grand Duke; and, at last, being freed altogether, on the death of the King of Prussia—a broken young man, with a passion for strong drink (Trunksucht) that never again entirely forsook him, but was the vampire of his life and powers.

In 1840, at the instance of his father, he went to Heidelberg to study jurisprudence; but, owing to his unhappy tendency to alcoholism, he was recalled, and started afresh on a new career as a farmer. Herein he might have succeeded but for his disease. At this time he met his future wife, Luise Kuntze. In 1844 he completed his education as a farmer; but his "Stromtid" was still a failure, for the old reason; and in 1845 his father died, having finally despaired of his son's reform, and making in his will a guarded testamentary trust, by the terms of which Fritz was not to touch his share of the succession until he had shown signs of freedom from the drink trouble for a term of years. Fritz never abstained for the period, and was never let into the possession of the fund.

He had one good friend, however, who held him patiently up during this period of his life, one Fritz Peters, to whose sympathy and care he probably owed his life, and to whom the public possibly owe his works. At this time he commenced to write—trifles, maybe, but it was a training for success.

In those days broke out the 1848 excitement. Of course the old Freiheit must began to effervesce in the veins of Reuter, and he attempted what we Americans would call "going into politics." He was a deputy at the Town's Diet at Güstrow, and then a delegate to the Assembly for both Mecklenburgs; but the movement never came to anything, and, indeed, that sort of business was not in Reuter's vein, as an incident would seem to show: He was acting as President of a Reform League established at Stavenhagen. Of course, the members had an agricultural slowness of comprehension. This was too much for the patience of so nervous a politician as Fritz, and, amid the regrets of the assembly, he laid down the gavel. He was pressed to give his reasons for declining the office. The good-natured burghers desired, if possible, to conform to his views, and retain him. But Fritz made for the door, and reaching it, shouted, "You wish to know why I leave?" There was a general stillness of expectation. "Ji sid mi all tau dumm, ji Schapsköpp" (you are all too stupid for me, you sheep-heads), and vanished. Such a man was not stuff for a popular orator; at least, he would make small headway here in a Sand-lot demonstration.

At this time he started in vocation as a private teacher. Still the old trouble. His bride then married him, in hopes to reform him, and in 1851 they commenced life together at Trep-tow. The wife seems to have been a real help-mate and sympathizer. She never was able to say that she had driven off the arch enemy, but her presence probably kept the demon at bay most of the time.

Now it was that the poor fellow commenced his work as an author; and, to do so in the projected manner, it became almost necessary for him to relearn his Plattdeutsch. The trifles he had hitherto produced, of a doubtful merit and merely local interest, were in High German. Klaus Groth's *Quickborn* had but just appeared, and it struck the needy pedagogue that something of a similar character in the Mecklenburg dialect would be popular, at least within the boundaries of the duchies. In that country there is a great degree of popularity given to what we might call "yarns," for the want of a better word (*Geschichte*). Fritz had been in the habit of versifying these, and, having collected a quantity, launched out with great rashness in business, as both publisher and author. These first endeavors he styled *Laüschen un Rimels*—"a mob of little street urchins, who, in ruddy health, tumble over one another, unrestrained as to æsthetic poses—jolly faces, laughing out from under tow locks,

and finding, at times, their fun in the world's folly." The success of this venture was wonderful. The edition, consisting of twelve hundred copies, was sold off briskly, and, though his reputation did not yet pass beyond his native Plattdeutsch land, yet his success as an author was established. This work has a quaint dedication to his old, well-tried friend, Fritz Peters.

De Reis nah Belligen followed—a story, in verse, of the adventures of Vadder Witt and Vadder Swart, two respectable peasants, who with their sons, Corl and Fritz, project and partially make a journey to Belgium, for purposes of culture and traveled experience. The excursion is one of ludicrous misfortune, winding up in the police station in Berlin, whence the party return home to be tongue-castigated by their less adventurous and more conservative wives. There is the thread of a love story, with Fritz and the sexton's daughter for hero and heroine, which terminates happily on the arrival home of the traveled party.

At about this time (1855) our author began the publication of a weekly journal, *Unterhaltungsblatt für beiden Mecklenburg und Pommern*. It was in this that he first introduced to his readers his most distinct and remarkable character, the jovial "*immeritirter Entspekter Bräsig*," who wrote characteristic letters to the journal about matters and things of interest to himself and the public. To any admirer of Dickens, who has not also read Reuter, it would be a pleasure worth a whole philological journey through High German, Low German, and Messingsch, to shake hands with the Inspector. It is impossible to give, in any language but his, the cream of his utterances. His style is his own. However, the character was, at this period, only outlined, and it was not until some time later that Bräsig became an active mover in Reuter's fiction. On the German stage he became, eventually, a leading character—as marked, as definite, as our American "Joshua Whitcomb."

The journal lived but a year. The publisher left his affairs in disorder, and decamped for America. Fritz at this time took up his residence in New Brandenburg.

His next production was a tragic sort of idyl, *Kein Hüsing* (No Housing. *Anglice*, no right of settlement in the parish.) It was, in his own estimation, his chief work. A young peasant, desirous of marrying the girl whom he loves, is thwarted in procuring the legal solemnization of the marriage, for the reason that he is unable to furnish the necessary evidence that they will not become a charge on the public, it being necessary, under the local laws, that

the pair should have a legal abode, and he, employment. He is prevented from this by the machinations of the young Squire, who has cast covetous eyes on the poor girl. The impatient desires of the peasant lovers getting the better of their prudence, the time approaches when their indiscretion becomes known. The young aristocrat and the peasant have a dispute; the peasant strikes the gentleman dead, and disappears as an outlaw; the young mother becomes an outcast, and goes crazy, and her infant boy, at her death, falls to the protection of the old servant, once the friend of the father. The father returns from America, and hears the story of his bride's death, and takes the child with him to his new home. The moral of the tale is the working of a *quasi* system of villeinage, which takes from the serf his freedom while he is practically at least *adscriptus glebae*. While it is a *possible*, yet it can hardly be a *typical*, state of affairs, even in Mecklenburg.

Ut de Franzosentid next followed. This is in prose; and for freshness and delicacy of character drawing there can be nothing superior in sketch writing. Each person stands out as plain as if morally photographed, and there is variety enough, there are people enough, and material enough, to furnish up a three-volume novel.

There are no finer gentlemen in all Thackeray than Amtshauptmann Wewer and Colonel von Toll. Uncle Herse would add a charm to Pickwick, if he only could be posthumously inserted, as binders sometimes insert a rare plate in a work for which it was not originally meant.

Mademoiselle Westphalen is as sweet a woman as ever was; and the peasant characters, headed by the miller, the rear brought up by the "Uhrmacher Droz," in his French regimentals, are wonderful in their way. The miller's daughter is a gem. In short, Fritz has cast a halo about the picture of his childhood; and in the center of it he has placed his sick mother, knitting away and receiving the chivalrous homage of the old Amtshauptmann.

Hanne Nüte (short for Master Johann Snut), or *de lütte Pudel*, is "*me Vagel un Menschen-geschicht*," or tale of men and birds, which, if properly read to children, with becoming attention to dramatic recitation and onomatopoeia, in giving the human dialogue and the bird business, would prove a genuine delight to any healthy crowd of young persons we know—provided, of course, they knew the tongue.

The "Little Poodle" (so called on account of her curly head) is a good little child of a poverty-stricken family, the station in life of which puts her socially beneath Hanne, the son

of the village smith. She is out with the children, tending the geese, when the old gray gander takes it into his head to bite the baker, a well-to-do, but bad man. The surly baker, indignant at the laughter excited, visits his wrath upon the innocent Little Poodle, when Hanne appears as her defender, and intervenes with a blow to the discomfited baker. Hanne "gets it" on his return home, for his heroism. The course of true love is broken by the disparity of social status, and by Hanne's departure on his Wandering Year as apprentice.

He takes leave of his friends, and, among them, of the old rector, with whom he has a glass of wine, and who breaks into a spasm of enthusiasm over his own student life at Jena, to the great terror of his wife, who fears he may have taken a drop too much.

Hanne sets out. The birds convene; the duties are assigned as may best befit the different feathered families; and under the leadership of the solemn Adebör (stork), a general campaign of observation is entered upon for the protection of the Little Poodle's love interests. Hanne is exposed to various trials. Among his experiences, he is employed by a buxom young widow, who tempts him to stop and take up the abandoned sledge of her good man. She attacks him, after the manner of her sex, with good eatables; she pours out for him the most enticing cups of chocolate; she potters about him as he drinks it.

"Un leggt vör idel Trurigkeit
Sick sacht in Hannern sinen Arm
Un de oll Jung'; de tröst't un eif't
Un dorbi ward em gor tau warm—
'T is möglich von de Schockelor."

(And leans, her sorrow moving her,
So gently back on Hanne's arm:
And he—he plays the comforter,
And grows, unwitting, all too warm—
Quite likely 'twas the chocolate.)

But he is reminded by a sudden strain of the nightingale, who is in the bird conspiracy in favor of the Poodle, of his sweetheart at home, and, forthwith, he starts up, tells the widow the truth, and quits her with just as little resentment in her heart as it is possible for a true woman to have, under the circumstances. He reaches the Rhine, and there he comes to grief. He is arrested for the murder of a poor Jew peddler, on the circumstance that some of the Jew's property is found on him. How the birds turn in and help him; how the widow befriends him; how the rich baker is found to be the murderer; and how Hanne and the Poodle become united, and how the stately Adebör

looks down the chimney of the newly married pair,

"Dunn seggt hei: 'So is dit
Adjüs! Wenn't Frühjör wedder kührt
Denn bring' ich Jug wat mit.
Passt up! Dat sall vör Allen
Grossmutter Schnuttsch gefallen,'"

it being the custom in North Germany (as also detailed by Hans Andersen) for the storks to supply any call for babies, they, as importers, having a "corner" in that trade.

He also wrote at this period (1858-63), *Ut mine Festungstid*. This pathetic comic history of his prison life shows the man in a charming light. There is no bitterness in it—nothing but gentleness and humor. The military officers with whom he came in contact are all treated with fairness. There is no petty grumbling, and, while the account of the manly Colonel, a compatriot who was so thoughtful of the poor boy's situation, as related in the first part of his story, has something tragic in it, the scene of the kind, superannuated old commandant in charge of Dömitz, and his lovely family, would strike any one as the perfection of homely humor. It is quite likely that perhaps the military officers of that day were not as apprehensive of political danger as the civilians, and were, therefore, possibly less given to cruelty in the line of their duty.

The *Olle Camellen* series is probably the most pretentious of all Fritz Reuter's productions; and whatever criticisms might be thrown out as to the "sketchiness" of the stories, they are no weaker in that respect than the corresponding period in the labors of Dickens and Thackeray. It is on a plane with these two authors that we would place Fritz. His career did not extend as far, but his efforts are worthy the same order of praise. *Ut mine Stromtid* has in it the germ of a new *Vicar of Wakefield*. There is purity of delineation in every character. Dickens could never draw a gentleman well, Thackeray found it hard to color up his lady portraits with proper intensity, but poor Fritz had a tact in both lines, which, if developed, would have made his books something wonderful.

After reading *De Olle Camellen*, one cannot but feel that in those little villages of Mecklenburg there are people the equal of any Scotch Covenanter or New England Puritan for rabid devotion to principle, and that throughout the wheat fields, and along the little ponds they call lakes, there is enough kindness of heart and delicacy of feeling to civilize all Russia and Turkey, if it could only be distilled into them. Germany will never drop to pieces as long as

there are Havermanns and his kind to bind the sheaves together. A country that has so much force of character, morality, and shrewdness, lying, as it were, fallow in every farm and village, cannot be wondered at that it flings into fame in each generation its full measure of great men, and that, when its enemies commence to swarm, it finds a hero in every flaxen poll summoned from the plow or the stable.

As long as the Plattdeutsch oak flourishes, and the Plattdeutsch speech is uttered, so long will there be a German Empire and a German voice in the councils of worldly government. Fritz Reuter lived to see his writings eagerly read from one end of Germany to the other. He lived to enjoy the honors of aristocratic governments, without yielding a jot of his independence; to find his boyish vagary of a united Germany a reality, and to see the colors, for the wearing of which he took such severe punishment in his youth, the emblem of German victory. He lived to receive the favor and encomium of the great German Chancellor, whose wit and humor, and whose appreciation of wit and humor and their attendant pathos, are said to be as profound as his statesmanship. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, Reuter was a practical patriot to the marrow, albeit there is a tenderness in the little lyrics which he then wrote which shows how deeply he appreciated the private woes that find their hot-bed growth on the field of battle. In the latter years of his life, however, his malady crowded more persistently upon him. His later volumes, while marked at times with flashes of the fire that makes his writings so charming, still show that the foul fiend was at his elbow more frequently than ever. The "Journey to Constantinople" is a bit of humorous romance, combining his own souvenirs of the tour made by him in 1864 with the comic adventures of two rival Mecklenburg families, who are supposed to make the excursion. It is only a half success, though in it there are still

traces of the old spirit. "Dörchläuchting" (His Little Serene Highness) also appeared at about this time.

In 1874 he died, in the full enjoyment of a personal and literary popularity which only genius and national sympathy could explain. He had acquired a moderate fortune by his works, and had been settled for some years before his death at Eisenach. The disease which ended his life was some affection of the heart; but his morbid passion for alcohol was probably the remote cause.

I have not been able, in the foregoing slight biography, and in the one of Groth, to give a clear outline of the Groth and Reuter influence upon German social literature. The limits of a magazine article have already been too far trespassed upon. Nor have I, in either of the two Plattdeutsch essays, paid such regard to the bibliography of the two authors as, in these days of exact information, befits a review in any branch of literature. I must, however, refer the reader to Adolph Wilbrandt's biography of Reuter, to which I am indebted for most of the facts of Reuter's life. If one were to give an account of the Plattdeutsch reading clubs and social organizations that have sprung into existence in the last twenty years, it would be almost a literary history of North Germany. No such enthusiasm for any given branch of literature has been stirred since the days when Petrarch, Boccaccio, and their contemporaries labored for the spread of classical learning.

I must close this article, however, by saying that, if it seems to an English reader bold and unwarrantable in its enthusiasm, it is because I cannot bring Reuter out of the field in which he has flourished any more than I could transplant to California the oak which flourishes in his honor at Stavenhagen. One can bring across the ocean the hard, impenetrable pillars of Egypt; but the oak tree drops his leaves, and seems, after transportation, to be nothing but firewood.

DE EIKBOM.—THE PLATTDÜTSCH OAK.

AUS HANNE NÜTTE.

Ik weit einen Eikbom, de steiht an de See,
De Nurdstorm, de brus't in fin Knäst,
Stolz reckt hei de mächtige Kron in de Höh;
So is dat all dusend Johr west;
Kein Minschenhand,
De hett em plant't;
Hei reckt sik von Pommern bet Nedderland.

Ik weit einen Eikbom vull Knorrn un vull Knast,
Up den'n fött kein Bil nich un Aext.
Sin Bork is so rug un sin Holt is so fast,
As wir hei mal bannt un behext.

FROM HANNE NÜTTE.

I know of an oak by the shore of the sea;
Through his boughs the north winds make moan;
High toseth his mighty crown, proudly and free,
The growth of full thousand years gone.
No human hand
His glories planned;
He stretcheth from Pommern to Netherland.

I know an oak tree all gnarly and scarred,
Whose roots bill or axe never harmed;
His bark is so rough and his timber so hard,
As though by some ban he were charmed.

Nicks hett em dahn;
Hei ward noch stahn;
Wenn wedder mal dusend von Johren vergahn.

Un de König un sine Fru Königin
Un sin Tochter, de gahn an den Strand:
"Wat deiht dat för'n mächtigen Eikbom sin,
De sin Telgen reckt äwer dat Land?
Wer hett em plegt,
Wer hett em hegt,
Dat hei sine Bläder so lustig rögt?"

Un as nu de König so Antwort begehrt,
Trett vör em en junge Gesell:
"Herr König, Ji hewwt Jug jo süs nich d'rüm schert,
Jug Fru nich un Juge Mamsell!
Kein vörnehm Lüd',
De hadden Tid,
Tau seihn, ob den Bom ok sin Recht geschüht.

"Un doch grünt so lustig de Eikbom up Stun'ns,
Wi Arbeitslud' hewwen em wohrt;
De Eikbom, Herr König, de Eikbom is uns',
Uns' plattdutsche Sprak is't un Ort.
Kein vörnehm Kunst
Hett s' uns verhunzt,
Fri wüssen s' tau Höchten ahn Königsgunst."

Rasch giwwt em den König sin Tochter de Hand:
"Gott seg'n Di, Gesell, för Din Red'!
Wenn de Stormwind einst brus't dörch dat dütsche Land,
Denn weit ik 'ne säkere Stäid':
Wer eigen Ort
Fri wünn un wohrt,
Bi den'n is in Noth Ein taum besten verwohrt."

But naught recks he;
A grand old tree
For another full thousand years he'll be.

The monarch, and with him his stately dame
And his daughter, walk on the strand;
"This oak, how mighty of girth and frame,
With branches that shadow the land?
Whose watch and ward
Hath so kept guard,
That his verdure thus gayly flaunts heavenward?"

As the King now seeketh an answer there,
Before him a working lad stands:
"Oh, Sire, the tree hath had little care
At yours, or the Queen's, or my Princess' hands:
No gentle folk
E'er watched the oak,
To guard it as sapling from harmful stroke.

"And now, the lusty old giant up-towers;
We Commons have tended him long;
The oak-tree, my Liege, the oak-tree is ours,
Of true Plattdeutsch nature and tongue:
No courtly wile
Hath grafted guile
On a growth ne'er fostered by royal smile."

Straightway the King's daughter gives him her hand:
"God bless thee, my lad, for thy word.
The storm-blast may roar through our German land,
I know who can refuge afford.
Who, bold and free,
Hold Liberty—
Such hearts, in need, must loyal be.

T. H. REARDEN.

AN ADVENTUROUS NUN.

I have a young friend, still in his nonage, who joins to an independently decided bias in matters of taste an endearing docility in matters of action; or, with less art, in a Polonian sense, though he knows what he wants to read, he submits to the parental choice of books up to a certain limit. That measure full, however, nature's reaction sets in; *e. g.*, after a filial wrestle, during hours of toil-won leisure, with *Herodotus*, Rawlinson's, four volumes; *Plutarch*, Clough's, five volumes; *Gibbon's Rome*, Bohn's, seven volumes (*Oscito referens!*), he appeared before me one day with the light of triumph playing, as it were, in a *nimbus* about his head, waving a small pamphlet, upon which was "the counterfeit presentment of two brothers" engaged in mortal combat. A prairie on fire was the background; the legend was: "The Rival Redheads, or The Bloody Putty-Knife."

"And now, Philip, my king," cried the youth, "I shall wade knee-deep in gore!"

This gusto for the literature of the primal-elder curse, while it struck me as piquant in one whose tender heart—God love him!—would hardly permit him to shoot blue rocks at a match, though in more generous sport he holds his own creditably with experienced Nimrods, impelled me to send him the accounts of Charlie Parkhurst, the woman stage-driver, which were going the rounds of the newspapers a few months ago, hoping that her bold slaughter of the road agent, "Sugarfoot," would lure him to cast an eye of partiality over the whole history of the intrepid Amazon. But, alas! academic shades had corrupted my luxuriator in dime novels; the Blimbers were upon my Samson, "with a weight heavy as frost." He now only cared for the past; paralleling all this pale modernity with the ruddier life of our precedent

fellow-worms; a habit of mind caught, perhaps, from the enforced Plutarch of his adolescence. His sole comment on the biography of Charlie Parkhurst was:

"She was nothing to Catalina de Erauso; *she* waded knee-deep in gore."

I was glad to perceive that amid the mold-ered lodges of the past he still retained his old criterion of excellence. I myself had experienced quite a thrill of interest in the solitary Rhode Island girl, who, close-mouthed and strong-wristed, beat men at their own weapons, in an hour of man-milliners, when it is propounded that women are only retained on sufferance in the few trades and callings considered suitable to them. Hence it was that, in my reply to my academician's letter, I asked curtly in a postscript:

"Who, in the name of the Prophet, is Catalina What's-her-name?"

To which he responded:

"The Monja-Alferez, the Nun-Ensign. Flor-eat, 1615, or thereabouts."

After this I came into possession of such details about the Doña de Erauso as made me much doubt her authentic existence; but since Don Maria de Ferrer edited her autobiography, and Don José de Saban y Blanco mentions her in his *Tablas de la Historia de España*, and a picture of her, painted by Pacheco in 1630, is still extant, we must needs accept her as a moral monster, good for a study in psychological dissection, while we fervently trust the die that molded her has been broken long since. Save in inviolate modesty and a certain whimsical regard for effect, this Catalina had not the minutest quality of mind or heart belonging to a woman. She was brought up in a cloister of which her aunt was prioress, and where her parents doomed her to be immured for life. She submitted to conventual discipline till she was fifteen, when she began to perceive that, while the current of her being was dammed up into monastic stagnancy, it had the pulse and beat and precipitous leap of the torrent in it. The inner spirit did not sing, at the first movements of her discontent, with that distinctness which was to be desired. Like most of us, she knew better what she did not want than what she did. I say most of us, so as not to be invidious to the man who wrote, "I want to be an angel," who knew. Catalina could not say, "I want to be a soldier," as the obvious consequence of "I cannot be a nun." She even took the white veil, and her noviciate had almost expired, when a violent quarrel with a Sister stowed her, as by inspiration, her true vocation. It appears that within the walls of the St. Sebastian l'Antiguo the church was decided-

ly militant, for the climax of the dispute was a severe beating administered by the nun to the novice. After this affront Catalina knew that she was made to kill—not the offending nun, but such of the human race as should come under her terrible displeasure. Sent upon an errand to the prioress's cell, she found there the keys of the convent, much more precious to her at that moment than St. Peter's own. All the wild beast in her panted and gathered its muscles for the bound that was to give it liberty. With cool foresight Catalina filched, besides the keys, money, needles, thread, and scissors. When the great outer door of the convent swung together behind her, she ran, perfectly ignorant of what direction she was taking, till she reached a chestnut grove, in the sheltered depths of which she fashioned her boy's dress out of the nine full petticoats of woolen *perpetuan* which women wore in Spain in the year of grace 1600.

Thus equipped, she followed the first road haphazard to the town of Vittoria, and boldly hired herself as secretary to her uncle, who, however, had never seen his remarkable relative. He wished to educate her, but Catalina, feeling that she had no time to lose in that way, moved on to court, then held at Valladolid. Here, by one of her audacious caprices, she entered as page to the king's secretary, who was the patron of her family. She served this gentleman till, as might be expected, her poor old father arrived at his palace gate to beg the secretary's assistance in recovering the fugitive Catalina. That enterprising virgin, overhearing her father's sobs and entreaties, instantly hired a mule and was off for Bilboa. In that city she called herself Francisco de Loyola, and soon fell into disrepute to the extent of being imprisoned for a month on account of a quarrel. After two or three years of liberty, by a foolhardy freak that one readily comprehends, however, she went to St. Sebastian, attended mass at the church of her own convent, and spoke to her former mates, the nuns. They thought her a stranger youth: "*Bien vestido et galan*," she says in her journal. One dares not hazard openly the conjecture that this description of her appearance by herself forever establishes her sex. Later she joined the expedition against the Dutch, commanded by Don Luis Fernandez de Cordova, and managed to sail to the Spanish Indies on the ship commanded by a maternal uncle, of whom she seems to have had as many as the Popes of her century had nephews. In engagements with the Dutch fleet she first saw active service, where the rattle of shot, the groans of the dying, the braying music, the hot curses, woke the slumbering war-lust in her, to rage unslaked, though more blood

than would satiate a Faustina flowed by the act of her own unsparing hand. She might have been a Thug so bent was she upon making corpses.

When the Spanish fleet was to return to Spain Catalina robbed her uncle of what money she thought needful and escaped in the night, having decided to remain in America. She was placed at the head of a commercial house at Zaña, in Peru, but soon quarreled with a citizen of that town, who cut her face. Armed with a long *cuchillo*, she hid herself in the church and sprang on her antagonist, gashing his face terribly as she amiably asked:

"Which has had his face cut?"

Leaving Zaña for Truxillo a friend of the man she had mutilated met her there, and, endeavoring to avenge his comrade, was killed. Catalina took sanctuary in the cathedral, was rescued from justice by the influence of her master, Urquiza, who then gave her money and a recommendation to one Don Diego Solarte, a merchant of Lima. To Lima this tender nursing of the fairies accordingly betook herself, and in Don Diego's house tried the hazardous experiment of making love to the merchant's young sister-in-law. Don Diego, doubtless spurred on by his wife to make a good match for Dolores or Carmelita, sought to pin this Iberian Princess Badoura to a marriage. Like many a genuine wooer *au masculin*, who is only a naughty, naughty trifter, Catalina enlisted in a corps forming at Lima for the government of Chili, and was conspicuous by her absence at Don Diego's.

The name of the secretary to the Governor of Chili was Don Miguel de Erauso. Miguel was the name of one of Catalina's brothers who had left Spain for South America in boyhood. Upon inquiry this Miguel proved to be that Miguel, in the language of Inspector Bucket, and Catalina chose to become intimate with him, he in turn admiring her reckless daring. In the battle of Puren the Indians surrounded her company's banner. With sword and dagger Catalina, alone, fought for and retook the Spanish standard, cutting it from the very hand of a cazique who had grasped it. She was covered with wounds, and was rewarded for her gallantry with the hard-won banner. It was then, too, that she was promoted to the rank of *alferes*, or vexillary. Having taken a Spanish renegade prisoner, Catalina hanged him to the next tree with the *sang froid* of a Tristan l'Ermitte, but as a price was on the man's head the Governor had been anxious to have him taken alive, and the miscarriage of his project so vexed the excellent Chileno that he not only refused to confer the command of her company on Cat-

alina, but disgraced her, and sent her to a dangerous garrison whose members even slept under arms. On her return from this rustication, she indulged in the pastime of slaughtering a banker in a gambling broil, and stabbing the Auditor-General of Chili through both cheeks; going to cool off in the monastery of San Francisco *comme à l'ordinaire*. Here the Governor's soldiers blockaded her for six months, during which time a young ensign visited her secretly, to request her services as second at a duel to be fought that evening beyond the walls. Though burning for adventure and chafing with *ennui*, she hesitated. Heaven knows what angel or devil interfered to hold her back through the momentary fear that her principal wished to lure her outside the walls and betray her to the Governor. These suspicions were soon allayed, however, and the two, wrapping themselves in cloaks, went at the appointed hour to the wood where the duel was to be fought. As the combat proceeded, Catalina continued to slouch her sombrero more completely over her face, as it was especially necessary that she should escape recognition, but when she saw her friend stagger from a wound, she cried:

"A cowardly traitor's blow," and was instantly given the lie by the other second. Two more swords were unsheathed and crossed, and Catalina's opponent fell, mortally wounded, and calling for a priest. Recognizing the voice, the tigress turned the dying man's face to the sky.

"Who are you?" "Don Miguel de Erauso," were the question and blasting answer that passed between the sister and her murdered brother.

Catalina's escape from the convent was into the province of Tucuman, by a road over the eternal snows of the wildest of the Andes. She performed this perilous journey with two malefactors fleeing from justice. In the frozen regions the travelers came upon two men, leaning against a block of ice, stiff in death, with a ghastly smile congealed upon their lips. Both Catalina's outcast companions succumbed to the rigors of the desert. Our heroine rifled their corpses of their valuables, and pushed on, telling her beads, "recommending myself," she tranquilly writes in her journal, "to the Holy Mother of God, and to St. Joseph, her glorious spouse."

At Tucuman she was hospitably entertained (we are forced to conclude that she was prepossessing in outward seeming); but for sole reward of so much love, she flirted with the daughter of the house, and consented to marry her, only mounting the inevitable mule the eve of the wedding. Leading the life of a desperado, through broils that with her always meant

murder; spending nights and days in ferocious gaming; fighting among perclus in every expedition against the unhappy Indians; twice put to torture to compel confession of her crimes, but dumb as *Leæna*—she stood at last under the gallows, at *Piscobamba*. Here, it was said, a revelation of her sex would have saved her life, but the indomitable heart was incapable of crying for quarter; and, even as she warned the hangman not to bungle, her reprieve arrived from *La Plata*, where an insult to a noble lady, avenged by *Catalina*, had made powerful friends for her. Her next adventure was to carry off to a place of safety a young wife, who was surprised by her jealous husband with her paramour. This latter, being a bishop's nephew, the monks of the place confided the lady to *Catalina's* care. Just as the fugitive pair turned in at the convent, where the guilty woman's mother was a nun, the enraged husband, who was in hot pursuit, sent two carbine balls after them, which rent *Catalina's* collar, and cut off a lock of the wife's hair; but his horse was worn out, and *Catalina* was able to place the *Doña* in safety. This accomplished, it remained to give satisfaction to the *Don*, who was not exhausted, whatever his horse may have been, and who, in fact, bellowed for revenge. He surprised *Catalina* in the church, within whose precincts they fought, regardless of all but their rage, and the injured husband fell dead on the altar steps, *Catalina* at the same time reeling from loss of blood. The populace would have dragged her to prison, but the monks interfered, and nursed her back to life in the convent.

After her restoration to health, a wealthy, curled darling of *Cuzco* incurred her mortal resentment, chiefly, it appeared, by his success in society, and his title of the *New Cid*, implying, as it did, unparalleled bravery. This frolicsome youth, who, probably, did not know the Spanish for the significant warning, "Let sleeping dogs lie," saw fit to feign to abstract *Catalina's* money one night at the gaming table. With a sudden movement the *Alferez* pinned the *New Cid's* hand to the table with her dirk. She drew her sword, but she was overpowered by numbers, wounded in the *mêlée*, and forced into the street. There her friends rallied about her, and the *Cid's* about him, and the two bands agreed to seek a proper arena in which to settle the quarrel. As they passed the *Franciscan* church, however, the *Cid* stabbed *Catalina* in the shoulder, while his friend's sword pierced her side. She fell, and the affray raged around her prostrate body. Life came back to her only to show her the *Cid* standing on the church steps, smiling disdainfully at the imminent defeat of her party. Stung to fury, *Cata-*

lina dragged herself to her enemy's feet, and uprose, covered with blood, before her terrified enemy's eyes. He struck at her at random, and under his raised arm she planted her dagger surely in his heart. The two fell, grappling together, and rolled down the cathedral steps to the corpses below. This time she was nursed by *Fray Luis Ferrer de Valencia*, a monk, to whom, in the secrecy of the confessional, she revealed that she was a woman.

Although her life was saved, she knew there were vows of vengeance registered against her too numerous and deadly for her to hope to brave. Consulting her friends, she set out in a litter, under an escort of her own slaves, for *Guamanga*. The officers of justice often overtook her on the road, but, by dint of bullying some, and bribing others, she arrived in safety at her destination. Here the *corregidor*, acting under orders from the Viceroy of *Lima*, attempted to arrest the dangerous *Alferez*, but the Bishop of *Guamanga* interfered when *Catalina's* resistance became deadly, and removed the recalcitrant one to his own palace. Here she confessed to the prelate, and received absolution only on condition that she resume the dress of a nun, and enter a convent at *Guamanga*. At bay—for to consent was her sole escape from the gallows—*Catalina* yielded, and became a sister in the convent of *Santa Clara*. She was then twenty-eight years old.

After this she was, in a manner, famous. Great men in church and State visited her. She traveled in splendor, with a large and noble escort, and, after two or three years of conventual life, received permission from his most Catholic Majesty to return to old Spain, of which permission she immediately availed herself. Going from *Cadiz* to *Seville*, the curious crowd surged around her, cheering her under the name of "*La Monja-Alferez*." She solicited a recompense for military services in *America*, and was granted a pension of eighteen hundred crowns by *Philip IV.* She made a pilgrimage to *Rome*, where *Urban VIII.* reconciled her completely with the church, and authorized her, by brief, to wear a man's dress for the rest of her life, on condition that she respected God's image in her neighbor. Having been dined and wine by the princes of the Church of *Rome*, *Catalina* returned to Spain, and it is only known of her further that she drifted back to *America* in 1630. It seems that the only apology to be made for her is that quaint one offered by *Octave Feuillet* for his pet monster, *Camors*, which drew down such inextinguishable laughter on his head: "*Elle fut une grande pécheresse, mais elle fut pourtant une femme.*"

PHILIP SHIRLEY.

RAGS, SACKS, AND BOTTLES.

He wore a broad-rimmed hat, and his hair was long, and his whiskers bushy. He was a small man, and drove a mule that was also small, and so old that the memory of its youth must have been the merest shadow. The wheels of the little old cart were so loose on the axles that they would get themselves into the most unaccountable positions, sometimes lurching so far to one side or the other that wreck seemed inevitable. On such occasions, which were always unexpected, the little man had to lean the other way.

"Rags, sacks, an' bot-tels!"

Whoa, Beauty! Wonder what this gentleman wants. Want to sell some rags, sir? No? Could I ride with him? No use stoppin' a fellow—a business man—fer sech a question ez thet. In dead earnest? Well, well, well, well! Ef thet didn't beat him all holler. A fine, dressed-up gentleman a-ridin' through the streets in sich a fake ez thet there cyart—why, the boys 'ud guy me out'n my senses.

"Rags, sacks, an' bot-tels!"

Well, jump in, then, ef I *would* like ter hev a lift. Mebbe I was tired o' walking.

"Rags, sacks, an' bot-tels!"

He had a curious assortment of wares in the cart; under his feet, under the board that served for a seat, everywhere, mixed and mingled; gunny-sacks filled with strange things; a box for bottles, and cups with the handles knocked off; fragments of looking-glass; dainty old shoes run back at the heels and burst at the toes (he imparted to me in strict confidence the name of the young lady who had worn them—a great society belle); riff-raff and scum of finery, flimsiness, and poverty—a very curiosity-shop of exhausted economy and impatient extravagance gone to waste.

"Rags, sacks, an' bot-tels!"

It was the most doleful chant I ever heard. It employed but two notes, which he always struck with exact precision. There was no reference to a tuning-fork, nor clearing the throat, nor testing the vocal organs by running up and down the scale. The burden of the chant was on the key-note, the only variation being the dropping to the fourth on the first syllable of "bottles," and then resuming the old position in the scale on the last syllable. This gave the word a strange sound, and I did not recognize it; so I inquired its meaning.

"Bottles," he replied, looking surprised and somewhat contemptuous.

There were ale bottles and whisky bottles; a bottle the baby had used; bottles from the Rhine and Bordeaux; square bottles and round bottles; long bottles and short bottles; bottles of every nationality and pedigree; lean bottles and fat bottles; bottles with druggists' labels, and bottles without labels; dirty bottles and clean bottles—a ragged and hungry army of bottles that had been through many struggles, and that were destined for many more; bottles of strong principles, and bottles whose characters were so frail that they would crumble under the least touch of calumny or adversity—the fag end of all the disreputable bottles in creation.

"Rags, sacks, an' bot-tels!"

I noticed his keen little eyes carefully and rapidly scanning upper-story windows, throwing a quick glance into alleys leading into back yards; and the comprehensive look with which he regarded a clothes-line, with its burden fluttering in the wind, conveyed whole volumes of analytical discrimination.

Whoa, Beauty! He had caught a signal from a back stair, given by an untidily dressed, though good-looking, matron. Beauty came so suddenly to a dead halt that the cart wheels, which had been running peacefully along at a considerable inclination to one side, lurched over to the other, as if they wanted to rest themselves by standing on the other leg, and threw me violently against the little man.

"The streets," he said, in an apologetic tone, "is skimpety like, an' yer can't jess calkilate when you're a-runnin' a-foul of a rut."

The good soul! It was the crazy old cart that was at fault; but he would hide its infirmities, even at the expense of truth.

"Will yer set in the cyart," he said, "an' hol' Beauty 'gainst I come back? She's mostly purty gentle, an' moutn't run away; but she gits lively 'n strong at times, an' hez notions of her own, jess like a woman."

Beauty run away! Why, I have no idea such a thought had found place under her thick old skull for a quarter of a century.

As I awaited the return of the little man, my attention fell upon the patient and decrepit disguise of anatomy that stood so quietly in the patched and spliced shafts of the cart; and I

could not help thinking that Beauty was made entirely of rags, sacks, and bot-tels. Her brown hide, patched and torn, and covered with the filth of the stable where she had lain, looked more like a sack than anything I had seen before. I was sure her ears were the dilapidated shoes of some broken down song-and-dance man, whose trumpery had gone to the rag-picker. I speculated considerably on what the old sack was stuffed with, and was forced to the conclusion that the great prominences all over her emaciated body were bottles; that the jagged ridge along the back was propped up by soda-water bottles, with the necks broken off; and there was no doubt in my mind that the lumps at the hips were Dutch bottles that were cracked, and fit for no other use. What kind of rags was Beauty stuffed with? A problem. But I thought the poor old stomach contained only rags that the junk dealer had refused—such as half-wool stockings, worn out at the heels and toes; old red-flannel rags, and rags that were mildewed and rotten; rags that had been rags for three generations, and sold because a stitch would no longer hold them together. Ah! but what kind of a soul had Beauty? Was it, too, made of rags, sacks, and bottles?—or was it woven of fine white thread? I think not the latter, but rather that it was composed of rags that had served for blisters, poultices, and ointments; rags from which all life and color had faded, leaving them blank, but white, for all that; rags that had felt all the privations to which rags can be subjected, that had been torn and tattered by the winds, left uncleansed all their natural lives, and that the rats and mice had eventually stuffed away in damp and dismal places to make nests of; rags that had served as handkerchiefs to conceal a sigh, or brush away a tear. There were sacks in the soul, too—empty dreams of emptier oat-sacks; and bottles in which flowers had been put, and left to wither when the water dried up.

"Rags, sacks, an' bot-tels."

The little man came out of the gate, lugging a sack full of rags and bottles. He deposited his burden in the cart, opened the sack, peered into it, buried his arm in its contents, and fetched up an empty bottle. This he deposited in the box, and repeated the operation until he had taken out all the bottles, leaving only the rags.

"Are rags dear?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, with a shrug, "a business man can't growl about trifles, you know. Them rags'll weigh 'bout ten pounds."

"How much did they cost you?"

"Well, yer see, people wants all the money they kin git. Them people in there's mighty close." And he added, with a knowing look,

"There's queer stories about 'em. An' then, times is purty close. They wanted twenty-five cents for 'em, an' kinder stuck to it like; but I warn't on the buy thet strong, an' when I got 'em down to fifteen cents, I tuck 'em."

As we jogged down the street, he continued his cry:

"Rags, sacks, an' bot-tels."

The house from which we had just made the purchase was apparently that of well-to-do people. There was neatly trimmed shrubbery in the garden, a smooth grass-plat, and flowers. The handle of the door-bell was silver-plated. My fancy clung to that house, with its slovenly matron, stood upon the door-step, on which was a mat bearing the word "Welcome," turned the handle, and entered. Then I found a rug at every door, but they were all woven of rags. There were rag carpets everywhere. Underneath the spotless white bed-spreads were quilts made of odd bits of cloth and rags from unimaginable sources. I was so disheartened in the search for something new, and fresh, and whole, that was hidden from outer sight, that I went down into the hearts of these people to find, perchance, a single thing that was not torn, and tattered, and empty; but a great night-mare there confronted me. It was a scare-crow, dressed in rags that it had worn so long they were falling off by piecemeal, exposing a frame that was warped and awry; that was split where the nails had been driven into it, and that was tied up with odds and ends of strings, and leather thongs cut from old boot-legs. Terrified with the spectacle, I hid myself in the innermost closet of that slovenly matron's (the mother's) heart, and there I was blinded by cobwebs and choked by dust. I stumbled upon a heap of ashes in a very dark corner. They enveloped me in a cloud. I was suffocating, and gasping for breath, when I was borne down into the ashes by a heap of rags, sacks, and bottles, that fell from above, and crushed me with the weight of a mountain. Struggling madly, I fought my way out. I gained the top of the mountain, and clambered down the side. I fell over something as I turned to leave. The darkness was oppressive, the dust suffocating. I felt at my feet in the utter blackness, and found, grinning, and ghastly, all dry, and parched, and shriveled, and whitened—a skeleton.

"Rags, sacks, an' bot-tels."

We did a driving trade that day. All the rags, sacks, and bottles in the town seemed to flock to us as to a haven of rest; for they must have known that a great future was opening up before them, in which, purified and transformed, they would come to occupy higher positions in life, and serve nobler purposes. But we drove

terribly hard bargains, and sometimes exhibited a meagerness of soul that was contemptible. It must be understood that we could not avoid this; for did we not have at home five or six little empty, tow-head bottles, that had to be filled so often? Did we not have five or six little bundles of rags that *would* shiver, and that *had* to be kept warm? And we loved them, even if people did say we were mean and hard-hearted; even if dogs did growl at us; even if we were cursed, and kicked, and driven out of back yards, drenched with dirty water the kitchen-maid had thrown upon us. But this occurred only once, and then there happened to be a silver spoon in the bottom of the dish-pan. It struck us scornfully, and fell to the ground, and we very slyly and very quietly put it into our pocket.

"Rags, sacks, an' bot-tels!"

The day's work was finally done, and the little man turned Beauty's head homeward. His business-like look went out, giving place to one of sadness and anxiety.

"My little girl is very sick," he said.

"Ah!"

"Yes, very sick. Most afeard she won't live long."

I accompanied him home. His house was a miserable hovel, with neither floor nor chimney. The furniture consisted of a broken table, an old chair, and a quantity of rags spread in the corner for a bed. The little man approached the bed, and, with womanly tenderness, stooped down and kissed a little bundle of rags almost buried in the pile.

"How is my little Mag?"

A wan, thin face smiled, and a weak voice replied, as two emaciated little arms sought his neck:

"Oh, papa, I'm so glad you've come. Give me some water, papa."

The little man held up her head, and she eagerly swallowed some water from a broken bottle.

"I've been so lonesome, papa—so lonesome. They all went away and left me, and a great big rat got on the bed."

"Where is the mother?" I asked.

"Dead," he replied.

I approached the little sufferer, took her tiny hands in mine, and found them cold. I kissed her forehead and lips, and found them hot. An indefinable horror was stealing over me, as if I stood in the presence of something invisible that was repulsive to nature.

"Papa," she said, "did you bring me any pretty rags?"

"Lots of 'em, Mag, lots of 'em. Whole heaps of 'em."

"Let me see 'em, papa. And—and will you make me a pretty rag doll?" she asked me, hesitatingly. "Papa can't make 'em as pretty as I can, and I am so weak I can't make 'em any more."

Her poor eyes sparkled as I rummaged the sacks for the finest and brightest rags, and made them into a very princess of rag dolls. She clasped it to her breast, and kissed it again and again, and laughed some, and cried some, and called it pet names, and said it was the prettiest doll she ever saw. Then she kissed me, and laughed and cried again. I asked her if she wanted something nice to eat, for I was prompted to this by the dreadful feeling that I could not understand. She shook her little flaxen head slowly, but sadly.

"Wouldn't you like a nice, big, round orange?"

A great, hungry eagerness came into her eyes, and the pale little face slightly colored.

"Oh!" she said, "an orange. I never tasted but one."

Somehow my eyes became so dim that I turned away, and discovered the rag-picker quietly crying. Then the truth came upon me, and overpowered me. There lay before me, on the bed of rags, a human being, drifting away. While church spires pointed proudly to heaven; while there were people in the world with generous but ignorant impulses; in the broad light of day, when the birds were singing, and the sun shining brightly; in the fullness of time, and by the grace of God; at the very footstool of the Throne in heaven, lay that little mortal dying—of what? *Starvation.*

Was I already too late? I rushed from the hovel, stunned and staggering, looking for Life; and, ringing in my ears, rousing every energy, was the solemn, funeral, heart-breaking cry:

"Rags, sacks, an' bot-tels!"

That was ten years ago. The little man and Beauty have long since passed away. My ward has just grown into lovely womanhood, pale, thoughtful, beautiful. I cannot imagine why the other boarders look at each other and smile when I kiss Mag "good night," and when she turns at the door, and throws me a kiss, with her eyes full of pure affection. But, somehow, the world is brighter than it used to be. I am greatly mortified to find a few gray hairs in my head, for I am afraid people will think I am getting old. I am told that I am much more careful with my dress than I was a few years ago. I am sure I feel younger than I did ten years ago. Those are very meddlesome boarders, and, comparing them with Mag, I care no more for them than for so many rags, sacks, and bottles.

W. C. MORROW.

FAILURE.

Long ago you said to me, "Sweet,
A glorious kingdom before you lies;"
You pointed it out to my willing feet,
You lighted the way with your loving eyes.

Many the triumphs the years have brought;
Keen the pleasures, but keener the pain.
I stand by your side in the realm of thought,
And I ask myself, is it loss or gain?

You give to me generous meed of praise,
You give to me honor and trust, I know;
But you think with regret of my simple ways,
My fond unwisdom of long ago.

Though I speak with the wisdom of gods and men
(This is the bitter that spoils my sweet),
I know full well that never again
Can I stir your pulse by a single beat.

You are not to blame. There is nought to be said;
Ever by fate is our planning crossed.
I did the best that I could, love-led,
For the sake of winning what I have lost.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

PROBABLE CHANGES IN AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

I think it cannot be too often repeated that governments, in the main, are more the creatures of chance than of design. It will be found on reflection that the Federal American Government is no exception. We speak of the Constitution writers as the "founders" of our system. But we are too apt to mean the *creators* of it—having ungoverned freedom of action in its creation. They did not so understand their task. They knew it to be simply "the work of introducing into a country the best institutions which, in the existing state of that country, it is capable of in any tolerable degree." This was their work; but chance furnished the materials—a new country, divided into colonies; a practically republican (though not strictly democratic) state of society; the heritage (incubus or blessing?) of British electoral customs;

an apparent tendency of society toward democracy all over the world, and a list not necessary to enumerate here. It does not belittle their achievement to understand that chance furnished the occasion and the means. Other occasions and means for other political achievements—as great, if not similar—have at other times in the history of the world fallen to other men; but none have, like them, been grandly the masters of the moment. Political insight grows, if we remember that the first essential is to understand things as they are at present, their causes and consequences. If our Government be all expressed in the Constitution it is certainly the handiwork of one generation of men bearing no great mark of mutability. But let us ask ourselves these questions: Is it doing the same work for us that it did for its found-

ers? Is it doing our work in the same way that it did that of its founders? Is it doing our work in the very way that its founders would have wished it to do our work? Let us, in short, judge it as the founders were willing it should be judged in their day—in the same way that all governments must be judged—by what happens to man from men because of it; and no thinking man will honestly claim it is the handiwork of the Constitution writers, as they designed it to be in this day and under our circumstances. Chance has added materials which, in the hands of new men, have changed it (whether good workmen or not, let one hundred years hence answer), so that it is now, in many material respects, “a new thing under the sun.”

It will be admitted, I think, that it was the design of the Constitution writers, above all other things, to give the United States of America a good government. But there was nothing Utopian in their schemes. Not even those among them who were most imbued with the prevalent notions of the “rights of man” supposed for a moment that it was practicable to establish and maintain either a pure democracy—that is, a government where all the adult males should directly meet in person and participate equally in all the affairs of government; or a pure representative democracy—that is, one in which each man has the same right to hold office as his neighbor, to take office by rotation or be chosen by lot. They understood that true freedom consisted in “laws made for the sake of liberty, not liberty merely to make laws.” I am sure that they did not doubt that there was ignorance and vice as well as intelligence and virtue in the world, and always would be; and that if government were to be worth anything to man, were even to have power to maintain itself, it should in every sense be the ally of intelligence and virtue; that it should be “the sum of all its parts” (to use this true saying in its generally, but erroneously, understood meaning), that is to say, that if a majority of society should become ignorant and vicious, it would be a good thing that government should then contain a similar proportion of ignorance and vice, is a proposition the most influential and thinking men among them would have recoiled from. They knew that such a government must die itself, or be the death of society. Almost to a man, they would have said (even the black sheep among them, if there were any such) that in a corrupt state of society, or where ignorance on governmental affairs prevails, the good and intelligent men are entitled to hold the reins of government; and in every government, at all times, the best men have

the best right to rule. It is the forward tendency of all forms of society to secure the best men as leaders. It is an ineradicable tendency; even mobs obey it.

So far as any man could then, or can now, see, the men at the head of affairs during the American Revolution, and in the Constitutional Convention, were fully and fairly the representatives of the American people in every sense. They had among them the wisest, the best, the most purely patriotic of the country; and I do not doubt they had among them many who were not wise, nor good, nor purely patriotic—to whom sounding phrases were more than truth, who were jealous of the power of abler men, and to whom place was more than country. But the substance of power had been in the best hands for many years previously, notwithstanding British errors and obstinacies, and had continued in such hands even during revolution. This had come through the British system of representation, suitable to a small or thinly populated country, where men of talent and virtue could not be “buried alive,” as many such are to-day in this vast America. That was a system of more or less open and direct personal nomination and candidacy for office; occasionally, of course, there was a spontaneous movement of the minds of constituents in the direction of an eminently qualified man not directly seeking office. It differed from the British system of nomination and candidacy in minor matters, owing to the more democratic state of society, and to the more general privilege of the suffrage. But the suffrage was not universal at any time during the foundation of our Government; if any one has a different idea, he has but to read the electoral laws in existence at the time, and the first constitutions of the various States adopted after independence, to be convinced of his error. The judges, all the great State officers, and many of the minor officials, like sheriffs, were either appointed or elected by the Legislature. The legislative representatives in the lower houses, and purely municipal officers, were almost the only officials generally elected by the people throughout the States; but, for whatever office exercised, the right of suffrage was limited to property-holders and tax-payers. Thus a considerable number of persons, exclusive even of the large number of negro slaves, were excluded from any vote. This British system of personal nomination and candidature, engrafted on a more democratic and entirely republican state of society, by relegating the choice of administrative and judicial officers to the class most competent to judge of their qualifications, had given the best men in the country to the public

service, had been found sufficient to carry the people through the perils of a revolution, and, it seemed plain, might safely be trusted for the future. Its features were imitated in the Federal Constitution. There was no supposition that in the latter it would ever be greatly changed; certainly no danger for the Government was feared in that direction. But there it has changed. There is the spot in the Constitution, which, in my opinion, has been shown by the history of our day to be weakest. The wisest men cannot be altogether wise.

Satisfied with the system of representation then in existence and working well, the Constitution writers wisely turned their attention to the apparent weaknesses of the federal republic they desired to found. They aimed to make it strong in three things: Against foreign enemies, against disintegration from domestic rivalry, against the ambition of any citizen or clique of citizens. These were its dangers. Could it be protected from them, it seemed clear that it must yield the American people the best fruits of government. That the framers of the Constitution succeeded, our history to this day attests to their sufficient honor. When their work was done they hoped, no doubt, that they had made a government which not only then did, but always would, "fairly well represent the existing state of society; would allow of change with the situation of the persons who should enjoy or be subject to it; in a word, would fit society as a man's clothes fit him, freely and fairly toward all parts, for the best interests of each and all."

Among the means which seemed essential to the well being of representative government the existence of parties was prominent before the minds of the Constitution writers. There was no doubt that parties were essential things for carrying on government. There was no doubt that the "watchfulness of the opposition" had maintained English liberty. So long as party did not degenerate into sectionalism, did not array State government against State government, it was all but essential. I do not doubt that many of the men who gave us our government, when, after its existence, they saw parties array themselves into opponents and supporters of the extension of the Federal idea, may have congratulated their country on the fact that here was a principle which divided all the people without regard to section; which gave them a cause of difference that would lead one party to watchfulness of the encroachments of central power, and another to watchfulness of the mutiny of sections. The two paths of tyrants to power in free States—centralization and division—were forever guarded. And there

was ground for congratulation. Did they not save us from disintegration? Perhaps, too, they have saved or may yet save us from Cæsar and the Prætorian Guards.

But it was not the rule of party in close analogy to the English system (where distinction of ideas is everything and organization weak) which eventually established itself in America. The English system may have been good enough for the domestic management of a small state in the days of George III. It is wretched enough now if Mr. Hare, and Mr. Mill, and dozens of other thoughtful Englishmen, can be trusted. But for a continent, thinly populated though it may be, it never was a tolerable system. Party must have great cohesion to govern a continent. The English system became impossible almost as soon as we left off swaddling clothes. Down to the year 1820 there were no material changes in the State constitutions affecting the exercise of the suffrage. From that time forward the progress of a great change in the workings of our Government is apparent to any one who examines its history. It may be summed up in this way. I take from Mr. Seaman's book* the first three subdivisions; I have added the fourth:

1. The election of the Presidential electors came to be made by the people by general ticket.
2. Sheriffs and other county officers came to be elected directly by the people.
3. State officers and judges of courts of record came to be elected directly by the people.
4. The suffrage was made universal throughout the country, by which a large number of ignorant whites and blacks now participate in the election of nearly all officers of every grade whose appointment is not directly provided for by the Federal Constitution.

Following the first movement of this great change came the partisan nominating convention. The first of these conventions was held in 1824, in the State of New York, for the nomination of State officers. The first partisan national convention was held in the year 1832. These conventions now form an apparently permanent part of our system of government, as markedly American as any part of the Constitution. But they are not provided for in the Constitution, or controlled by our laws. And they were not imagined by the Constitution writers.

The change is accomplished now, and it is beyond recall. We are face to face with its results. If we examine them closely we shall find that the change has been a great one; and I

* *The American System of Government.* By Ezra Seaman. New York: Scribner & Co. 1870.

think it will follow that it is fruitful of other changes.

The government founded in this country was certainly intended to be the will of all the people, and the action of the best among the people. What is it now?

"It is the will of the dominant party, not the will of the people. Those of us who do not belong to the dominant party have no more voice in the Government than if we lived in France or Algiers."

I am quoting the words of the New York Times:

"We, the minority, are aliens—not in view of the law, but in view of the actual government of the country. Mr. Gladstone" (he had taken Mr. Lowe into the cabinet notwithstanding he did not follow his party in one particular) "may be of the opinion that the strength and right working of a government does not consist wholly in the number of its votes—that talent, debating power, sagacity, and high personal character still count for something, even to a government whose orthodox supporters are largely in the majority. We have got over all such obsolete ideas in this country. When a party has a large majority of votes"—

(No, I say, when it has any majority of votes whatever)

—"it can do anything it likes. It needs nobody's support, and scorns to look outside its own party lines for support. All it has to do is to feed its own followers well, and see to it that not the smallest nubbin of patronage falls to anybody who is outside the party fold. In this country party is the ruling power. The government is nothing but the ruling party. Whatever aids the party aids the government. The only proper and legitimate mode of aiding the government, therefore, is to aid the party. Whatever does that is right; whatever don't do that is all wrong. This fundamental principle of popular government has not yet penetrated the British mind. Parties in England think it worth while to conciliate the confidence and support of their opponents, as well as of their staunch supporters. *The general sentiment of the country* seems to them worth something and they try to get it on their side. * * How can a party be expected to maintain itself, if it is to be thus cut off from the full breasts of government patronage? What encouragement have politicians to work for a party victory, if they see any slices of its rewards coolly turned over to any who doubt its right to control in all particulars? What right has any party man to a judgment or conscience of his own? What business has he to set up for himself—to act upon his own convictions of duty, instead of following in the train of his party, content to obey its behests, and ask no questions?"

I am quite sure that that quotation states the nature of the practical sovereignty exercised over the American people of this day. And I am sure it is essentially a different thing from the government designed by the fathers of the country; that no hint of it is contained in the Constitution which came from their hands;

that it would be as odious a thing to them as the limited monarchy from which they rebelled. We have the form of the government which they left us, but the substance for which they designed that form to be a protection has slipped from us utterly.

Let us examine our condition a little further. There was lately sitting in Chicago a body called the National Republican Convention. It was a partisan body, called for strictly partisan purposes; and later, we had another, called a National Democratic Convention, sitting elsewhere. These are the giants which contend between them for the possession of all of us, and one of them will, in time, seize us, wriggling more or less feebly, in its unyielding grasp. One or the other of them is the body of officers of government for the next four years. They are therefore the things which tell us what we shall be for that period; what measures of government we shall treat ourselves to; who shall be our masters; how our masters shall act towards us—they are the legislatures, the judiciaries, the executives, national prosperity, individual liberty, happiness, or misery, to many among us—more than the things at national capital and State capitals, county court houses and prisons, which we delude ourselves into thinking exist independently of them by the wisdom of our fathers and our own wills.

How came these bodies to possess this power? During the first century of our national existence there was practically one great question in American politics, which overshadowed and hid all minor differences of opinion. Now and then it may have been lost sight of for a moment, but, whether they remembered it or not, it was always present in the minds and hearts of the American people. It concerned their future as a nation. There could be but two opinions on it, and there could practically, therefore, be but two parties in the government. It assumed many forms, but it always meant "disintegration or cohesion." It could not be settled but by one of the bloodiest wars of modern times. And organization perfected itself, and partisanship deepened, as the struggle approached this final result. Thus there seemed to be but two great parties possible in America, and thus they necessarily came to be rigidly exclusive. It is well to remember this, however: these nominating conventions, as the supreme hierarchy of party, sprung into existence from inherent love of liberty and devotion to constitutional forms, on the part of the American people. They were the consequence of a revolt from "King Caucus," a system of hole-and-corner nominations indulged in by high officials, to the exclusion of the general body of citizens,

contrary to the design of the Constitution and the spirit of all progress in government.

Did the revolt succeed in accomplishing its object, and are these nominating conventions a system in accord with the spirit of the Constitution? The revolt may have been successful for a time, and to a limited extent it may have lessened the power of Caucus; but he has now a surer grasp than ever, because it is partially hidden under the semblance of a representative system. And to the second part of my question I unhesitatingly answer that, however and with what purpose, good or bad, they were devised, these bodies are a clear infringement on the spirit of the Constitution. They are met ostensibly to nominate candidates for the Presidency. They offer you ultimately *two* men to choose from, and you must take your choice, however little you like either, or else be disfranchised. The Constitution intended you should elect the worthiest and best men among you in your several States as an electoral college, to freely deliberate upon the special suitability of every possible man for the particular duties of that office, and freely exercise its so matured and unbounded choice for you, as the nearest and best approach to pure representative democracy, in this regard, that could be devised for this federal republic. But these partisan conventions have stepped in, and said, "No. There shall be no choice but such as we dictate. You may utterly abhor the selections we make for you to pick from, but pick you must, or refrain from voting. Your electoral college must contain only our tools, our nominees, and in no particular must it venture to act for you, but only for us." The man nominated may be a sound Republican or Democrat, and in that particular suit your tastes; but what if the issues between those parties are of no more importance for the time being to the country than one of "ins" and "outs;" what if both parties leave out of sight, or trifle with, some question uppermost in your mind—free trade or protection, Chinese or no Chinese, civil service reform or the "spoils system"—and offer you men with no decided policy in these present important questions? In that event—not an impossible, not even an infrequent one—the true influence which your vote should have on the selection of a President is absolutely lost. Where is the value of such a franchise for such an occasion? Whereas it was intended by the electoral college system set forth in the Constitution—and I do not doubt it would have resulted, if that system had been fully developed in just accord with its true intent—that the President chosen by it would represent all of the sound, and as many of the prevailing, political opinions of the country as

it is possible for a single man to do. Not only in this particular is the operation of these partisan nominating conventions a gross departure from the spirit of the Constitution, but in another, and far more serious one. The Constitution declares that "no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector." Surely any one can see the objects of this provision without recurring to the explanatory literature on the subject, with which we are familiar. It means that the influence of high place, or of place or office of any kind, shall not sway the choice of the electoral college. It means that there shall be no cliques to snatch from the people's electors the unbounded choice; that it shall never inflexibly be limited to any oligarchy, bureaucracy, coterie, clique, or faction, holding among them, for the time being, the places of government. It means that such a prize shall be contended for by worthy striving of good men to gain the confidence of their fellow-citizens, and that all temptation or power to win it by intrigue, combination, bargain, rotation, or to the exclusion of anybody, shall be unavailing. But I say, and we all know, that, practically, these partisan conventions entirely override this purpose. "They have their birth in clique and faction of the narrowest and most exclusive sort." They are originated and controlled by the very men whom the Constitution expressly prohibits from interfering in any way with the free rights of the electors. A committee exists, calling itself, as may be, the National Republican or Democratic Committee. It is composed of "Senators and Representatives in Congress, and persons holding places of honor or profit under the United States," or by the certain proxies of such persons. This committee is the Propaganda Fide, or the St. Petersburg or Paris Central Police Bureau, of this republic, with its inquisitors, or spies, in every quarter, prompted by narrow fanaticism, or paid by the hope of its approval, diligent in spying the political movements—the very thoughts, so far as it is possible for any police system to spy all men's thoughts in any nation. It is perpetually in existence, as well served and as well informed as the most effective continental police bureau. It has its sub-committees, called State and County Committees, composed, like itself (if the party it represents has power of any kind in State or county), of the very men whom the spirit of the Constitution expressly forbids from influencing the free electors of the people. One or another subservient tool—pettifogging, half-educated lawyer, gin-mill keeper, or fanatical partisan—in almost every township throughout the whole

country, knowing that his hopes of office, his good standing with the government that is, or will be, depends upon the favor of this political police bureau, and being the center of a petty clique of "mouchards" feeble and steeper than he, reports to it, or its committee, the "state of feeling in his district," sayings at the tavern meeting, lies more or less about the number of his "supporters;" and, having thus secured its recognition as a worker, his power is assured within his sphere. He and his clique are the assured masters of the "primaries—meetings where the American people truly exercise their divine right of self-government." No one will deny that the "primaries" are at the heart of American government of this day. Not only the Presidential Convention, but every other nominating convention, springs from them. And they are nowhere hinted at, governed, or influenced by any constitution or law of the land. They are subject only to

"The good old law, the ancient plan:
Let him take who has the power,
And let him keep who can."

Possessing so important a function in our government—take them one and all—in great cities and small towns, wherever their most important and engrossing pursuits gather the American people, and make their governmental form most directly important to them, these primaries are antagonistic to and inefficient for all good ends. They are often held in some obscure or, perhaps, disreputable tavern; almost always so that the very meeting place acts as a repellent against the influx of non-desirable (that is, respectable) citizens, "damned literary fellers," quiet, earnest thinkers, sober business men, undesirous of wasting time, and the like. The form of an election for county or State delegates to a subordinate partisan convention is gone through with, if the desirable element—that is "party tools," "henchmen," "heelers," "strikers," or other prettily named arms of the service—are in the majority. Should, by any accident, a sufficient number of respectable people attend a primary meeting, so that they could outnumber the hired ruffians of the party machine, the meeting is broken up by a fight, by stealing the roll, by the high-handed, open fraud of a so-called chairman, or other of many sufficient means, and the "delegates" are elected at another meeting. Generally, however, it is not necessary to resort to these means. The character of the place and the men at the bottom of the political ladder is quite sufficient to make those primaries entirely unattractive to respectable men. Such persons stay away. But an "election" is had of some sort for county con-

vention, State convention, or national convention—all the same which. The doors are opened only by the political police bureau. The delegate must be well affected to the bureau. He must understand that to the bureau belongs the power of contesting his seat; and very certainly his seat will be contested if he is not ready to swallow the "slate" he well knows is prepared by the bureau for his digestion; unless, indeed, he happens to be one of a mob large enough for the time being to repel the political police, in which event gentler means are used, and he is *bought*, or his friends, if cheaper, are bought.

I should hesitate to give this view of these bodies if I held it alone. Many will agree with me. But the foregoing is merely a paraphrase of Mr. Sterne's* description, and I now quote from him exactly:

"Every convention which springs from these meetings is packed. Farces! if such outrageous perversions of the rights of the people contained a single element of the ludicrous. The far greater number of the members of the convention are either directly bought with money or promises of office."

Or drunk with the intention of wrenching office from some candidate.

"As a matter of accident an honest man"—

(that is, a man free from the trammels of the machine)

—"may be returned to a nominating convention, but as a general rule, he is hopelessly powerless."

The bureau knows upon how many it can count. Every man has been watched, measured, bullied, wheedled, or bought at the right time during his progress from the depths to the doors of the convention, and a record carefully kept of the result. There will be no doubt or hesitancy, no opportunity for him to recall to his colleagues memories of the existence of honest purpose. He has no business there; he is not exactly an alien—he is a pariah.

Well, this picture is colored, it may be said. I admit it. The color, however, is the true color that the picture should have, only a little deepened, to give the real effect to weak eyes that otherwise would not see any picture at all. Yes, it is true that the members of the political police bureau often differ among themselves as to who shall govern us, and fail to make a slate, and the conventions themselves nominally decide upon the admissibility of their members; but I deny that in that event there is a free convention. The choice is still the choice of

* *On Representative Government and Personal Representation.* By Simon Sterne. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1871.

the bureau. Its members may not be able to unite on one man, but they differ only on this. They united long before the convention to forbid, or enfeeble, the consideration of any other man than the men about whom they dispute, or certain other alternates—perhaps, not literally by written agreement, but by identical spirit and purpose. If they forego their differences, and unite now on one man, it will be for "expediency." For his merit, his public worth and dignity, for their country's dignity, for his special fitness for the duties of the office? Pshaw! For the party. They are there before your eyes: "*Senators and Representatives, and persons holding offices of honor and profit under the United States,*" with all their blushing honors thick upon them. Unsafe sights for an electoral college, thought the Fathers. Here they must be helpless? Pshaw again! They frown, and their henchmen tremble. They raise a hand, and the henchmen are silent. They wave a kerchief, and the applause lasts, at their bidding, twenty minutes by the clock. Free men, freely choosing the worthiest and best suited among us for perpetual identification with the history of our country as our chief magistrate? No!—vassals as subservient as ever followed the proudest aristocrat; and, oh, how much meaner! The whole case is summed up in two narratives to be found in the morning's paper on the close of the Chicago Convention:

A delegate from Texas, one Mr. Stenigan, is speaking in that convention against civil service reform. He wants none of it, and indignantly asks, "What are we here for but to get offices?"

General Butler is being interviewed by certain Greenbackers ament their grievance of being obliged to take gold on the rare occasions when it is offered to them, and he explains how they were injured in this way: "In 1868 the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic National Committees agreed that the bonds should be paid in gold."

The Government of the United States consists, then, in effect, of these chairmen; or, perhaps, they are merely new officers under the Constitution, charged with the guardianship of the national honor, and properly responsible only to expediency and passion!

But they do give us one among the best! Sometimes, not always. And, even if always, our right is to cast our individual votes or direct influence for whom we each consider the very best. Nothing less than this is the honest or fair exercise of our suffrage. And all this it was intended we should have. Yet it is the fact, that the men who best represented the noblest aspirations of the American people for sixty

years past never had a chance for their right place in American government—the highest in its gift. What would have been said by the Constitution writers had they been told that they were inaugurating a system which would exclude from the Presidency a Webster, a Clay, an Adams—scores of other tried men, the best in the land—and open it only to almost unknown mediocrities; and, worse than all, that the American people would regard this merely as a "curious fact?" I have heard some specious arguments for the approval of this "curious fact," but I am still guilty of the heresy of thinking that the best and most worthily prominent man in the country, to each man's thinking, should have each man's vote.

Let us consider, for a moment, the effect of these partisan aggregations on the conduct of their nominee in power. I condense a report in Mr. Stickney's recent book.*

Abraham Lincoln was as honest a man as ever filled any office. At the convention which nominated him an agreement was made between his friends and the friends of one Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, that if the Pennsylvania delegates should vote for Mr. Lincoln a seat in the cabinet should be given Mr. Cameron. Mr. Lincoln knew nothing of this agreement at that time. What followed was this: He was urged to fulfill the promise of his friends. His biographer, Colonel McClure, says he waited on him with letters from several prominent men, which "sustained me in the allegation that the appointment would disgrace the administration and the country, because of the notorious incompetency and public and private villainy of the candidate." Mr. Lincoln knew the protest to be well founded. He said, "All that I am in the world—the Presidency and all else—I owe to the opinion of me which the people express when they call me Honest Old Abe. Now, what will they think of their *honest* Abe when he appoints Simon Cameron to be his familiar adviser?" The appointment was made. Mr. Cameron became Secretary of War, and what might be expected followed. The most unblushing corruption was charged against him, and proved. Mr. Lincoln was, at last, compelled to summarily dismiss his secretary. And, of course, the dismissal was made in terms fitting the conduct which had been its cause? Here are its words:

"HON. SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War—

"DEAR SIR: I have this day appointed Honorable Edwin M. Stanton to be Secretary of War, and you to be Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia.

"Very truly,

A. LINCOLN."

* *A True Republic*. By Albert Stickney. New York: Harper Brothers. 1879.

This was not the end. The dismissed secretary wished to have it appear that he had not been dismissed at all, that he had voluntarily resigned his office, that his resignation had been regretfully accepted, and that he had been honorably appointed to another position where he, as a man of high personal worth, was fitly to represent a great nation at an imperial court. To make it appear so, it was necessary that the public records should be falsified, and that the President of the United States should be a party to this falsification. Colonel McClure says: "In my presence the proposition was made and determined upon to ask Lincoln to allow a letter of resignation to be ante-dated, and to write a kind acceptance of the same in reply. * * The record shows that Mr. Cameron voluntarily resigned, while, in point of fact, he was summarily removed without notice."

It may be said that a strong-minded President can resist the wrong influence of his party. Well, General Grant, was such a man; yet he did not. We all know, without stating them, the harsh charges that were made from time to time, with more or less justice, respecting the evil influence of the party managers over him; and his most ardent admirer cannot deny that some, at least, of those charges were probably well founded. The least grave of them was sufficient to cast a deeply to be regretted stain on the political, nay, personal, character of a chief magistrate. President Hayes unqualifiedly expressed his intention to carry out some measure of civil service reform, and, undoubtedly, honestly made his best effort to do so; but how lamentably he has failed. Mr. Garfield was nominated at the last Republican Convention for the Presidency. He is, beyond question, a man of high integrity and ability. Two men were proposed in the convention for nomination for the Vice Presidency, Mr. Washburne and Mr. Arthur. It cannot be denied that Mr. Arthur's career in office, so far as could be seen, has been that of a "machine" politician. A delegate arose in the convention and made an earnest appeal against his nomination, and in favor of Mr. Washburne's. He said, in substance: "The Republican party is pledged by its platform to civil service reform. Do not stultify yourselves. The people will think over your action quietly at their firesides." But to no use. Mr. Arthur was nominated, and Mr. Garfield's hands are tied. For Mr. Arthur represents the "machine," and Mr. Garfield cannot be elected without the aid of the "machine"—at least, the "machine" makes it appear he cannot be. He must bow to it if he shall be elected. And the Republican people who want civil service reform may think at their firesides

ad libitum, but they can find no way of acting adversely to Mr. Arthur, so far as he represents the opposition to civil service reform, except by voting against Mr. Garfield. They must, consequently, vote with the "machine."

No one loves the "machine," or sees anything to admire in it, except those who live, or hope to live, by it. Yet our country is growing so large, and there are so many "offices to go around," that by one device or another the "machine" is always triumphant. From the highest federal office to the lowest State office political preferment is obtained, not by the display of marked or suitable qualities for doing the work of office as it should be done, but only by capacity for managing primaries and conventions according to the modes of the "machine." This is the ability which most certainly makes a successful politician in free America to-day. Straightforward, honest directness of purpose, with which the dreamers fondly characterize the ideal republican politician of an Anglo-Saxon republic, has given place, with us, to an Asiatic suppleness and skill in intrigue almost unexampled in political history.

That stronghold of individual liberty, the judiciary itself, has time and again been invaded and overcome by the spirit of partisan rule—a power greater and more despotic than was ever wielded by any Stuart of them all. In the Supreme Court of the United States it compelled a partisan and unrighteous division of opinion in the Dred Scott case. In the same court, two judges were appointed for the express purpose (according to common belief) of reversing a previous fully considered and solemnly made decision of that court on the constitutionality of the legal tender act. The decision was reversed, and the London *Times* declared, in effect, that no high court of judicature in any Anglo-Saxon country had ever before so disgraced itself. In the Electoral Commission, the judges of the same court, selected with a confident belief of all parties that some, at least, of them, by virtue of their high office, were far above partisanship, divided in opinion as they were respectively named Democrat or Republican.

No great war has arisen in which the Government has not found within the country a powerful organization, thwarting its steps in many important particulars; undermining its great reserve force of patriotic, moral support, by incitement to fanatical distrust. And although some men in every country may be found lukewarm toward the support of the government of their country in such an emergency, they are insignificant in power and number compared with the multitude (otherwise fair

men) in the United States, who so act through force of the custom of always acting with but one party and knowing no bond of policy which can possibly unite them with any members of the other. It has been reserved for America to produce "Blue Lights" and "Copperheads."

Let us now glance for a moment at our system of legislative representation, and see how the rule of the majority, as we have adopted it, effectually tends to smother the real will of the people. I quote Mr. Dutcher:*

"A is the Democratic candidate and B the Republican before a constituency of, say, 23,000 votes. For A 12,000 votes are cast; for B, 11,000. A is said to represent the district, when, in truth, he represents only 12,000, and the 11,000 are not represented at all. They are said to be so; but let interests clash, or opinions differ, and he becomes their foe—their active opponent. Purely as a minority the minority receives no representation at all. Where there are many districts, and, consequently, many minorities, the aggregate of unrepresented votes becomes an astounding anomaly in a representative government."

Mr. Dutcher supplies the following actual computation, by which it has been found that fifty-eight per cent. of the entire vote cast secures all the representatives voted for, and forty-two per cent. fails to elect a single member:

In the Fortieth Congress there were 2,335,617 Republican and Democratic voters represented, out of a total vote of 4,005,573; thus there were 1,669,956 Republican and Democratic voters unrepresented; proportion, 58 to 42.

In the Forty-first Congress there were 3,524,335 represented, out of a total vote of 6,076,413; thus there were 2,552,078 unrepresented; and the result has been the same proportion practically ever since.

Now, if we could deduct from those supposed to be actually represented the number of persons who find themselves differing from their representative on important points of public policy, and who would never have voted for him at all had a chance to choose a better man, that is, a truer representative of their opinions, been allowed them, we should have a wonderful display of how nearly like the composition of a mob representative government may be.

Delegates to nominating conventions are elected on the same false principle as our legislative representatives, and thus minority opinions within the party fail to have their due weight in its deliberations.

It is very plain to me that a constant majority in the representative assemblies, so largely disproportionate to the actual majority of voters which elected it, tends to foster partisan-

ship, to crush out minor differences of opinion, and to divide the country unnecessarily into merely two political organizations. The irresponsibility of the majority is so marked, and its power of rewarding its supporters so great, that it may maintain a powerfully cohesive organization, notwithstanding almost any errors and vices, except such as immediately, and plainly to the narrowest capacity, threaten serious injury to the government. Practically, each party has nothing to fear when in power so long as it satisfies the cravings of its orthodox followers, and avoids any greater excesses than its predecessor—which moderate requirement allows it a great limit of bad conduct, as we all know. The comparatively small number of "independents," who make majorities by voting with one party or the other, do so, in the main, without hope of obtaining office (for they know they are detested by both parties), and, being accustomed, for many decades past, to find "one party as bad as another," they grow weary of making changes, except upon very great provocation. Thus a majority, in the face of errors and excesses that would cause revolution in many other countries, can afford for a long time to ask Bill Tweed's question, "What are you going to do about it?" It is inevitable that such a system of representation, dividing, as it does, so large a country as ours into merely two parties, should lead to the partisan nominating conventions; that these bodies necessitate a rigid and exclusive system of party organizations, the keeping alive of partisan strife, and indifference to growth and progress in the minor affairs of government; and that this is the hot-bed of all the glaring evils and disgraces of American public life.

The corruption and incapacity of our public servants have been the subject of constant complaint with a large part of the American people for the last eighty years. Even in De Tocqueville's day it was loud and deep enough to attract his attention as an important problem for the future of the country. After stating the problem, he supposed he had solved it in this way (I change the order of his sentences, for the purpose of condensation):

"The mal-administration of a democratic magistrate is a mere isolated fact, which only occurs during the short period for which he is elected. * * * Corruption and incapacity do not act as common interests, which may connect men permanently together, * * * and it is impossible that they"—

(corrupt and incapable officers, holding offices for only short terms)

—"should ever give a dangerous or exclusive tendency to the government."

* *Minority or Proportional Representation.* By Salem Dutcher. New York: U. S. Publishing Company. 1872.

Whether or not he was right in sketching corruption and incapacity in this harmless light may be answered by each man for himself, and will be answered mainly according as he hopes to obtain office through the "machine." For my part, I see, in common with thousands of persons in the country, literate and illiterate, high and low, that corruption and incapacity under our present system are forming a most permanent bond of union among the vast majority of politicians. They may not transmit their power, in all cases, directly to their flesh and blood children, as corrupt and incompetent aristocracies would, for such children may not be in the true line of descent. But there is a line of descent as clearly marked and certain. The power goes, by our system, to the next generation of corruptibles and incapables.

Many well meaning persons habitually answer the foregoing, "Pessimist and croaker, the system is good enough. The fault lies in the large number of ignorant persons at present exercising the right of suffrage. But the common schools may be expected to educate the children of such persons into good citizens, which will purify our politics in their day." This apotheosis of common school education is very effective, especially with persons who possess only such an education, and are but slightly addicted to original thought. The general spread of primary education has done great things, and can do much for America. But there are things it cannot do. It did not prevent China from standing still for centuries, because, although it has been almost universal there during that time, it was not in the right direction morally. It leaned too much toward satisfaction with itself and its sufficiency for the purpose of carrying on the government. The government obtained extraordinary permanency because of its aid; but custom, thus so powerfully established in so important a factor in the national life, bound the national mind in shackles which inflexibly retracted its moral and intellectual growth. If the general spread of the minor branches of knowledge, at all times and under all circumstances, insures national progress, why is not China the foremost nation of the globe to-day? It is a fact, which nobody can dispute, that for the last ten years, at least, there has hardly been a Legislature in any State in the United States against which charges of bribery have not been openly made. Yet our legislators had the benefit of the general spread of education; few of them were absolutely illiterate. Politics were corrupt, and the men did not need to be better than it was the custom to be. If politics remain corrupt (and the certain growth of large corporations, private

wealth, and financial enterprises of all sorts, will keep them corrupt, unless we make a great change)—if the rising generation of Americans are accustomed to hear such charges daily, to find one party but little better than another, to see men in high place known to be corrupt, and to have achieved their position despite their characters—will that generation not also deem "smartness" far more essential than integrity or capability in public affairs, and will the common school education save them from so thinking? It has not saved their political fathers. This reasoning will also apply to the great evil of excessive and continually changing legislation, which, even in De Tocqueville's day, led him to make the following prediction:

"It may be apprehended that men perpetually thwarted in their designs by the mutability of legislation will learn to look upon republican institutions as an inconvenient form of society; the evil resulting from the instability of the secondary enactments might then raise a doubt as to the nature of the fundamental principles of the constitution, and indirectly bring about a revolution. But this epoch is still very remote."

At the time this was written there had been but one revision of the original State constitutions. If De Tocqueville had lived to see the numerous experiments in legislation since made, notwithstanding a half century of the common school system; to hear the tone of easy contempt for almost all politicians and political efforts adopted by the rising generation; to see labor riots all over the country, and the steady growth of a class of intelligent persons in the large cities abstaining from voting—he would not have looked for some revolution at a remote epoch. Above all things he would have said: The spread of common school education has not checked excessive legislation hitherto; how can it be expected to limit it in the next generation?

Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, whom everybody must admit to be a clear and cautious thinker, cannot see much to be hoped for in the future, with respect to true liberty, from the indefinite increase on the American Continent of numbers of essentially small-minded but thoroughly self-satisfied persons, and continually suggests to us that, notwithstanding the best the common schools may do,

—"the number of people able to carry on anything like a systematic train of thought, or to grasp the bearings of any subject consisting of several parts, will always necessarily be exceedingly small in every country, compared to the whole population. * * * The incalculable majority of men form opinions without the consciousness that they have reached them by intellectual processes correctly performed, but are attached to them because they suit their tempers and meet their wishes, and

not solely and in so far as they believe themselves warranted by evidence in believing them true; whereas the work of governing a great nation"—

(and in the United States of the future we must necessarily have one of the most complex governments that ever existed)

—"requires an immense amount of special knowledge, and the steady, restrained, and calm exertion of a great variety of the very best talents which are to be found in it."

A very large number of persons who possess these talents, and are willing to devote them to their country's service, are now excluded from any possibility of doing so; and the tendency with the immense majority of half-educated people is, and always will be, either to doubt the existence of any such persons, or to deny the possibility of any better knowledge than their own on political matters—on the principle by which they maintain their religious views. Thus thousands of talented men, who in a smaller state would materially aid the government, in so great a nation (though still more essential) may be buried alive, and their influence weakened by the half educated masses.

Finally, Mr. Ezra Seaman (to my mind a very accurate and observing man), in speaking of the destiny of the United States as its waste places fill up, points out that

—"the success of the Territories has been owing to the great natural wealth and resources of the country, the virtues of the public land system, the munificent donations of Congress, rather than to any great wisdom in their Territorial legislation. The shocking election frauds and abuses, and the barbarous legislation, in Kansas, involved the Territory in civil war, and showed that the heterogeneous mass of people that settle new Territories are poorly qualified either to make good laws or maintain order and peace—which is quite a different thing."

He deprecates the absurd confidence felt in the permanency of our Government under the present mode of conducting it, and points out that

—"we must reform our system of elections and representation, and thereby make our Government a government of the whole people, instead of a government of the leaders of the dominant party; we must revive a spirit of patriotism and respect for the workings of our Government, and arrest the downward course of corruption and prodigality. That we shall continue to increase in numbers and industry, commerce and wealth, for a half century or more to come is certain, but unless these reforms are effected in our Government, our national interests will become so numerous and incongruous, our population so heterogeneous; the national character and sentiments, religious views and aspirations of the people of different sections so discordant, the bonds of union so weak; corruption and profligacy so rank and bold, and sectional and class ambition so

rampant, that the American Congress will become a jarring and discordant mob, and it will be impossible to reconcile its elements, and prevent the flames of civil war from bursting forth, perhaps in several sections at the same time, with the eventual result of the division of the national territory into several different nations."

That I am right in asserting the imminence of a change, or changes, in American government, many things in our public sentiments and conduct abundantly prove. All revolutions proceed from a desire to put better men in office; and thus they are rightfully thought a part of the upward tendency of humanity. It would take a volume to enumerate all the signs of change. It suffices to ask, why do so many thinking men among us complain from day to day of the exclusion from political life of the best men among us, and point to the present constitution of parties as the cause? Books have multiplied on the subject. "How can we get the best work of our best men in our public offices?" is the cry of one class. And from the other extreme, in the midst of actual and threatened riot, we hear the baffled howl, "Democratic thieves and Republican robbers." If we had no other analogy, this is singularly like the phenomena which preceded the French Revolution. The thinkers and the proletariat alike decry the present state of things, and long for something better. There is nothing to fear, however, from the analogy. I, for one, see other signs in the times than this. I do not for a moment doubt the substantial and proud perpetuation of American democracy. These things, nevertheless, show the fears of thoughtful men, and the impulses of men who suffer. A state of society in which the best men rise to the top is the aim of both cries—of every movement that ever amounted to anything in political conduct. That this has been the steady aim of the American people for the past eighty years, their complaints, as I have before stated, distinctly prove. And that they did not earlier bend all their energies to its attainment is due, so far as I can discern the philosophy of history, to the fact that in that period they have had other overshadowing work to perform, and by no means to apathy. It is a reason well in keeping with the practical turn of Anglo-Saxon communities for self-government. It is taking one thing at a time, and selecting the most important thing for the present time—a markedly Anglo-Saxon trait, giving promise of stability—as distinguished from undertaking to bring about the millennium at once, which we rather unkindly call Mexicanization—giving promise of instability. The great work of the first century of national existence is nobly accomplished. Already the glaring signs which

differentiated Republican and Democrat are fading to kindlier and more delicate tones. We may, and perhaps should, always retain the really fundamental opinions which make us either, and be ready to assert them when the occasion arises. But there is now no distinctively great national problem to be solved by their aid. A minority of each party, not noticeable for activity in politics, has compelled the respectful attention of both parties toward a reform in the civil service. The demand may be trifled with for a while, but it will ultimately be complied with if we are faithful to it. It will have at least one result: it will teach us that there are other practical problems in government, upon which good men can unite to their country's advantage, without regard to differences on metaphysical theories respecting the nature of our federal compact. Let us not even for the moment deceive ourselves regarding the value of this reform in the civil service. Even the best scheme which can be carried will by no means cure all the evils we see. The examining or appointing board may yet be open to the intrigues of politicians, and the composition of legislative bodies will not be affected by it at all, for it must necessarily leave out of sight the qualifications of all but the inferior officers of government.

Must we, then, limit the right of suffrage, or the number of offices to be filled by popular election, in order to save the Government, as some are inclined to think? I am sure not. This is not the tendency of progress in government. Despite the provocation to such a measure which the gross judicial corruption in the State of New York during the Tweed *régime* gave to the intelligent agricultural classes of that State—always noticeably at variance in politics with the working classes of the large cities—a constitutional amendment giving the nomination of judges to the executive, as in the old days of the State, was voted down by a large majority of the farmers. And our immigrants nowadays, from all the western countries

of Europe, have enjoyed in their own countries practically universal suffrage. Clearly this will not be the change.

I think the ultimate remedy will be found in a reform in the electoral system based on the representation of minorities in all assemblies—not disturbing the rule of the majority, but purifying it by recognizing the right of the all important shades of political opinion to representation in direct and true proportion to the numbers entertaining them. Already in the election of the New York Court of Appeals the cumulative vote has been tried with excellent results. Various other trials of systems of proportional representation have been made elsewhere, in this country and in Europe, and the subject has forced itself on Congress more than once. The poorer classes in the State of California, more largely interested in joint-stock corporations than the same classes elsewhere, lately adopted such a system for the election of boards of trustees in such bodies. There are sincere and intelligent friends of freedom, jealous of any danger to American democracy, who recognize the adoption of a true principle of representation as its hope and certain result. I have mentioned some of them. I should not omit to name one of the earliest and most consistent, Senator Buckalew, of Pennsylvania.* If this article shall succeed in interesting but one inquiring mind in the future of representative government, its defects will have been atoned for. Reforms in the civil service, in the system of Presidential elections, and in the composition of legislative assemblies, are surely probable changes in our Government near at hand. Let us be ready so to guide them that we may fitly supplement the great work left ready for us. Clinging to the Constitution as the core of American patriotism, I do not doubt we shall—to borrow again the noble words I have elsewhere quoted—forward its design: "laws made for the sake of liberty, not liberty merely to make laws."

JOHN A. WRIGHT.

FUTURE GARDENS OF CALIFORNIA.

The month of August brings a period of enforced rest to the gardens of California; for the earliest luxuriance of bloom has departed, and thoughtful gardeners have cut back the roses and other shrubs, so as to insure a later blossoming time. Fitly, therefore, we may now consider

the whole field, and attempt in some degree to realize how much or how little of a success our garden has been. In these sultry summer days, we are apt to be moved with a sense of the

* *Proportional Representation*. By Charles R. Buckalew. Philadelphia: John Campbell & Sons. 1872.

shortcomings of the modern gardening system. Doubtless, it is true that this system is one of the indices of civilization (as the horticultural writers will have you believe); but, really, do we not occasionally trim, and water, and cultivate through somewhat too many tribulations? The garden plot must be dug and fertilized when the autumnal rains begin. Then comes the seed-sowing of early annuals, the planting of spring bulbs, the endless repetition of weed-battles. As spring brightens into summer, the hosts of the insect world haunt and worry that hapless garden; and as summer ripens into its royal prime, the era of irrigation begins, and the ardent horticulturist drags lengths of hose to and fro, soils his best clothes, and has minor and unrecorded adventures with what a reporter acquaintance calls the pluvial fluid. The perplexities of garden-lovers are so endless and amazing, each month bringing its own burdens, that it needeth all the first-born roses of May, the fragrant lilies of June, the regal asters of August, to be sufficient compensation. Perhaps, if we are wise, and study nature's ways, we shall gain some lessons which may help us toward simpler systems of gardening. Such a result were well worth a long and earnest search. If all who love blossoms toil as they should, what shall be the similitude of the gardens of the future California?

No one has yet made fairly visible to men the best which lies concealed, yet potential, in soil and atmosphere of this new land. Enough, however, has been done in favored spots by the pioneer floriculturists to warrant the fairest hopes of the future, as flowers become more a necessity of the daily lives of men. The comparative ease and rapidity with which flowers can be grown here are the encouraging features of the case. Our Eastern friends come and see our gardens, and begin to rhapsodize at once; they measure cream-tinted roses, and revel in masses of color from scarlet anemones and blue larkspurs. The exuberance of our earlier summer is a continual surprise to them. Our vines, they tell us, grow more in one year than those of the East do in three. Pleasant praise, certainly; but do we really deserve it, and have we as yet gained a full insight into the uses of our climate? Once, I remember, in a decayed mining camp of the Sierra foothills, I saw a pretty picture, which, if I describe it here, may serve to illustrate my thought. Where two small but musical streams united, there was, under the brow of a pine-covered mountain, a half acre of rich soil, somewhat rocky and sloping gently to the water's edge. A deserted house, slowly crumbling to utter ruin, a few orchard trees, bits of stone wall, and

mossy fence-rails, were all which gave clear evidence of former human possession, except that, close by the old well, some nameless person, years before, had planted a Lamarque rose, and this rose had made for itself a kingdom in the waste and lonely place. It curved in an emerald wave, crowned with white foam, shining and beautiful, flowing softly over wall and pillar, clinging to brown cliffs, and winding about the silvery pines, until at last, by what secret art I know not, this ardent rose-vine flung its white banners to the breeze from the topmost tuft of a giant cedar. There it climbs and blooms today, as much at home as is the manzanita on the mountain slopes, and no garden of the lowlands ever had fairer roses. I hate to think that, perhaps, some of these days a lean, restless, practical fellow will come along and fix up the ruined shanty, clear out the old well, dig up our wild rose vine to make room for his onion-bed, and plant a vineyard on the shining slope of the hills, where now the carnelian-hued mountain lilies nod all summer long. If I ever hear of such a thing, I shall take another road when next I climb the Sierra slopes, to find the lovely blossoming nooks and the friendly homes of healthy men.

All this brings us slowly to the heart of our disquisition. California gardens, famous already for what can be done with them, and widely known as of almost ideal beauty, are none the less deserving of occasional censures—not for what they have, but for what they have not. They are so much already that we are inevitably led to hope that they will not rest upon their present laurels, but, sighing for new realms to possess, will develop into forms of as yet unimagined beauty. Our horticulturists must search for new plants, and they must study out new ways in which to use them, for we cannot follow blindly after the methods of other people. There are hundreds, and even thousands, of species of herbaceous plants, bulbs, shrubs, and vines, not as yet seen in our gardens, though they would add immeasurably to our floral treasures, and would render many new effects possible. But, leaving for the present this side of the subject, and forbearing to give any lists of the rarer garden plants, we simply desire to make a suggestion about a new kind of garden, which, if once fairly entered upon, would prove the cheapest and most effective of methods for suburban and rural homes.

Perhaps it is not generally known that a reaction against the geometric system of gardening is now in progress in Europe. This system depends upon massing flowers, and upon the copious use of foliage-plants. Ribbon beds are its culmination. It appeals strongly to the love

of order and of bright colors. For parks and extensive grounds this method will always find defenders, and even admirers. But during the prevalence of ribbon-gardening hundreds of choice border-plants have dropped out of cultivation. Only brilliant plants which massed well were desired. The present reaction against the ribbon-bed system contemplates the revival of an interest in old-fashioned flowers, and the use of them in new and peculiarly charming ways. To be successful in this new and natural system of gardening requires a genuine knowledge of plants and a cultivated taste. The field which lies before the ardent floriculturist is wide enough to occupy the enthusiasm of a lifetime, and to utilize the surplus means of the owners of suburban homes from Del Norte to San Diego.

While we unfold the manner of these new-era gardens we desire as audience the thoughtful and plant-loving people of city and town, of hillside and hollow. You are to be told what is meant by the modern "wild garden" of the most artistic of living landscape gardeners. Truly it were worth while for us to realize the course that scientific floriculture is taking. The main thing now arrived at appears to be this: that we shall try to make plants at home, growing as naturally as weeds, and, indeed, taking the place of the latter. Near the house we may have a "tame garden," trim, neat, sedate, and even geometrical, an it please you. But further from the house, on the hillside of the suburban homestead, you shall, according to the new scheme, work on a different plan. Here, the greatest imaginable variety of trees, vines, shrubs, bulbs, and herbaceous plants, winter, spring, summer, and autumn bloomers, shall be planted and acclimatized as much as may be. We will grub out the poison oak, and plant English holly, American kalmias, and the new Himalayan rhododendrons. Vines of the Mexican and Peruvian highlands shall climb up the Australian trees, and hang in bright festoons above the groups of gorgeous Chilean and Cape of Good Hope bulbs. Moreover, these plants, which grow in a wild state without cultivation, will, in a large measure, take care of themselves in our hypothetical "wild garden" of California. The scheme has the advantages of cheapness and simplicity. Once fairly entered upon, and the charm of such gardens will be far beyond those of the geometric sort.

The primal law upon which the idea of a wild garden is based is that all the plants of any given isothermal zone could be made to thrive at any point of that zone. Take, for instance, the mean temperature, summer and winter, of sixty degrees. High up, on tropic mountains, and descending lower and lower toward the

poles, reflecting with faithful sensitiveness the local agencies of winds and slopes, currents and exposures, this mean temperature of sixty degrees has, on each continent, its peculiar flora; and with proper care the horticulturist may acclimate in his chosen spot the beauties of the whole world-wide belt of similar conditions.

Here, in California, the widest range of ornamental plants known to any climate is possible, and ought, in the near future, to be made a visible fact. Let us, for instance, consider the resources at the command of sensible builders of rock-work, in which the highest art-feeling which moves the true landscape gardener may find full expression. Rock-work there is which has been mathematically built up with angular and polished fragments of stone, having, at set intervals, neat pockets of earth, for the torture of sickly plants, and the misery of unfortunate artists, who pass by, look over the fence, and turn away sighing. But rock-ledges, and wild mountain walls, artistically developed, clothed with clinging vines, brown wall-flowers, rosette-like echeverias, trailing sedums, thick-leaved mesembryanthemums, and undescribed quaintness everywhere, are hopeful guerdons of the future landscapes of California. Such rock-ledges we have seen in the Oakland hills, and such, let us believe, do exist in many hidden nooks, by fair mountain streams, near the homes of busy folk. But suppose—let us ask the gardening world of California—suppose that we had a greater variety of rock-work plants? Why not use, with artistic judgment, the alpine plants of Carniola, Syria, the Caucasus, the Alps, Pyrennees, and Apennines, the Grecian cliffs, the Himalayan heights, the Mexican Cordilleras, and the Bolivian Andes? Does any gardener in this State believe that our people use a tithe of the treasures at their command? Half an hour spent in reading the best European catalogues will be sufficient evidence of the floral wealth yet to be made our own in that fair future of which we have such abiding faith. The garden of the future in the coming California for those who truly love flowers will need for its development a varied surface of hill-slope and ravine, such as can easily be found in San Mateo, Marin, Alameda, Contra Costa, or Sonoma. From five to twenty acres of such land will be required. Near the house there might be a trim garden, and perhaps a small conservatory, but over the rest of the territory mountain plants of every land are to be coaxed into a sense of possession and security. The growth of our handsomest native shrubs, annuals and herbaceous perennials, should also be encouraged. There will be a constant succession of bloom upon such a home-

stead. Early bulbs and shrubs will begin first upon the warmer slopes, and, as summer advances, the northern ridges and the deep ravines will have their turn. In the whole year no day will be without its own peculiar charm; each hour, almost, will witness some new flowers unfolding. Many of the best shrubs, which, in less favored climates, need constant attention and expensive greenhouse treatment, can here be grown almost as readily as apple trees. Then, too, the immense variety of hardy bulbs now within the reach of the ordinary purse is an endless source of enjoyment. Crocuses, tulips, lilies, jonquils, daffodils, and gladioli, are only a beginning. One might have over twenty different species of the lovely anemones, and in dozens of distinct shades and colors. The ranunculus does well here, and the bulbs of Peru and Chil  are perfectly at home on our hillsides.

Although, as we have hinted, a tract of varied surface, embracing about twenty acres, is best adapted to this sort of a wild garden, yet the happy possessor of a half acre need not utterly despair, for he can use the same principles in a lesser degree, and graceful Nature will come to his aid with her benign and gentle friendship. He may plant vines along the fences, and make piles of rock which shall seem to have a reason for their existence. He may choose only those plants which are at home in that region, and give them such care that they will take sturdy possession, in a liberal mood, even as they do on the hillsides. With such surroundings, the roots of the home itself run deeper, and bind more firmly, year after year. And, in all simplicity, it is fair and pure homes that California, or, indeed, any land worth the loving, needs now, and will forever need.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

JACK'S BOYS.

Jack Trevers is a "sure enough" man, as Two-shoes says. "Nobody didn't made him out of a nink-stand and put him in a book;" he is a veritable citizen of Lake County. It was a long time ago that he came here from somewhere, with three baby boys and no mother for them. He built himself a cabin on an unclaimed piece of land, about three miles from the village, and then tried to get work. At first, he would work only near home, so that he could see his children every night; but when Johnny got to be four years old, and Tom had reached the mature age of nine, he got a job of teaming, that kept him away all the time, except two nights out of the week and Sunday. By this time, Tom had learned to cook a little, and to assume the responsibility of the household. Willie, the second child, was a nervous, active fellow, and so wide awake and full of mischief he kept the whole family in an uproar. Johnny, the baby, was an unfathomable looking boy, fat as butter, fair as alabaster, and the laziest little mortal living. The nearest approach he ever made toward playing was to lie on his back and laugh while watching his brothers play. His laugh was the most spontaneous and irresistible upheaval of merriment ever listened to; it bubbled up like creamy lager, and overflowed through its inherent effervescence. Indeed, if it had required effort on Johnny's part, it never would have been. He was a beautiful child,

but for his dirty, neglected appearance; and the mother whose loving pride would have rectified this was far away in the distant sky.

Now, these three children were in a great measure cut off from all social intercourse by reason of their having no mother. No one visited the house. Jack taught the oldest one to read a little, and bought him a few books. He was an industrious scholar, and when he could master a newspaper paragraph was firmly convinced that he knew a great deal. The fact of his being cut off from all other boys with whom he could measure his attainments led him into this very common error; but it had one good result—he placed great value on his learning, and felt the necessity of imparting it to the other boys. So he kept school for two hours each day, and in this way they all learned to read. When Jack was at home, he encouraged them in their studies, and began to teach them something of arithmetic and writing.

It was the desire of their lives to possess a clock, and great was their delight one evening when Jack brought one home. They set it up according to directions, and it started all right. They were much pleased with its tone in striking, and as Jack showed them the way to make it strike, the presumption is that they kept it striking pretty much all the time he was off on his next trip. Be that as it may, when he returned, the clock wouldn't strike at all. He

questioned them, but their answers bewildered and finally threw him off the scent. He came to the conclusion that Johnny was right in thinking it was tired. If this was the case, it did not require much time to rest, and in resting it acquired the most unprecedented vigor; for, when he returned again, it would strike the hours, the half hours, and almost the minutes and seconds. It would strike a hundred times without stopping, and *encore* without being asked.

"Now, boys," said Jack, "I know you've been foolin' with that clock."

They all protested. Their faces were innocent as could be.

"That's strange," said he; "it must have been out of kilter when I bought it. Cohen swindled me on it. By hokey, I never touch that Jew that I don't get salted. Hang me if I don't go for him the next time I see him."

"You punch him good, Jack," said Willie (they all called him Jack); "if he don't need it for the clock, he does for lots of other things. Tom's coat, you paid eight dollars for, was shoddy, and fell to pieces as soon as it got wet; and that ten pounds of sugar you brought home last time only weighed seven—we weighed it; and Johnny's new boots are only just pasted together, and are all apart a'ready. You just give him fits. I wish I could be there to see you do it."

Jack was a good-natured man, but feeling that it was his duty to resent such an accumulation of injuries, he tried to nurse his wrath to keep it warm. And the boys helped him; they told him so many instances of Cohen's rascality in their own small dealings, and abused him so roundly, that in the morning, when he left home, he was as nearly angry as he had ever been. Now, the merchant was an unprincipled villain, who had grown rich out of the necessities of the wretchedly poor community around him; and his extortions were crying aloud for redress. Alas for justice! Jack forgot his anger before he reached town. The day was so beautiful, the roads were so good, and his off wheel-mule, "Beck," never once thought to kick herself out of the traces for the entire three miles, something she had not omitted before within the memory of man. The lovely influence of all these things conspired to bring on his softest and most dreamy mood; and he fell to thinking of the Widow Cramer, on the old Harbin Road, and to wondering if she really smiled upon all men as she smiled on him; and if, and if—*ad infinitum*, for the subject was an inexhaustible one. He was roused out of Eden by hearing his "boss" speak to him: "Go to Cohen's this morning, Jack, and take up a load

of hides you will find there; leave the quicksilver until your next trip."

"All right, sir." And he swung his team around in front of Cohen's store.

"'Ust you trive rount pehint te shdore, unt not geep your tam pucking mules in te vay of mine gusdomers," Cohen roared, in a voice quite different from that in which he addressed a man with money in his pocket.

"You come and put me around, won't you?" said Jack, as two red spots slowly gathered in his cheeks.

"Do it yourself, unt be hangt mit you."

"Not much, Mary Ann," drawled Jack, looking at him out of the corner of his eye, and leisurely swinging himself to the ground. "I'm as much of a man as you are. Do you want to try it on?"

"You're a tam peggar, mitout a tollar to your bocket."

"Don't say too much, Cohen, unless you've got the sand to try it on."

"I vish dere vas a law to hang such insolent peggars."

Jack was doing something to his harness—buckling and unbuckling straps, and making changes generally—casting sidelong glances at the merchant meantime. When he was through, he reached him in one bound.

"You black scoundrel," he said, "you have swindled me out of hundreds of dollars since I came to this country—every dollar earned by hard work. Not only that, but you've cheated poorer men than I am; and you've robbed widows and orphans. You suck up every cent set afloat in this community. You're a thief, by hokey. You'd go on the highway if you were not too cowardly. There's nobody you wouldn't rob; you'd steal acorns from a blind hog. But talk's cheap—I've got something better than talk." And with that came the first blow, and Jack administered it; the price of it was ten dollars. The first blow was all that cost anything, and that being over with, Jack limbered himself to his work in the most energetic style. The bystanders forbore to interfere, though the merchant called on them most piteously. When Jack had satisfied himself of the thoroughness of the job, he picked him up, as one does a puppy, and pitched him into the street, and then walked into the store after the hides. He brought out his arms full, and met Cohen in the door, who dodged round to the back porch, where he petted his bruises, among the jeers of a dozen heartless little street cubs, until his adversary had loaded up and departed.

Now, Jack's boys, being alone and seeing no one, heard nothing of the fight over which the community was rejoicing, until he returned from

his trip to spend Sunday. Indeed, they had forgotten the matter, and so had he until he heard that irrepressible clock, hammering distraction into everybody that heard it—children excepted.

"She do beat natur' all holler, Jack," said Johnny; "and her never lets up, only to draw her breath sometimes. That clock's worth a million dollars."

"Has she been going that way ever since I left?"

"Bet yer boots. And her can keep it up for never and never, amen."

"Jack," said Willie, "did you see Cohen?"

"Yes, and I whaled him like blazes, too."

"WHAT!" came from all the boys, in the largest sized capitals.

Jack thought he detected something like consternation in this simultaneous explosion, and made up his mind to "lie low and keep shady" until he could find out more. Presently Tom and Willie stole off together, and in a few minutes one of them called Johnny. Jack stepped to a chink-hole and peeped out, smiling.

"I've got the deadwood on you fellers now," he said. But his smile disappeared as he noted their performances.

"Why, they are only trading with each other—swapping knives, or buttons, or trinkets." So he withdrew, and began to get supper.

The next day Jack spent in the woods with his axe; he was getting fuel enough to last the children a week. Of course they were with him—Tom and Willie playing, and Johnny on his back down in the grass near his father. Presently the big boys were out of hearing, and Jack sat down by Johnny, in a comfortable manner, and opened conversation in a free-and-easy, half confidential style.

"I've a notion," said he, "to buy me some hogs to fatten, so I can make my own meat. What do you say to it?"

"All right," said Johnny, bringing himself to a sitting posture. "You get some, Jack, and I'll feed 'em for you."

The idea of Johnny volunteering to do anything was a surprise; and Jack determined to buy them immediately.

"What kind of hogs do you want, Johnny?"

"Well, you see, Jack, I want spotted ones, and not too big. If they're big they'll eat so—o—o much; and a feller can't be always workin' to fill up hogs even if they *is* spotted."

"Well, I'll get little ones; at least, not very big," said Jack. "I'll get 'em, sure; and don't you tell the boys anything about it. Won't they be surprised, though? And I'll get you a little tin bucket to carry barley and water to 'em, and you can feed 'em three times a day by the clock."

"Yes; but that clock's no good to keep time. She's bully on the strike, Jack, bet your boots; but when it comes to keepin' time she won't pin herself down to it. You'll have to let her make the music, and buy another one to keep time."

"But if I buy the hogs, and *spotted* hogs at that, I'll have no money to buy another clock."

"Well, now, maybe you can fix our clock so she can keep time; *maybe* you can."

"It might be done," said Jack, reflectively. "What did you fellers do to her when you took her to pieces?"

"Well, Jack, I'll tell you." Here he put one grimy fist in his pocket, and, after a few moments of serious and reflective fumbling, produced, among a handful of dirt, strings, pins, and buttons, three little tarnished brass cog-wheels.

"You see we got her together all right, only there was five more of these than she needed; so at first Tom and Bill took two apiece, and only give me one. But when you told us you had pitched into old Cohen the boys called me out and 'vided up better for fear I'd tell you, and that's how I got three."

"Well, well, Johnny, you nearly ruined the clock, though."

"Not much; bet your boots, we made her strike, Jack."

"Well, well, *well*," said Jack, smiling more and more as he recalled, with fatherly pride, all the methods the boys had used for his deception. "Well, well, *well*, if you fellers just keep on you'll make first-class *lyars* after a while." He meant lawyers, but would have sworn he could not see the difference even if one had corrected him.

Jack was often troubled in his mind about Johnny's laziness, and sometimes rallied him on the subject.

"I'm afraid you don't like work, Johnny," he would say.

"Bet your boots."

"What! don't like work?"

"I 'spise it."

"How are you going to live without work?"

"What you got to do, you can't work for me?"

"Of course, I can work for you, now you are small, but after while you will be a man, and get married, and have children; what'll you do then?"

"Why, Jack, I'll keep you right along. I won't throw off on you, 'cos you're old. I guess you can work after you get old, can't you? Some mans does."

"Yes; but suppose I take a notion to get married myself, and have some more children to support; then you'd have to make your own living."

"If you was mean enough to do that I'd kill you, sure. I'd bust your crust quicker'n lightnin'. I'd—I'd—I'd give you a *leettle* the hottest time you ever heard of, bet your boots."

The other children shared Johnny's feelings on the subject of their father's second marriage. It was only a short time before that some thoughtless fellow had stopped with them all night, and by playing on their feelings had found out their repugnance to all thoughts of Jack's marrying again. So he told them there was a widow woman living on the old Harbin Road that was sweet on Jack, and advised them to look out for danger in that quarter. They looked out as the sequel shows.

The next evening after this precious piece of news, when Jack swung his mules from the main road and dashed to the barn in a sweeping trot, with harness rattling and bells jingling, not a boy met him; everything was silent. He was frightened instantly, and leaving the team standing, he sprung from the seat and rushed into the house. No, not into it, for on the threshold he encountered three little savages, armed with clubs and pitchforks, who demanded of him an explanation concerning his matrimonial intentions. In vain he tried to waive the question and pass into the room. Little Thermopylæ stood grimly defiant. The tears that washed clean channels down their dirty faces were no augury of weakness, but the reverse. Jack knew his boys were never fighting mad until they reached the blubbling point.

"Come now, boys, let Pap alone, won't you?" He called himself by this endearing epithet only in extreme emergencies, such as administering medicine, etc.

"You 'Pap,'" said Tom; "durn such a Pap as you are, a tryin' to bring a woman here to pound daylight out of us."

"Why, Tom, what you talkin' about? Don't you know you wouldn't have the kitchen work to do if you had a nice stepmother to do it for you?"

Here every club was raised, and they made a rush for his shins. He avoided them, and they resumed position in the door. Jack had hard work to keep from laughing at the picture they made; their round eyes peering savagely through their unkempt forelocks, like so many pup terriers; the determination they evinced—"sand," he called it, in speaking about it to the Widow Cramer afterward. His inclination to laugh was supplanted by another and better feeling. Their antagonistic attitude caused him to look at them with the eyes of his observation opened, and he saw what handsome, manly fellows they were, and what a pitiful appearance they presented in their dirty, neglected condition. A

pain shot through his heart with a thought of the sweet mother who could never, from her high home, reach them with needed help.

"Boys," he said, "I never had a serious thought of marrying before, but, durn my hide, if I don't think it would be the best thing I could do."

"Then you ain't goin' to marry her, are you, Jack?" asked Tom, ignoring the latter half of his father's remark.

"No; not if you don't want me to."

"Well, we *don't* want you to." Blubbered out with intense vehemence.

"Well, then, I won't."

"Honest injun?"

"Yes; honest injun."

"Will you cross your heart?"

"I will *that*," suiting the action to the word.

And so ended the second edition (diamond) of the Pass of Thermopylæ; and sixty seconds afterward no one could have told that a people had seceded, a battle been fought, and a victory gained on that piece of ground. The combatants were swarming about the wagon, whooping like savages; swarming over the hay, trying to feed the mules; swarming on the mules' backs, and, by reason of their ubiquity, appearing to be about thirty boys instead of three.

In course of time Jack bought some hogs, spotted ones, and not too big. The barley had to be carried to them from the stable and the water from a running spring close by. The new tin bucket was bought, and the lazy boy installed in his position. Jack did not hope much from Johnny, but told the other boys not to interfere with him, and, above all, not to do his work; for the handiness of Tom and Willie had been a constant premium on Johnny's laziness. So Jack said to them:

"Now, don't you fel's take any notice of him; let him go it on his own hook; he'll do pretty well for a day or two, and then if he knocks off the hogs won't starve till I get home."

So Johnny began. He did well for several days. Jack made the next trip, and before undertaking another he was rained in, and the teaming season was over. Then he found a job of rough carpentering on a house about eight miles away, and as he worked early and late he could go home only every Saturday night and spend Sunday with his boys. On his first visit, Johnny was still working with his hogs, but showed symptoms of weariness. On his second visit, he met the young man nearly half a mile from the house. It was then dark. He saw a little bundle of something sitting by the road as he approached, and when it got up and took shape it was Johnny.

"Hello!" said Jack, "what's up?"

"Nuf's up, Jack; if you want me to feed your durn hogs any more, you'll have to get some barley."

"Why, thunder and Tom Walker, I left enough barley to feed them a month; what have you done with it?"

Not a word from Johnny.

"Did somebody steal it out of the barn?"

"Course not."

"Did Smith's hogs get in and destroy it?"

"Course not."

"Did you boys sell it and buy something with the money?"

"COURSE NOT. You must be a durn eejot."

Jack knew it was no use to fish any longer for the truth in that small pail of curdled milk, and dropped the subject. The fact, as he afterward discovered, was, that Johnny had put in one lazy man's day's work on the hogs. Feeding them had got to be such a dead weight on his mind he could not sleep more than fifteen hours a night for thinking of it; so he "resolved him a resolution," and taking his little bucket one morning, directly after breakfast, he commenced carrying the barley to them. By the most unprecedented exertion he had deposited the entire amount on hand in the pig-pen, and on the road leading to it, by dinner time. Then he ate and slept with a clear conscience, and had nearly a week to do nothing in before his father's return. But this was not the last of his mismanagement with the hogs. Jack bought more barley, and directed him to use it with great moderation. Johnny carried out these directions to the letter. Another week passed; the hogs were doing well; indeed, they were living off the mud in their pen, half of which was barley. And so for another week they did tolerably well, but had to work out of all proportion to the amount of food they got; in fact, their claim was pretty well panned out. The third week they stood on their hind feet, braced up against the top rail of the fence, peering amain, like shipwrecked seamen, for the sight of a sail. But no sail came. Thursday night of the third week arrived, and the spotted hogs were almost in a condition to fly; their bones were hollow, and from the light volatile way their hair stood on end it was evident that it was fast turning to feathers. As the night wore on they became deeply embittered against the ways of civilization, and unanimously agreed to climb the fence and decamp, which they accomplished successfully.

In the morning, when Johnny discovered his loss, he was uneasy. He cogitated many ways of informing Jack, and finally concluded to write him a letter. There was no paper in the house, and, if there had been, there was no ink. He

thought with regret of how they had used up all the ink in their negro minstrel performance a few days previous, the traces of which were still visible in their faces.

"Charcoal would a done just as well," he said, "and would a wore off lots quicker; now I'll have to write my letter on a slate."

So he got a miserably jagged, three-cornered piece of what had been one, and bent his gigantic intellect to the effort of composition. Manifold were the forms addressing themselves to his mind as the suitable manner of communicating his bereavement to his father; such as, "Jack, you're hogs is run off;" or, "you'd better come and catch your durn hogs," etc. But he did not like the effect of too brief an announcement. It would sound like a gun, he thought. Oh, if he could only stretch it out, "like a pair o' gallus, that would be bully." Then he got to thinking of how he had unbosomed himself to Jack on the occasion of his first hog catastrophe, and he decided in his mind that the form of expression he then used was particularly felicitous. It conveyed the necessary information without compromising him: "If you want me to feed your durn hogs any more you'll hev to get some barley."

"That's just it," he soliloquized. "Bully for me. I know just what I'd orter say."

So he wrote with many smearings and corrections:

"DEER JAK IF u want Eny o uRe durn baRly fed ule Hev to git Sum moRe HoRgs.

"uRe nexn sun

JON."

Having finished this masterpiece he carried it out to the county road, about half a mile away, where he sat down and began to make dirt pies, while waiting for some one to pass with whom he could intrust his letter to his father. He had finished only two or three with scallops, indentations, etc., when he saw a wagon coming.

"Oh, crackey," he said; "there's a lot of misble women in it. I'spise women worse'n hogs; worse'n spotted hogs, too. I'll not send my letter by them, bet your boots."

But when the wagon came alongside it stopped, and a sweet-voiced woman asked:

"Is this the road to 'Squire Lawson's, honey?"

As the boy looked up he saw the face of an angel; and why not?—for a loving mother-heart looked out of gentle blue eyes upon him for the first time in his conscious life, and a tender, musical voice called him "honey."

"Yes," said he; "this is the road, sure; I know it is, cos my pap works there, and I've writ him a letter, and please won't you take it to him?"

"What's your pappy's name?"

"Jack Trevers."

Here two little girls in the back of the wagon exchanged smiling glances, and looked at Johnny with more interest.

"I'll give it to him," said the lady, reaching for the piece of slate; "your letter'll go safe enough, honey; don't you be uneasy; and I'm much obliged to you for directin' of us. Good bye."

"Good bye," said Johnny, with a sort of catch at the word, feeling as if he had let a bird go, when a little forethought might have detained it. The wagon rattled on, and Johnny stood in the road just where it had left him.

"Durn my luck," he said. "First I lost the barley, and then I lost the horgs, and now I've lost *them*—and they're worth all the rest put together, bet your boots. Durn my luck, durn everything."

Then he looked at his pies, and, kicking them out savagely, went home.

Polly Cramer was a sister to Mr. Lawson, and was now making him her first visit since he had moved to his present abode. Under her green sunbonnet was the kind, loving face about whose smiles Jack had asked himself several questions on the morning of his fight with Cohen. It was now Friday; let us suppose this artful creature (all widows are artful) had two days in which to exercise her enchantments on poor Jack. He went home on Saturday night as happy as a lord, notwithstanding he carried in his heart the nucleus of the blackest plot that ever demonized a man. On Monday (let us be circumstantial) he went back to his work. Some time in the middle of the week it began to rain *à la Californie*—that is, with no intention of stopping short of a month. Now, what more natural than that Polly should become fearfully uneasy at the prospect of such weather, and make up her mind to go home forthwith, while the roads were still passable. Lawton and wife opposed. Jack, the sly-boots, opposed. All to no purpose.

"When a woman will she will, you may depend on't, And when she won't she won't, so there's an end on't."

"I think you are very foolish, Polly," her brother said, as she was leaving; "but if the water keeps coming down like this, you had better lay over at Jack Trever's for a day or two."

About eleven o'clock that day, as Jack's boys supposed (their clock was now about two months ahead of time, and gaining rapidly), a small covered wagon drove up to the house, and stopped. Two mangy little ragamuffins filled the door instantly, and the head of a third

one thrust itself between the first two, like a huge bobbin of flax sprinkled with gold dust, and strained, and squeezed, and wriggled until it succeeded in dragging out into the light the fat butterball of a boy that owned it. This last was Johnny. His face was one transparent glory, filled with "welcome;" but he spake not yet.

"Howdy, boys," said the widow. "Is the folks at home?"

"*We're* the folks," said Tom.

"Well, now, is that so? Ain't you got no father nor mother to take care of you?"

"We got a father, and he's comin' home to-morrow night. But we ain't got no mother, nor we don't want none."

"Well, boys, it's powerful wet, and I'd like mighty well to stop a spell with you, till the storm is over."

Tom and Willie looked at each other. Here was a live woman coming into the house. What should they do? As is often the case in more momentous questions, Fate decided while they deliberated. Fate on this occasion manifested itself through Johnny. His little face was glowing with cordiality.

"Come right in," he said. "We've got two beds—we boys can sleep in one, and you girls in the other, and Tom can cook bully, bet your boots. I'll get a chair for you to climb down on, and Tom can take your horses to the barn. We've got lots of hay, bet your boots. Now jump out, and run in the house; and Willie, you make up more fire, quick."

He issued his orders with irresistible authority, and in a few minutes all were housed, and a bright fire roared up the chimney. The widow glanced around. Dirt and discomfort everywhere. It looked a hopeless job to renovate.

"Believe if it was mine," she thought, "I'd burn it down, and camp out till I got another."

Tom came in from the barn, and began to make preparations for dinner.

"Never mind, honey," said Polly; "I can cook my own grub. You sit you down."

Tom obeyed, and watched her—watched her with growing interest.

"Hanged if ever I saw a feller as handy as she is," he whispered to Johnny.

"Bet your boots," said Johnny.

Polly found the flour and yeast-powder, and made bread. When she first rolled the dough out, after mixing, she spread a thin layer of lard over its surface, and rolled it up again with her hands; then she flattened it out with the rolling-pin, and cut it into shapes. She saw some bacon, and guessed rightfully, that it was the only meat in the house. She seemed to be looking for something more.

"There's lots o' tatures under the bed," said Tom.

She peeled them to boil, and, having boiled them, and fried the meat, she mashed the potatoes, and seasoned them with bacon drippings, salt, and pepper. The biscuits were baked beautifully, and fell apart on being handled, to the surprise of the ex-cook, who could not imagine by what hocus-pocus such a result had been produced. There was a pan full of eggs sitting there, and the children wondered if she would cook some of them; but she did not. Dinner was a decided success, and so was supper. In the morning, before breakfast, Johnny pointed out the eggs:

"You can cook just as many of them as you want to," he told her.

"I'm going to make cake out of 'em, for dinner," said Polly.

"What is cake?" asked Johnny.

The girls looked up at their mother quickly.

"Well, the pore little creetur—Lord love its pretty soul! To think of its never tastin' a bit of cake. *I'll* make some for it, honey, and then it'll know."

Rosy May asked him if he ever ate any pudding.

"Don't know what it is," said he.

"Did you ever see a pie?"

"I've made lots of 'em, bet your boots."

"What out of?"

"Dirt," said Johnny, triumphantly.

The dimples began to dance around Rosy May's mouth, but she choked them to death at a glance from her mother; but Blossom doubled up her little body like a boomerang.

One word about the children's names. The mania for uncommon names is not confined to the *elite*, but pervades all classes. Polly had never read a novel, but when her first baby was born she would not listen to the common names suggested by her family. Having a tender admiration of flowers, her thoughts ran on the name of Rose. The baby was born in May. Why not call her Rosy May? She declared her intention timidly at first, but, meeting encouragement from the sentimental young damsels of the neighborhood, she proclaimed it boldly, in defiance of "her folks," who had insisted on Nancy Mariar, Sary Jane, Mary Ann, and the like. When, some two years after, baby number two made her appearance, it seemed impossible to find a name for her. "Melindy," "Lucindy," "Elmiry," and many others, were discussed and dismissed. The young mother's taste still ran in the vein of flowers. She had never heard of Lily, Daisy, Pansy, and so on, or she might have made a selection.

"Well," she said to her husband one day, "I'm clean beat out about a name for the pretty thing, and I'm just a-goin' to call her Little Blossom till she's old enough to pick out the kind of posey she wants to be called after."

So the baby was named Little Blossom, in utter unconsciousness that the great humanitarian had rendered it immortal in the person of the child-wife.

Saturday night brought Jack, who was greatly surprised to find Polly there, and not any too well pleased, to judge from his greeting. The boys noticed that he was grim and reserved, and they resented it.

"Just to think," said Johnny to the other two, out in the barn, on Sunday morning, "after she made us that cake, and I saved him a hunk of it, too. It's over there in the speckled hen's nest, wrapped up so's she won't go for it. I've a great mind to eat it myself, and not give him a bite, when he treats her so mean, and won't hardly speak to Rosy May and Little Blossom."

"*I'd* do it," said Will. "He don't deserve any. And give me a piece of it, Johnny."

"Not much, bet your boots, 'nless you'll give back my striped taw you won from me yesterday."

"Here comes Jack," said Tom. "Now, Johnny, you get the cake and give him. That'll fetch him, sure. See if he don't own up that she beats natur' all holler. Then he'll treat her good, and maybe she'll stay here."

Johnny was prompt to act on this advice, but when he had scrambled up to the speckled hen's nest, a volley of exclamations burst from him.

"Durn'd if she ain't been and made a hole in it. She don't think of nothing but her stomach. I wish she had'n't any, I do. I wish she'd starve to death, bet your boots."

"Has she eat it all, Johnny?" asked Tom.

"No; here's about half of it left."

"Well, that'll do. Bring it down, quick, and give it to him. He's 'most here."

But what was their surprise when Jack refused the cake sulkily.

"Eat it yourself," he said.

Johnny ate it, but the tears rolled over his fat cheeks, and he expressed his opinion of Jack at the same time.

"Don't care if I did lose your horgs. You're no better'n a horg yourself. I wish I could lose *you*, bet your boots, durn you. *I'd* rather have Rosy May and Little Blossom and their ma than a pig-pen full of you. I don't like you, anyhow. I never *did* like you much. *I'd* a swapped you off any time for Rosy May and Little Blossom and their ma, bet your boots, durn you."

Jack took no notice, and the small tempest soon blew itself out. All the next week it rained incessantly. The children played in the barn a good deal, and that relieved Polly of their presence, and gave her a chance to clean things. It is astonishing the change she wrought in one week. She unearthed dozens of flour sacks from under the beds, and washed them. She made each of the boys a shirt apiece, and two table-cloths, and a change of pillow-cases, and hand-towels, and dish-towels, all out of this one fruitful mine. She mended and washed the boys' clothes, cut their hair, and made them thoroughly tidy in appearance. Jack came, as usual, on Saturday, and brought a large bundle under his arm; but he was still sulky and disagreeable. The children "prospected" the bundle. It contained muslin, for sheets; ducking, for boys' pants and jumpers; material for shirts and other things. But they were unappeased and ungrateful. They talked about him behind his back, and pitied poor Polly, who could not leave, no matter how much she might desire to do so. It still rained and rained. The bottom had fallen out of the roads. It was impossible to tell how much longer she might have to claim Jack's churlish hospitality. The generous boys not only pitied her, but they began to love her, with reason. Ideas of order and cleanliness were dawning upon them. They did not want to be again submerged in dirt. Everything was so pleasant in the house. The meals were always on time, and always good. Out of simple things, and few, she contrived a variety that delighted them. From dried apples she made roll pudding, apple dumplings, plain apple pies, and apple custard; and just so of everything. Willie put his arms around her one day, when no one else was present, and told her he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for her *then*, and her price was raising every day.

When Jack came again, churlish and disagreeable as before, the rain was over, and the waters had run down. At breakfast, the next morning, Polly said:

"I reckon the roads ain't so bad but what I can get over 'em somehow. I've been here a mighty long time, and I s'pose I'd orter go."

"I s'pose you had," said Jack.

The boys were aghast. They had ceased to think of such a thing. "Oh, don't go," "Don't go," was all they could say. Polly looked at Jack.

"You're right," said he; "I think it's time you left."

Then all the children opened on him, like a pack of hounds.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jack," said Tom.

"Leave yourself, if you want anybody to leave," said Willie.

"We can do without you better than we can without Polly," said Tom.

"Just give us a chance to try it," said Willie. And plenty more off the same piece.

But Johnny was the champion who "fit, bled, and died" on this memorable occasion. The family had risen from the table, and were moving away, when Jack glanced around just in time to dodge a potato aimed by Johnny, and thrown with such force as to strike the opposite wall and scatter itself all over the room. The young warrior stood on one of his chair-rounds, leaning on the table with his left hand, and throwing with the other. Whack, *whack*, went the potatoes, Jack dodging all the time, until Johnny, reaching too far for his ammunition, bore so heavily on the rickety old table that it fell, and he with it. Springing up, with his hair full of peelings and crumbs, he grabbed a fork, and threatened to throw that.

"Help! help!" roared Jack. "I call for a parley. Now, what do you fellers want me to do?"

"We want Polly to stay here," said Johnny, breathless, "and Rosy May, and Little Blossom, too; and we're agoin' to keep 'em, too—bet your boots."

"Well, now, Johnny, if Polly stays here I'll have to marry her; and then you'll have a step-mother to pound you round."

All the boys became conscious of that other fight instantly, and for a moment seemed vanquished. Johnny hung his head, but Tom spoke up like a man.

"Tell ye what it is, Jack, we was eejots then. We didn't know what we wanted. We've got more sense now."

"Well, what do you want *now*? I'll do anything for you in reason."

Tom glanced at Polly. She was sitting on the side of the bed, with her handkerchief before her eyes, crying, he thought. Her shoulders shook with excessive emotion, and the old bedstead trembled like an aspen leaf. The little girls were up behind her, where they had taken refuge during the potato storm. It occurred to Tom now that perhaps it would be necessary to obtain Polly's consent to the marriage, as well as Jack's; so he went and put his arm around her neck and whispered in her ear. Polly's grief was convulsive for a moment.

"Will you do it, Polly? Say yes—just you say yes, Polly; that's all you've got to do."

"Do say yes, Polly," urged the other boys; "just one leetle, *leetle* yes; that's all you've got to do."

"Come here, Jack," said Johnny; "you ask her to say yes—she'll do it for you."

"Well, you lay that fork down first," said Jack. Johnny put the fork down, and Jack advanced to do as he was bidden; but hesitated for the want of words.

"Ask her to say yes, Jack; she'll do it for you, I know. Say yes for Jack, Polly, won't you?"

"Say yes, Polly," said Jack.

And, with a last explosion of grief that seemed a compromise between a snort and a scream, Polly said "yes," and rushed from the room.

In a year after Polly said "yes," Jack's miserable quarter-section, that no one would have bought of him at the rate of a postage-stamp an acre, was covered with young grape-vines, the rocks were picked up and built into fences, and a garden was growing around the house; the spring-water from the hillside was led down to irrigate it; watermelons and muskmelons

jostled each other on the aristocratic side of the house, while pumpkins, squashes, and cucumbers loafed around in lazy content near the kitchen quarters; mammoth beets poked their heads many inches above the soil; peas, sweet-corn, and string-beans grew and ripened as if it were the height of their ambition to please Polly and the children. Before long, the ponies and spring-wagon Polly brought as her marriage dower were put to a good use. Five days of each week they carried Jack's boys and Polly's girls to the village school. The boys are getting to be strong, manly fellows, and "May" and "Bloss" are two of the sweetest little girls ever seen. Jack bought them a Mason & Hamlin organ the other day, on which they can wring out a few wheezy tunes; and the good fellow is just as proud of their accomplishments as if they were his own "young uns."

HELEN WILMANS.

THE MAID OF ST. HELENA.

Across the long, vine-covered land
She gazed, with lifted, shading hand.

Behind were hillsides, purple, brown;
Before were vineyards sloping down;

While northward rose, through golden mist,
St. Helen's mount of amethyst.

But forest, vine, and mountain high
Were less divinely benedight

Than she who so serenely stood
To gaze on mountain, vine, and wood.

Her presence breathed in sweet excess
The fragrance of rare loveliness—

A simple beauty in her face,
And in her form a simple grace.

She was so perfect and so fair,
So like a vision, and so rare,

The air that touched her seemed to me
To thrill with trembling ecstasy.

Spell-bound, for fear she might not stay,
I stood afar in sweet dismay.

At last, she sang some olden song.
I did not know its tale of wrong;

I only knew the oriole's note
Grew garrulous within its throat—

It seemed so shameful birds should sing
To silence so divine a thing.

She faded, singing, from my sight,
A dream of beauty and delight;

And I, with unconsenting will,
Retraced my footsteps down the hill.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

ABRASIONS ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST.

In the earlier years of our experience upon the western coast of North America, but especially of California, Oregon, and Washington, we discovered along the shore-line numerous markings and indications of what are generally supposed to be ancient sea-benches, formed by the wearing action of the ocean, and marking the uplifting of the immediate coast, not in a regular or uniform manner, but *per saltum*. But a more intimate acquaintance with the material of these supposed sea-benches, and comparisons with the effects of water and weather upon the present shores, constrained us to doubt the sole agency of water in their formation. It became evident, from a study of many of them, and from their absence on the flanking hills and mountains of the Bay of San Francisco, Santa Clara Valley, Napa Valley, Petaluma and Russian River Valleys, and in the Great Valley of California, and the valleys to the southward, that other forces, more powerful and more persistently uniform in action than water, shaped these flat-topped and generally rocky benches and plateaus. It is, however, equally evident that some of the smaller ones, which are composed of gravel, sand, and alluvion, have been formed by deposits from water, or under water; and perhaps in part by the modified power that sculptured the rocky terraces. This class may, however, be quite readily distinguished and separated from the former, and the examples are found only slightly elevated above the present level of the sea; and yet their characteristics are wholly different from the old sea-markings around the basin of the Colorado Desert, where the line of water level is very plainly drawn. But the predominant class frequently exhibits, on an extended scale, level plateaus of rock, whose section indicates every degree of inclination, plication, and contortion of its stratification, and an infinite variety of texture. Along the present coast line the face of these terraces, torn and worn

by the action of the ocean, by wind, and by weather, present every feature of ruggedness, whilst the surface immediately beneath the water is even more broken, irregular, and jagged. Yet the surface of the terrace may be nearly as plane as a floor, with only a thin covering of soil.

These rocky benches, terraces, or plateaus were never formed by the action of water alone; and although much of the sharp outlines of this abrasion and terrace forming has been modified, and even obliterated, by subsequent causes (principally by water from precipitation, alternations of heat and cold, and the actions of ocean waters), yet the readily recognized examples are so numerous, and so consecutive, and so characteristic, that the necessity for a more powerful agent is demanded. That agency abraded the continental line of our western coast; it even cut through the western extremity of the Santa Monica chain of mountains, which then protruded far into the ocean, and thereby formed the larger and northern islands of the Santa Barbara Channel, where its terrace markings are clear and well defined to the practiced eye. So far as we can judge from our present knowledge, these terraces and horizontal planings may have been formed at any reasonable height; either at the surface of the sea or above it, or yet, more likely, beneath it. If it is found beneath the surface of the sea, then the subsequent elevation of the land may have been *per saltum*, whereby the irregular wear of the rocky surface by water action was prevented. Familiar with the peculiar appearance of numerous examples upon our western coast, we have seized every opportunity to detect them upon the hill and mountain sides of our great valleys communicating with the ocean, without discovering any that are unmistakable. And on the voyage from Yokohama, down the coast of Japan and through the Inland Sea, we were constantly on the lookout for examples,

and became satisfied from two or more undeniable presentations that similar action has wrought its mark upon the ocean outline of that coast.

In order that the reader may judge of the character of the coast-line terraces and sculpturing, we enumerate and briefly describe a few of the principal instances which we have seen upon the coast during a service of nearly thirty years, of which many were spent upon the water, whence the best views are obtained under particular conditions of atmosphere and verdure covering. A few, among numerous sketches, made either personally or represented by photographs, or obtained from the old explorers, indicate in a measure the general appearances of these markings. Commencing well to the southward—with which, however, we are not so closely familiar—we have detected no line of coast terrace or plateau whatever at the extremity of the Peninsula of Lower California, in latitude 23° . Between San José del Cabo and Cape San Lucas there are none. From Cape San Lucas toward Magdalena Bay, we have had no recent close view of the coast; but on the Island of San Margarita, and the great headland of San Lazare, forming the ocean bulwark to Magdalena Bay, and reaching twenty-five hundred feet elevation, we discovered no signs of terraces or horizontal markings on either the ocean or bay sides, unless the general features of Cape Redondo be considered of the terrace character. The precipitous faces of the high rocky barrier to this bay, combined with the deep bold water upon its ocean front, has either not permitted the terraces to be molded sufficiently deep, or the causes did not exist in force at this low latitude. Of the coast hence to Cape Colnett, in latitude 31° , we are unable to speak from recent personal experience. North of this cape, we have had very favorable opportunities to study the coast features, and have made many views to illustrate the numerous and well marked examples of terraces that are molded and planed in the flanks of the high rocky coast barrier and the adjacent islands. Cape Colnett itself is a good instance, and Vancouver has given a view of its *mesa*, or table, forming the headland, indicating the strata inclined at a large angle, whilst the surface is cut off quite level; this condition is confirmed by recent sketches made at our request. Two plateaus are well marked, the stratification of the higher being perpendicular; the surface of the lower is quite level, while the point open to the northward of Colnett also shows a horizontal surface. The point near Solitarios, in about latitude $31^{\circ}32'$, is a well marked table of about one hundred and fifty feet elevation above

the sea, with a lower table toward the extremity of the point, and visible where it bears east-south-east. Five miles south of Point Grajéro, about latitude $31^{\circ}35'$, a deep, *cañon*-like valley opens upon the ocean, and exhibits numerous and very sharply marked rock-terraces on both sides, and at all elevations, the highest reaching possibly one thousand feet. The *cañon* stretches well back into the mountains. The northernmost of the Todos Santos Islands, lying off Todos Santos Bay, in latitude $31^{\circ}40'$, is itself a well marked, rocky, horizontal plateau, thickly covered with soil; while the southern island has two terrace marks, the lower corresponding to the level of the surface of the northern islet, and another and higher one near the summit of the islet, is about twice the height above the sea. Even a lower terrace line may be traced about fifteen feet above the present sea level. Then, passing abreast the northern point of Todos Santos Bay, no less than four well marked, terraced, rocky points, projecting into the ocean, were sketched in the same view. Each point had other terraces of greater elevations rising inland, while to the northward stood out the well known Table Mountain, with its remarkable flat top twenty-two hundred and forty-four feet above the sea, and having a breadth of forty-eight hundred feet. In this single view, no less than thirteen terrace markings are exhibited, excluding Table Mountain. This vicinity is the best marked terrace formation that we know of on the coast, and the lowest one not more than thirty feet above the sea level. They are not made in soft soil, but appear as if a planing machine had cut them out of the solid flanks of the high ocean barrier. The coast line just south of the boundary between California and Lower California exhibits a single terrace, or *mesa*, stretching some distance southward. Upon the small rocky Coronados Islands we have not detected terrace markings; they are so small and isolated that atmospheric and water weathering may have obliterated their original characteristics. Northward, between Point Loma and San Juan Capistrano, a broad table-land, or *mesa*, from one hundred to three hundred feet elevation, and many miles long, is familiar to all who have traversed that route by stage. At certain locations on this extensive *mesa*, are gravel mounds of regular shape, for which we have in vain endeavored to find a cause in the movement of water. Their low, flat, rounding outlines are about two feet above the level of the land, from twelve to twenty feet in extent, and lie contiguous to each other over occasional large areas, ceasing abruptly and giving place to the usual flat surface. The fullest effect of their shape is

seen at sunrise, with the long shadows filling the intervening depressions. They belong to the characteristic elevations of similar extent throughout the Great Valley of California and locally known as "hog wallows;" and may have similar origin to the elevation of "Mound" and other prairies in Washington Territory. When abreast San Pedro Hill, lying at the south-west angle of the extensive Los Angeles plains, the lines of terraces are particularly well marked; and in the spring especially so by the brighter lines of gay flowers on their comparatively level but narrow surfaces. The traces of these terraces are cut in very recent rock, and are readily detected in the detailed contour topography of the Coast Survey. The view which we have made shows five principal terrace lines, which the topographical sheet also indicates.

These five principal terraces are on the south-west face, but a greater number lie on the north-west part of the hill, whilst markings on the land, or eastern, flank of the hill are not traceable. The lowest terrace is about sixty-five feet above the sea, the second is one hundred and forty feet, the third is two hundred and sixty feet, the fourth is three hundred and sixty feet, and the fifth is five hundred and eighty feet; smaller, and less distinct ones, about seven hundred and eight hundred feet; and the other especially marked ones at nine hundred, one thousand, and twelve hundred feet. The hill-top itself is somewhat rounded, and, at the highest point, is fourteen hundred and seventy-eight feet above the sea.

The *mesa*, lying fifteen miles north-west of Point Vincente, and forming the western part of the Los Angeles plains, is a capital example of the flat terrace, and is reproduced on the coast line, under the southern flank of the Santa Monica range, at a point about twenty miles westward of Los Angeles. At the mouth of the Arroyo Santa Monica, the table, several miles in extent, has an elevation of about ninety feet, and terminates in a bold bluff on the sea-shore. Yet this table, being in places composed of sand and gravel, may have been formed, in part, by deposits from water. Point Dume, lying about twenty-five miles west-north-west from Point Vincente, is a very well defined table, where a projecting spur from the flank of the mountain range has been planed off for two or three miles, while toward the extremity a deeper grooving has been effected, and left the rocky head as a dome-shaped point, two hundred and two feet above the sea. At San Buenaventura, and hence toward Point Conception, we find numerous plateaus, but most markedly exhibited in the vicinity of the cape, where the bold spur from the seaward extrem-

ity of the Santa Barbara Mountains has been planed across, and given a generally level surface, one to three miles wide, with a rising, rocky head at the extremity. It is a counterpart of Point Dume, but more extended. The rocky bluff at the surface of this plateau, and in the *arroyos*, indicates great contortion, plication, and inclination of stratification; but the top is flat, and covered with a shallow depth of soil and gravel.

Among the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel, San Clemente and San Nicolas are both long, comparatively flat-topped ridges; but the principal feature of the island grouping is the remarkable parallelism of their longer ends, and also of the channels, which have been cut through the group lying immediately off the Santa Barbara shores, and forming the western prolongation of the Santa Monica Mountains; and this parallelism is continued in the coast line of the Santa Lucia Mountains, Monte del Buchon, Point Arguello to Point Conception, and the San Pedro Hill. The horizontal sculpturing of terraces is exhibited among the Santa Barbara Islands, when passing between Anacapa, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, and San Miguel, while the eastern island exhibits very definite proofs of the causes which produced the rock terraces. Anacapa Island, lying in the throat of the Santa Barbara Channel, and directly abreast the opening of the extensive valley of Santa Clara, consists of a narrow, five-mile ridge of coarse, dark gray sandstone. Two-thirds of its length, reckoned from the eastern extremity, has been planed off at an elevation of about three hundred feet above the level of the sea, while the western part rises to nine hundred feet in height; but the line of the level of the summit of the eastern part is visibly scored around the flanks of the western part, notwithstanding the deep gulches, with almost vertical sides, which cut from the summit to the bottom of the cliff. On the north-western flank of the Monte del Buchon, lying between San Luis Obispo Bay and Los Esteros, although cut by deep gulches, there are three very distinctly traced terraces, each several hundred feet in height. No other point is more plainly sculptured.

The seaward flanks of the Santa Lucia range, between San Simeon Bay and Monterey Bay, for forty or fifty miles, have occasional terrace lines, but the precipitous and high face of the mountains, combined with the great depth of the water under them, has apparently permitted less abrasions than at the other more favorably situated locations; and, even if the sculpturing had been slightly effective, subsequent causes might have obliterated it. This is the boldest

and most compact line of coast mountain barrier for a thousand miles, the greatest elevation (Santa Lucia Mountain) reaching sixty-two hundred feet, within a few miles of the ocean. At Santa Cruz Point, and hence to the northwestward, a pretty rocky table bluff exists, bordering the backbone of the mountainous peninsula of San Francisco. Thence to San Francisco we have several examples of the flat, rocky terrace. Before reaching Pescadero, "the general formation of the immediate sea-board, for twelve miles, is that of a table land, of three terraces, the lowest gradually sloping from the base of the second to the coast, which is exceedingly rocky and forbidding."

We need hardly mention other familiar and capital examples, such as Ballenas Point, and the vicinity of Point Reyes and Bodega Bay. Passing rapidly northward to Point Arena, in latitude 39°, we have examined the beautiful plateau at the light-house point, as well as the others toward Arena Cove; but the former is especially noticed, because a photograph of the point exhibits the stratification as almost perpendicular, and shows the present broken and very jagged condition of the cliff and low water level, arising from the action of water and weather. This point is a jutting-out from the coast mountain chain, where it makes a slight change of direction; and the terrace forming the point is about forty feet above the sea, covered with a very thin stratum of soil, and for a distance of half a mile a base line was measured by the Coast Survey, with a difference of level on the plateau of about two feet, while the same level is maintained further on the plateau among the timber. In this striking case, as in most of the others mentioned, the rock appears to have been absolutely planed off, and the different degrees of hardness of the layers in stratification had no apparent influence upon the mechanical causes at work; in the waterworn cliffs the hard layers are jagged rocks on edge, the softer layers are worn away. Other terraces near Arena Cove reach over two hundred feet elevation, and while the bluffs for miles exhibit every contortion of stratification, and every degree of hardness in the layers, the horizontal surfaces of the plateaus have been planed off.

The shores of Mendocino Bay, Points Cabrillo, Delgado, Table Bluff, and Cape Orford, all tell the same story. The latter bears a strong family resemblance to Points Dume and Concepcion, and for three miles south of the cape, to the mouth of Elk River, the terrace is a fine blue, hard sandstone abounding in fossil shells. About Capes Mendocino and Fortunas are one or two slight indications of terraces as viewed

from seaward, but northward of these capes the trend of the coast line is changed, and the climatic conditions of the sea-board are very different from the lower coast. These climatic causes appear to have acted, and are to-day acting, more energetically than to the southward. Nevertheless, as we approach the Straits of Juan de Fuca we have evidences of a single line of flat-topped rocky terrace from Point Grenville to Tatoosh Island. Destruction Island, in latitude 47° 41', is one or two miles in extent, bordered by rocky, bold cliffs, flat topped, and about seventy-five feet above the sea. There may be furrows across it, but if so they are not particularly noticeable from seaward. The bluff of the adjacent main shore possesses the same characteristics as the island, as shown by the view on the Coast Survey chart. Off Cape Flattery, in latitude 48° 24', lies Tatoosh Island, one hundred and eight feet high, bold, rocky, and flat topped. From personal inspection we judge it impossible that water alone could have leveled it off so well, especially as its immediate surroundings at the water's surface are worn into the roughest rock shapes. Fuca's pillar and other rocks bordering the cape have the same general elevation. If there are terrace lines on the cape (which has an elevation of fifteen hundred feet) they are masked by the heavy growth of fir. With the outer shores of Vancouver and Queen Charlotte's Islands we are not familiar, but we have failed to find among the views and descriptions of the old or recent navigators any indications of terrace formation; the whole ocean flanks of these islands is cut by long, deep, narrow fiords. Nor have we found them for certainty among the inner passages of the Great Archipelago extending from Olympia in 47° to the mouth of the Chilkah in 59°, although we have discovered and measured the direction and depth of the markings of ice action among the islands of Washington Sound, and the adjacent parts of Vancouver and Whidbey Islands, both in the well preserved and clean cut and very deep groovings, and in the presence of large numbers of erratic boulders, while the glacial deposits are frequent on the shores of Admiralty Inlet, and particularly so on the Nisqually Plains. It must be borne in mind that these evidences lie in the line of the great straits nearly parallel with the ocean coast line, and with an intervening mountain barrier, nearly one hundred miles therefrom.

Of the orographical or geographical details of the shores of the Gulf of Alaska we know comparatively little. La Perouse, in approaching the coast under Mount Elias, thus describes it, although we must confess to receiving all his

descriptions with a certain amount of reservation, and even distrust:

"The mountains appeared to be a little distance inland from the sea, which broke against the cliff of a table land three hundred to four hundred yards high. This plain, black, as if burned by fire, was totally destitute of verdure. * * * As we advanced, we perceived, between us and the elevated plateau, low lands, covered with trees, which we took for islands. The table land serves as a base to vast mountains a few leagues within. Approaching the coast, we saw to the eastward a low point covered with trees, which appeared to join the table land, and terminate at a short distance from a second chain of mountains."

Middleton Island, in the Gulf of Alaska, in latitude $50^{\circ} 30'$, is the only flat-topped island mentioned or depicted by any of the old navigators. It is about seven miles long, north and south, with a breadth of three miles. The surface is comparatively low, quite level, and destitute of trees; the shores are craggy. Belcher says it does not exceed thirty feet in height, and has a very soft, spongy soil, over micaceous shale, interspersed with quartz dykes. A recent navigator (1879) informs us that it is one hundred and eighty feet high, with bold cliffs, indicating various degrees of stratification, and yet the surface is leveled for its whole extent. The southern point of Kayak Island, in $59^{\circ} 49'$, is a high table rock, as described by Belcher. Long Island, off the harbor of St. Paul's, Kodiak, and Chiniak Point, south-east of St. Paul's, are flat topped and rocky, although not particularly well marked. Among the few of the Aleutian Islands which we have seen, or along the peninsula of Alaska, we observed no terrace formations such as we have hitherto described; and we fail to find among the navigators, up to 1855, views that indicate such features. To the far north, in the Behring Strait, the English and Russian views, and our Arctic whalers, represent the rocky Diomedé Islands as bold, moderately high, and flat topped; as well as the East Cape of Asia.

The evidences of these coast terraces seem to be found in greater proportion between latitudes 30° and 40° than further to the north, and this may, in a measure, be fairly accounted for. Since the period of uprising succeeded the terrace formation general and local climatic changes have, doubtless, taken place, tending to the destruction of the terraces, and as they were sculptured in sedimentary rocks most of their finer moldings have been obliterated. Throughout the coast line, below latitude 40° , we find that after the terraces had been elevated, the disintegration of the higher lands took place with greater activity than at present; and yet the material was carried downward

without great violence, and formed long, gently inclined slopes from the base of the mountains toward the shores, or into the valleys. One of the finest examples of this characteristic feature is in the Valley of the Santa Clara, east of San Buenaventura; another, is the Valley of San José, Lower California; while innumerable examples abound on a smaller scale along the flanks of our mountains. Such results may have taken place under a climate of great heat and excessive moisture, with increasing precipitation, but without downfall of rain to create torrents, whilst disintegration was assisted by the cold weather of winter. Subsequently, these gently sloping deposits were cut through by torrential forces, which are yet at work, but on a decreased scale. On the immediate coast line many cases may be seen where these long sloping deposits of disintegrated material have been cut through by subsequent torrents, and are now being undermined and washed away, so as expose the flanks of the mountains from which they were formed. A notable example is that just north of Judas Head, on the island of Margarita.

But in all the instances of terrace formation which we have mentioned, and in many others not enumerated, we find one prevailing feature, regardless of the dip, or direction, or variable texture of the stratification of the rocks. A nearly level surface of rock, with a comparatively thin layer of soil thereon; the plateaus sometimes miles in extent, bordering the coast with jagged cliffs, whose bases illustrate the present action of water and weather. Above these plateaus are frequently others stretching in shore, and narrow lines of terraces which reach elevations of certainly twelve hundred hundred feet above the sea. While the general plateau is level, or partially so, there are frequent indications that broad groovings have been made across such plateaus as project far out from the line of mountains. This is notably so at Point Dume, Point Concepcion, Point Arena, and Cape Orford, and across the ridge of Anacapa. And it is noticeable that these plowings or groovings run with the general trend of the barrier of the coast line, sculpturing and featuring the lower headlands and the islands. They are not seen in transverse straits like Juan de Fuca, nor in the great fiords forming the interior ocean water communication from latitude 47° to 59° , nor in the cañon-like valleys of rivers like the Columbia, nor in the Great Valley of California, but are the handwriting upon the face of the main coast line and adjacent islands, except on high bold cliffs rising very steeply to great elevations from the deep waters; and so far as our personal ex-

amination extends they are not plainly exhibited on the Aleutian Islands, nor below latitude 30° .

These prominent features and conditions have compelled us to believe that more effective and more regular agencies were at work to form them than are now at work so universally. The upheaval of the continental shores by subterranean action cannot produce such terraces and plateaus. If the north-west shores of America were to-day raised two hundred feet, we know, from the characteristics of the coast line and the depths bordering it, that similar results would not necessarily be among the consequences, although there may possibly yet remain sub-surface terrace marks from the ice-belt period. The horizontal crushing and consequent uprising of the line of surface-yielding would not produce them; and it is believed that no continuous levels can be traced along the coast indicating uniformity of upheaval. The action of water will not account for them; whether by "continual dropping," or by violent currents, or by storm, water first wears away the soft and more friable parts, leaving the harder with irregular jagged surfaces and masses. These irregular outlines and borders, if upheaved above the level of the sea, would not wear away regularly by the action of the weather; the irregularities would in time be partially or even wholly filled with disintegrated material, but the general surface of the rock would never bear the impress of having passed under a planing machine, as in many of the examples we have enumerated.

To account for the existing conditions we must be guided in great measure by experience; and judging from our knowledge of present local glacial action we can safely appeal to the action of ice moving slowly but irresistibly as a great planing and molding machine; its current of movement mainly controlled by the great, high, rocky barrier of the north-west coast line, perhaps influenced by islands and elevations of land not now existing, by oceanic and ice-mass forces no longer acting as such. From the evidence of the sculpturings along the coast barrier we may suppose a great ice belt to have existed contiguous to the continental shores, and forced southward parallel therewith, possibly by a great return Japan current, combined with the accumulated mass pressure at the north. And it is logical to suppose that this icy coast barrier existed at the same period as the great ice sheet that covered the adjacent continent. The mechanical effects of the coast belt of ice are those we see exhibited upon the ocean coast line and upon the islands adjacent; the effects of the ice sheet over the land are exhibited in some of the gorges opening upon the

shores, and on the mountain ranges. All the groovings on Vancouver Island, on the islands of Washington Sound at the southern extremity of the Gulf of Georgia, and on Whidbey Island, together with the erratic bowlders and the glacial detritus in all that region, point to the mechanical agent as moving southward; and if we accept the theory of an ice sheet over the continent, or over a part thereof, and an ice belt contiguous to the continental shores, we can readily understand, from our present knowledge of the formation and movement of glaciers, that this coast barrier of ice moved as a great stream from the northward, probably with extreme slowness, but with certainty and with irresistible force through a prolonged period. Moreover, a body of ice bordering the shores of the continent would do its work more or less effectually, and at greater or less depth, according to the predominance of any given factor or factors, so that we can understand how terraces of different elevations may have been formed during that period without any relative change of the level of the sea and adjacent coast, although the same general effects would have been produced if the land had been rising or subsiding. And, moreover, the mass of ice resting on the land, partaking in part of the movement of the great ice belt, may have done similar work even above the level of the sea to what may have been done beneath its surface. Thus these terraces and plateaus do not necessarily indicate the different steps of the elevation of the continental shore; and instead of resorting to the theory of great and violent upheavals, *per saltum*, we see how the elevation may have been gradual, and even after the greater part of the terraces had been formed. This gradual movement of elevation is indicated by the present level character of the plateaus, or, when broad, by their slight inclination. We do not propose at this time to offer any explanation as to how this great ice belt was formed, or whether it extended far into or across the Pacific Ocean. Its course, from the evidence on the coast line, was parallel, or nearly parallel, with the continental shore, and we are constrained to believe that, as a great body ruptured from the continental ice sheet, it moved slowly to the southward by the combined forces of the ocean currents, the prevailing winds, and by the pressure of the great ice mass from the northward.

To the northward it is reasonable to suppose that the great ice belt lingered longer than at the south, and we know that the present home of the glaciers of the north-east coast is in the region adjacent to the Gulf of Alaska and its connecting waters, where there are wonderful exhibitions of this phenomenon. When the ice

barrier was being dissipated, the destructive agencies of great seasonal changes and excessive rainfall were much more active, persistent, and wearing. Above latitude 40° we do not find the long, gently sloping surfaces of disintegrated material before referred to. As we advance northward, even the steep, sloping hillsides give way to the fiord-like coasts of Vancouver and the islands of the Archipelago Alexander. There, violent storms, excessive moisture and precipitation, and large thermal changes are producing a hundred fold greater effects than to the southward, and obliterating whatever evidence existed of the terrace or other formations. Or the terraces may have been but partially developed on account of the movement of the ice belt not closely following the trend of the coast line, or deflected therefrom at given localities by the seaward pressure of the continental ice sheet, or not exhibited on account of a subsidence of part of the north-westernmost parts of the coast.

And here we had intended to close; but upon recent, although comparatively limited views of the former water-level markings of the Colorado Desert and in the Salt Lake Basin, we were struck by the similarity, or parallelism of action, that sculptured the boundaries of the latter with that graving tool which etched the Pacific Coast line in the same latitude. In these cases two distinctive forms of action have been at work, although not necessarily at the same period. The old ocean level of the Colorado Desert is as sharply and clearly defined as if the waters had been drawn away from this

basin but yesterday, and the boundaries bear the characteristic markings which would be expected should some of our more protected coast line be suddenly and uniformly raised, or the ocean level depressed several hundred feet without catastrophic action. The markings of the old ocean level are on a level with the present surface of the ocean, and no elevation of the land has taken place. No terraces are seen on the eastern shore of this ancient arm of the Gulf of California. Above the line of the sea-level the surface exhibits a washed-out line of sand and gravel; below it the soil is fine, with a comparatively regular surface, and full of marine shells. On the other hand, many of the peculiarities of the Salt Lake Basin (so far only as we have seen, and speaking, therefore, with great reserve) indicate that water above was not the means which effected the sculpturing seen on the lower part of the rocky flanks of the mountains from Promontory to Ogden. As observant travelers well know, the different levels of the lake are plainly scored and cut as narrow lines and terraces into the hard, rocky material of the mountainous shores. They are upon a much smaller scale than upon the Pacific Coast; nevertheless they seem to certify that here similar agencies were also graving its rocky walls, and certainly that the forces were wholly different from those formerly at work in the Colorado Sea. While there may have been no great current to move an ice mass, yet the force of the wind could in part have aided to slowly carry the mass of ice grinding along its borders.

GEORGE DAVIDSON.

A TRIP INTO SONORA.

Clouds hung low and threatening on an afternoon in last March, as we drove out of Tucson and took the road up the Santa Cruz toward Sonora. "We" consisted of Flory, a mining expert, who originally hailed from Georgia; the Professor, who spoke Spanish; Story, from San Francisco, who wore glasses in a gold frame; and myself. Our driver was a young Mexican with a troublesome name, beginning with Don and a long bugle-blast of vowel-sounds thundering in its wake; so we dubbed him "Colonel Miranda" at once. A liberal supply of colored woolen shirts, blankets (for the nights were still cold on the *mesas*), a lunch basket, pistols, ammunition, and snake-antidote constituted the chief part of our outfit. By the time we had

reached the first *posta* night had fallen with the rain, and the road was becoming slick and heavy. The valley of the Santa Cruz, from Tucson to the Sonora line, seventy-five miles, is a soft volcanic or alluvial soil, with occasional alkaline traces, and cotton-wood, mesquite, cactus, and palo-verde here and there, which, with occasional fields of socaton and scout-grass, form the vegetable growth.

As the night advanced the rain fell more heavily, and as our team was a pair of lazy mules, we crept along the *mesa* slowly from the first, getting slower all the time. When ten miles out, the Professor and Flory concluded to walk on to the next *posta*, and send back a team to meet us. It was eleven o'clock; the rain fell

quietly, but surely, and toward midnight, after talking over a range of subjects as wide as Don Juan dreamed of, Story and I feel asleep. We were awakened by the scraping of limbs against the stage, and the stopping of the team. In his faith that the mules were too lazy to leave the road, Colonel Miranda had fallen asleep, and was served as those who rely on faith generally are. They had wandered far away from the road while we slept. He got out, looked around till he saw we were lost, yawned, and climbed to his seat, prepared to let things happen. Neither of us could talk with him. I got out in the rain, and, by striking matches, followed the trail as we had come, and at last found the road. It would have been quite impossible to recognize it after such a rainfall had not a wagon, with a pole under the axle of a broken shaft, passed, making a broad, deep cut. We were thankful for the misfortunes of others. As it was now too dark to travel we stopped in the road to wait for day, or the other team, and all of us soon fell asleep in the vehicle. During the night I was awakened by the presence of foreigners. These were coyotes; not one or two, but a dozen, at least. The rain had ceased. They whisked their dusky forms here and there, whining not entirely unlike city dogs when striking up an acquaintance and asking after the health of the family. I could hear their light, stealthy foot-falls as they trotted back and forth. While it was as difficult to see one as a minnow in a deep pool, I could easily smell them without a lantern. By odor it was high noon; the air was full of asafetida and brimstone. At length one of them took the chair, and called the meeting to order. He set the tune in a long howl, and the others struck in. It seemed to say, "Squire, hear us do 'The Battle of Prague.'" It may have been that they mistook Story's snoring for music, and were politely helping him. I leaned out of the window and began a speech of thanks. There was a rustle, that died away out on the *mesa* into a subdued whisper, followed by the stillness of the grave. The serenade was over.

Day dawned, and we moved on slowly. Story growled at the Colonel; the latter didn't resent it. Two hours after we found Flory and the Professor, who had camped at a small house without touching the *posta*. We had traveled thirteen miles in sixteen hours. It was five miles yet to the *posta*. The rain had ceased, but there was plenty of water on the ground. We set out on foot, leaving Colonel Miranda to persuade the lazy mules along at the reckless pace of two miles to the hour. First, we started off with our dress-parade step; after half a mile we pulled up our pants' legs; two

hundred yards farther we put them higher, and kept on till they were knee-breeches. The mud was sticky, and each foot carried along a farm with it. Had we passed over an Irish farm we would have bankrupted the proprietor by taking away all his soil. True, we could have scraped it off after crossing his three acres, and he could have shoveled and carted it back in two months. We needed either a balloon or a bateau. Story was rather fat. Soon his coat came off, then his vest, then his collar and overshirt, while he seemed on the eve of one of Falstaff's great thaws. Besides this, he was short-legged, so that when he would move one foot past the other, a passing promontory would collide with a reposing continent, and stick fast. It was *adobe*. The Professor, however, was made for wading, and could swing one foot around out through the country and bring it in when he wished to step.

All day we were climbing the valley of the Santa Cruz, and toward sunset reached Calabasas—the realization of Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden. Somewhere back in the cob-webbed past the King of Spain issued a grant of this tract, of seven leagues of land, to some old son of the conquest, who gave it the name of Calabasas (little squashes). From the grantee it has come down through all the tangled mazes known to the statutes of descent, distribution, and alienation, till it reached the hands of the company who now own it. Where the valley is nearly surrounded by mountain peaks they laid out the city of Calabasas, and put down the foundation of a hotel. We found, beside the incipient hotel, one small brick building, one *adobe*, and an artesian drill that had grown tired of plunging into dry dirt, and leaned over to rest. A mist was falling, the nearest approach to rain they had had in two years, while clouds crept along the valley and up the mountain sides, to scatter and weave their wraiths of thin, pale mist, in ghostly legions, around the eternal crags. Darting through broken clouds to the westward, the sunshine lit up a small cloud, poised against the mountain's breast, from center to circumference with all the colors born in the prism—a rainbow that had no bow—and retained its changing and recurring tints as the heavy folds, rolling through and about each other, crept up the mountain side. It was a moving volume of color—the unfashioned elements of the Bow of Promise—a mass of glory no painter could catch, sweeping up to the cold peaks to die. Thus the mist closed over the sun, and the sober-hued scene was unbroken, as we gazed from valley to hill. It was a beautiful, a remarkable phenomenon. Flory said it was a rainbow "dumped;" the Professor, who

used to be on a newspaper "staff," said it was "pied;" while Story remarked that, as this was a new country, he guessed they hadn't "got molds yet to run 'em in."

The scenery about Calabasas is very beautiful. The windings of the Santa Cruz can be traced by the thin fringing of cottonwoods; indeed, at this time, that was the best proof of where the river ran, as that concern had about gone out of business. It was navigable up to the Calabasas landing—by small fish and tadpoles; but even for them it was the head of navigation. Down the valley, hiding among the cottonwoods, stand the crumbling ruins of the old Mission of Tumacacori. From present indications, the city of Calabasas will have to wait half a dozen centuries for its greatness. The river will first have to grow; then they will need an artificial rain-fall, as nature don't attend to that; and the commercial value of its staple—mule rabbits—must be enhanced, for it is a regular rabbit orchard.

Night fell after leaving Calabasas, Story and I going to sleep on the back seat. We were still climbing up the northern side of the "divide" between the valleys of the Santa Cruz and the Magdalena, and the last we remembered ere we went to the "arms of Murphy" (this joke by the Professor) was the slow, weary hauling of the vehicle. Deep were the slumbers on the back seat. Dreams—those wayward phantasies of the half-death of life—stole upon us. We were working a pole-boat up a rugged, swift stream, as I had often seen done in the Cotton States, and the heavy barge, in its concussion with the water at every shove at the pole, seemed to make something complain, and while we were trying industriously in the interest of science to discover whether it was barge or water that thus "spake out in the meeting," the river changed, and the stream began to run down hill toward its original source. Here was a new problem—what had wrought this disturbance? In sheer inability to account for it upon any acknowledged scientific principles, I took refuge in the nursery lore of long lost years, and believed that Tony Bucher had raised up the channel of the river at its mouth. Tony was one of those accommodating creatures who would do anything for any one if requested, but nothing for himself except lie in the shade and tell stories. Clearly did I remember how, in childhood, I had listened with open-eyed wonder to his recital of how he had once carried a steamboat on his back from one river to another on a wager of a pound of tobacco, and how, finding a well without bucket, rope, or windlass, and being thirsty, he picked up the hole and drank till his thirst was quenched. I

blushed then, and perhaps did again in my dream, at the notion for not making him President. The barge was now rumbling down the whirling, roaring stream. Then I heard something like pattering feet, that grew more and more distinct, frequently broken into by Apache yells. I was awake now. The patter was from the feet of the wiry Mexican horses, while the Apache became none other than Colonel Miranda. We had crossed the "divide," and were "punching the breeze" for the valley of the Magdalena. Story was snoring a resonant bass to the hoof-falls and rattle of wheels. "The pale moonbeams, piercing the thin tissue of fleecy clouds overhead," as we used to observe in school while "doing" Spartacus, cast a weird light over the scattering mesquite trees, that seemed to whisk by us on their way to the northward. Colonel Miranda had been taking numerous astronomical observations through a bottle that was slanderously charged on the label with having harbored Muscat. We suppose they were entirely satisfactory, from his remarks, thrown out upon the chill air, "Hoop-la, ya-ya, Santa Maria," etc.

Agua Sacra was reached at two o'clock in the morning. This is the station of the Mexican "Coast Guard," consisting of two *adobe* houses, thatched with straw, and a small corral. The post-horses were out, and could not be found at night. We asked for feed for our team, intending to push on, after an hour's rest, to the next *posta*. The *Guarda de la Estacion* had none; never had any since he could remember. The horses are turned out, with the advice to help themselves, as the country lay before them, with plenty of freedom, if not grass. Travelers generally receive the same large-hearted invitation. Flory remarked that there was nothing small about Mexican hospitality. Story, who had now rounded to in his almost interminable bass, and crawled out from his snugery, cut his cables and rashly shouldered the responsibility of a pun on the size of Mexican horses; the Professor began looking among the bottles and pistols, evidently puzzled in deciding which size was most suitable to the defense. Here Story, perceiving the drift of affairs, observed that he guessed Flory's remark was all right, and that he would withdraw his amendment. The Professor now became resolute, and assured us he would "develop things." Peering into the hut of the "Coast Guard," we supposed him to have had the following conversation. As it was in Spanish—a tangled mystery to us—we are left in a sea of conjecture; for the Professor ever afterward stoutly refused to tell us, always remarking, "Oh, well, it's no matter:"

Professor—"Hello, friend! Got any feed?"
Coast Guard—"Suppose we have. What then?"

P.—"That's good. We want some. Got plenty of money." Something in the region of his pocket jingled.

C. G.—"Glad to hear you are flush, Colonel."

P.—"Well, what about the feed?"

No answer. Two minutes elapsed.

P.—"What about the feed?"

Two minutes more and no answer.

Here the Professor sat down on a stool, remarking, *sotto voce*, in English:

"He'll come to. You just 'hold your horses' and trust to me. He's thinking it over."

Another minute passed.

"Amigo, what about the feed?"

Another pause in the stillness of hushed expectancy. Then came the answer from the dark recess of the hut: "Gua-ya-yah! Gua-ya-yah! Gua-u-u-wa-u-u! Ga-u-u-w!"

This was in good English. A snore is the same in all languages. He was in the "arms of Murphy," and the Professor's smile shone under a cloud for two days, and ever afterward he has spoken of Mexican courtesy as belonging to the paleozoic age.

That night was passed in blankets around a fire. When day dawned, we had company. One of the Guard, perhaps the one that held the animated discussion with the Professor, was standing by the fire, blanketed, belted, and pistoled. I have seen handsomer men, but never one whose face will remain with me longer. I have seen it often in my dreams since. It was an epitome of villainy. As a precautionary movement, Flory passed the *mescal*, and then the expanse he would have called his face became transformed. The *cañons* and copses where the brigand expression lurked filled up and cleared away with the sunshine of a smile that was pleasant, and so much in contrast with his ordinary expression that it would provoke confidence. He examined the heavens through the bottle and became sociable. Story dubbed him Blucher, because as he rode away he reminded him of the old Prussian's appreciation of London on first view, "Lord, what a city to sack!" He was social, especially with the Professor; indeed, to the extent of examining his luggage. Whether this attention—from which the rest were exempt—had any special reference to the Professor's boast, in their late interview, about "plenty of money," we will never know, as we had only that coincidence, together with a lurking smile that nestled in his scraggy beard and played like sunlight ripples in the aforesaid *cañons*. All of us liked Blucher, except the Professor. How long we would have

had to wait is just such a thing as would cause Dundreary to exclaim, "No fellah can tell," had not Don Conrado Aguirre, a wealthy sheepherder come along. He had some connection with the stage company, and moved up the lary *Guarda de la Estacion* to something like life. Don Conrado breakfasted with us, and in his kindly attentions, frank, open manners, and cordial bearing, left a memory of himself in the minds of the party not soon to fade.

Out from Agua Sacra fifteen miles we overtook Blucher, who was on horseback. The stage was rattling rapidly along, and Blucher had to gallop to keep up. He turned up a bottle, and "irrigated" without breaking his pace, and the frown that stole in among his grizzly whiskers and climbed up under the shadows of his *sombrero*, made a darker gloaming in the *cañons*. Night was again falling as we rode into Magdalena, the Colonel yelling, "Ha-ha! Yo-yo!" and cracking his whip like pistol shots over the mules' backs. Dogs, people, *burros*, and hogs got out of the street—or took chances. The bells of the Catholic church were ringing and clanging from the tower in the starlight. As ministers of the priesthood they recalled the words of "The Bells:"

"The people, ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone."

Here we found a town of three or four thousand inhabitants—at least, that is what they told us. As it was night, we did not take the census. We merely got a supper of *frijoles*, *tortillas*, and scrambled eggs, and a box of cigars. The latter cost two dollars and a half, and could not be purchased in Tucson for less than seven dollars. It was with sadness that we here parted with Colonel Miranda—but the sadness was all on the part of the Colonel. *Cocheros* that sleep both day and night, when not "filling up," are a luxury to be dispensed with. While he was getting full he remained awake, and far be it from me to say aught against his work during those fitful moments of faithful labor. The Professor thought he could gauge the flow of *mescal* to such a scientific nicety as to keep the Colonel in a rosy-hued stage of getting drunk all the time; but the Colonel's mechanism, under the influence of his national drink, was as irregular as the time of a repaired watch. He would just amble along in the most orthodox way imaginable for a while; then, without any perceptible warning, would dash off into a

big drunk, and, turning his muscadine-looking eyes toward the Professor, would yield him the reins, and fall off into sleep with the remark, "Brofezer, you jiz drove while I zlepe—zlep none in a week." At least, this is what Story said was a liberal translation of his remarks. While sober he let things happen; his eyes looked far away into the green pastures of ideality, and his lips murmured snatches of some serenade that had been on duty centuries ago in the bowered courts of Granada.

We had another *cochero*, an old friend of the Professor, and the object of his most stilted laudations. We never knew whether this was intended as a sarcasm, or was the result of misplaced confidence. He was the noisiest driver on earth. "Ya-ya-ya! Hoop-la! He-he-he! Hi-hi-hi! Yoh, yoh, yoh!" rolled in one unbroken stream from him. As the preachers say, he "labored" his way. All night long he rained ejaculations. Beginning early, in a mist of complimentary ones, it gradually deepened as the train got slower, till during the latter part of the night it rained "big guns." It discounted a coyote convention. It let up only once, when he missed the road, and had to get out and look up the estray. As soon as he was straight again, the windows of his heavens were opened, and the deluge got to business again. Sleep was impossible. As day was struggling for existence we tried to sing one of those simple ballads of youth. Story struck in with a bass not to be mistaken even in a Centennial chorus by those who had ever been near him while he slept. Flory gave us the variations of the "Chamounix," while the Professor trailed in as if afraid to take the lead in anything but buying feed from a Coast Guard. Then there arose on the air a volume of chaos. It was our *cochero*. His soul was moved to music, too. In less than two bars all our guns were spiked, musically speaking, and the *cochero* camped upon the field. At first he tracked the tune, and, in the main, kept to its general direction, though he recognized no grooves. As soon as we ceased he drifted away upon a billowy sea of improvisations, in reckless defiance of the musical compass. He was reveling in a bath of music—of his own make. In the gray dawn we saw the coyote, with tail between his legs and raised bristles, skulking away, growling, behind sage-brush, while mule-rabbits fled for dear life, terror flashing from their peaceful rumps, as they glinted hastily, in long leaps, over the stunt brush. There was nothing like it in rabbit experience or tradition. The folklore of this numerous and prosperous family gives no account of anything so like the time spoken of in Genesis, when chaos had it all its

way. They had evidently not heard Senator Logan's great effort on the Constitution. "*Sauve qui peut*" was written upon everything that could run or fly. It had a moving effect, this song.

I wish to say a word for the Mexican *cochero*. As I have seen him in action, I claim the privilege and the pleasure. I am aware that I tread on semi-sacred ground, for the *cochero* is popular the world over, and I have often heard stories of his social prowess at stations and on the "upland lawn." The *cochero* is not pretty, but he is picturesque and memorable. Neither is he timid. The rolling clouds of dust have for him a charm, while the hottest summer sunbeams just glance off him without injury, and go frying away. He loves *mescal* and cheese. He has a voice of great endurance, and a tongue that never tires. He is generally two, one to hold the reins and yell, the other to use the whip and throw stones. Every few miles he loads up half a bushel of them, the size of goose eggs, and the way they whiz, and pelt, and ricochet about from haunch to ears, is tantalizing to the mules. They dread rocks more than whip or yells. The *cochero* loves music, and, though his taste is not always faultless, his devotion soars above reproach. He is original, and has never been known to follow a tune. He despises that mediocrity of musical power that cannot make its own music on the spur of the occasion. He would "draw" a house in a large American city—but wouldn't promise to hold it long. The coyote fears him only when he sings. That animal's style of getting out of hearing says as plainly as if he spoke in Low Dutch, "There he is, sawing bones again." The *cochero* feels kindly to his passengers, and gives them all kinds of information they wish, unless they become unreasonable and demand accuracy. The Professor asked one for information, and got it:

"How far is it to Hermosillo?"

"A little way."

"Is it a league?"

"Yes."

"Five leagues?"

"Yes."

"Three leagues?"

"Yes."

"Seven leagues?"

"Yes."

"How far is it?"

"Not far."

"Ten leagues?"

"Yes."

"Fifteen leagues?"

"Yes."

"Forty leagues?"

"Yes."

"How many then?"

"Right out yonder."

"Can we get there to-night?"

"Yes."

"By to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"It will take us a week, will it not?"

"Yes."

"You know exactly how far it is?"

"Yes."

The Professor said something about truth, but as the *cochero* had drifted away into one of those labyrinths of noise, it was lost on him. This was his old friend.

The team usually consists of six horses or mules, two at the tongue, with four abreast. The roads are hard and level, and they average about seven miles to the hour. The stages are often rheumatic relics of patriarchal times, broken here and there, and lashed up with rawhide, one of the staple commodities of Mexico. When anything is needed, "rawhide" flashes into the Mexican mind like a healthy and decided jack-fish into a clear pool, and then follows a somewhat abbreviated and second-class schedule trailing slowly behind. If Mexican children are like the American animal, the following scene may not unfrequently occur:

Teacher—"José, what is the staple commodity of the United Mexican States?"

Boy—"Rawhide."

T.—"What did Cortes cross the ocean in?"

B.—"Rawhide."

T.—"Of what are stage-coaches made?"

B.—"Rawhide."

T.—"What are the elements of cheese?"

B.—"Rawhide."

T.—"What is money made of?"

B.—"Rawhide."

This may account for the irreverent way Arizonians have of speaking of Mexican silver as "rawhide." These people may, and do, in fact, at times, make mistakes in laying all frailties, as well as special virtues, at the door of rawhide; but the practical small boy, the world over, spies out the chances, and in that country cannot fail to attain a decent average by relying upon that popular stage-coach material, and yelling "rawhide" as often as confronted by an interrogation. At length this thought becomes the deepest groove in the intellect, and he is nationalized.

Early in this memorable night a little incident occurred worthy of notice. The night was dark—overcast with clouds—and it was with difficulty the road could be distinguished on the alkaline *mesa*. To prevent the recurrence of

our first night's mishap, Flory had purchased a hand-lantern and a dozen candles. Before our *cochero* had gathered his clouds, and began to rain such floods of ejaculations, it was decided to light the lantern, and hang it over the dashboard, so as to throw the light to the front and upon the road. One was to hold the strap, which was fastened to the handle of the lantern. Its preparation was in the hands of Story and the Professor, who were riding on the front seat with our reservoir of music. After preparing it, the Professor let it down quietly over the iron rim of the coach. Riding on two hundred yards in a gloom as profound as before, Flory leaned forward, and the following interesting conversation took place:

Flory—"What's the matter? Light out?"

Professor—"Believe it is. Pull her in, Story."

Story—"Pull her in? Pull her in yourself."

Professor—"How the mischief can I?"

Story—"By the strap, of course."

Professor—"Pull her in by the strap yourself."

Story—"Where is it?"

Professor—"Blamed if I know."

Story—"Neither do I."

The stage stopped, and all looked and felt for the lantern. Flory got out and looked under the coach, and then remarked:

"By Jove!"

Looking in the direction his dusky arm pointed, there was the lantern, two hundred yards back in the wood, faithfully performing its duty. It looked lonely. The Professor gazed at Story, while the spectacles of the latter were turned upon him; and, catching the faint show of light from a star peeping through a break in the clouds, disclosed a face of blank gravity. It was a face that always inspired confidence. The Professor was one day trying to settle with a *señora* for a dinner for the party, but she distrusted him and a piece of American silver. The Professor could not make her believe. Story turned upon her his look of confirmation, remarking,

"Oh, it is all right; it's good."

Though she knew not one word of English, she was convinced. The Professor afterward remarked, that in that trying hour Story's face, behind his glasses, looked like an affidavit, *jurat* and all. Story thought the Professor held the strap of the lantern, while the latter was equally sure it reposed in the trustful hands of Story, and when he sent the lantern over the dash, concluded that his part of the enterprise was over, and dismissed it from his mind. Story, also, dismissed the subject; and so complete was their mutual confidence that they would have reached Hermosillo believing they had

traveled all night by the light of that lantern. That morning we had a real Mexican *posta* breakfast—not one of those flanked by American adjuncts, and its individuality destroyed by the presence of the foreign element. It was distinctively Sonorian and sternly patriotic. The *Guarda de la Estacion* had a wife and five children that ranged along down from a six-year old, like little stairs, to the wee dusky-limbed fellow rolling about the dirt floor. There was no chimney, fire-place, or range, nor, as the solemn old Be-it-Enacted of the nation would say, "anything of like kind or purpose." A fire burned among some rocks in the center of the house; a piece of sheet-iron lay across them, upon which the *señora* cooked *tortillas*. These are their wafers of wheat bread, and are good, when one gets to liking them. The *frijoles* were warming in an earthen pot. She scrambled a dozen eggs, and made coffee in an antique tin. There were no chairs nor table in the house; no bed; no furniture. The only comfortable things we saw were a pig and two hens sitting in one corner. Breakfast was served on a palm mat, spread on the ground; we crouched about it in the best way we could, and while we ate felt that we were living in the third century before Christ. All that day we kept a look out for a Rebecca at a well, and would, perhaps, have found her—had there been a well. Two and a half dollars would have been a good price for everything in the room. Here, at last, I had found a family prepared for burglars. They had only to say, "Help yourselves, gentlemen," and the burglars would have been poorer. Story said he liked *tortillas* in the abstract, but, in a practical way, they made him think all the time that he was eating his napkin. *Frijoles* are the national dish of Mexico. While the raw vegetable in size, color, and general direction of taste resembles the southern peas, under Mexican manipulation they acquire a flavor the others never attain. The Mexican cook directs her almost undivided science to this dish. The *frijol* is wholesome and nourishing, and fattens like beer. Flory said that he had a friend who bought another and larger chair every six months for the first year and a half of his stay in Mexico, and then got mad, and had an eight-foot bench made, and camped on that. Fortunately, however, for these people, *tortillas* and *carne seca* counteract the tendencies of the *frijol*.

The Professor was the "rustler" of the party, and he *could* rustle. He demonstrated that at Aqua Sacra. We never held him responsible for results; if he *rustled* we were satisfied. If he got into trouble for us we freely forgave him. Having stopped to change horses at a *posta*, he

made known to the *señora* that we wished dinner. She had nothing. No eggs, no chickens, no nothing, but *carne seca* and *frijoles*. She, however, had a pretty, dark-eyed daughter, with a wealth of blue-black hair, cupid-bow lips, and teeth that were perfect. He began praising her beauty. He was coquetting for dinner—the courteous, chivalric Professor. The *señora* said she was looking for a rich husband for her daughter; whereupon, the Professor remarked that he was going below to buy a mine, and on his return would bring a *padre*, and take *Señorita Dolores* away in legal form. He was accepted, and smiles, *tortillas*, coffee with sugar, eggs, and steak, soon graced a small table, supported by a mournful dog; at least, he sat under the table all the time unmolested. We found him there; we left him at his post. After dinner the Professor engaged the mother and daughter in a pleasant chat. We asked him to interpret for us, as we wanted to say something to the pretty girl—only a few remarks. To this he replied, "Not I," and, smilingly, went on with the talk. We were in trouble—wall-flowers in the desert. There was only one Spanish phrase in our united vocabularies; only one shot in our locker—so to speak—and Flory owned that, all unbeknown to the basking Professor. Flory was desperate, and, turning to the *señora*, in the most serious way said:

"Señora, este caballero tiene una esposa y cuatro hijos con cabello rubio en Tucson." (Madam, this gentleman has a wife and four red-headed children in Tucson.)

The sun of the Professor's popularity set suddenly in a great black night, and left not even a gloaming. True, a sickly, sold-out smile spread over the evening sky of the *señora's* face, but it had none of the rosy tints of the dying day in it. Dolores wrapped her *rebozo* about her head, cast one swift, dark, reproachful glance at the Professor, whose face had taken on the lightning-bug glow of his whiskers, then swept it flashing indignation toward Flory, and rushed away to weep bitter tears over the shattered castle of an hour's dream. The Professor vowed it was a falsehood, and when the thunders still gathered in the maternal face, he pronounced it a thin joke, and when that failed, he wanted to go—wasn't in a particular hurry; only wanted to go. As the team was not ready, he went out and studied a solemn looking crow on a picket, and had company enough.

The day we reached Hermosillo was a field day; that is, we had reached the plains where antelope graze and mule-rabbits are numerous. It was a beautiful sight to see a herd of the former dash away, bounding gracefully as the sweep of billows for miles across the open,

grassy plain, to become a scarcely undulating speck in the distance, and thus go out. It almost lulled one to repose to see the graceful sweep of their delicately fashioned bodies, clearly defined against the yellowish brown of the sacaton, heading across the vast flats for almost an hour in an unbroken gallop, as regular as the movements of an accurately adjusted machine, it seemed so without exertion and flurry. Just as we are enjoying the picture of bounding antelope, yellowish sacaton plains, fringed in the distance by the dark mesquite, and overlooked by solemn, sun-scorched mountains, a mule-rabbit springs from behind a clump of bushes and strikes off. At first it is an easy gallop, with an aristocratic *nonchalance*, his tall ears reared aloft like small sails, and so thin that the sunlight peeped through them with a pinkish hue, added to the usual gray-white. Bang! goes a pistol, and the grass near him quivers. He stops and looks back, his eyes glaring like two small burglar lamps. Bang! goes another shot, that tears up the gravel under him. Then he lays aside the aristocrat and gets to work. By the time the gravel begins to fall, he is twenty yards away, his sails furled, the masts upon which they are rigged are laid flat upon his back, and buoyant, restless, impulsive life has taken possession of his feet. At every spring, a thin mist of dust flies up behind, through which his long form is seen bounding, six feet at a spring, and too rapid to count. Bang! bang! bang! go the other pistols, but it is no use. He is on fast schedule time, and in half a minute the white expanse of rump flashed over a distant bunch of grass and was gone. We shot away several boxes of pistol cartridges, with no other result than some fast time. It generally takes one shot to arrest attention; the second one produces the work, while the third and fourth are thrown away. No man could hit one with a pistol when "down to his knitting," though the ever present flag of truce carried aft is a good mark.

Much has been said about the fleetness of the coyote, but, after all, the Sonora mule-rabbit presents the greatest possibility in the way of unutilized, unreclaimed adaptability of lightning express capacity on record. We never hear of a tired one. Set him going on the largest mesa, and make your nicest calculation—he will be gaining on time as his form whirls, like a gray speck, out of sight behind the impediments two miles away. Walk the distance, and you will take an oath it is five. He never slinks, like the coyote, and his tail is not in the way. It is a perpetual flag of truce, protesting against war and praying for the millennium. His soul loathes personal encounters. The coy-

ote will attack a few weak and defenseless creatures—especially if they are dead—but the mule-rabbit attacks nothing. He has one inviolable method of settling controversies. He is a proof of the compensations of nature. His capacious ears can hear the whispers of danger three miles away, and though it approaches on the wings of the storm, when it gets there he is studying the rainbow hues of the sunlight shining through his ears in a valley on the other side of the "divide." All his powers are concentrated in his capacity to run, and were this capacity divided and distributed in equal portions, he would possess the most perfect and rounded character on earth; he would have the strength of an ox, the patience of all the sons of Job, and the self-assurance of the average Congressman. One would suppose, after witnessing a few of these bounds, so full of life and vigor, that he was tenacious of life. A greater mistake could not be made. The Professor, who is something of a naturalist, assured us that a bird-shot through the tip of his right breast will break his left hind leg. We believe he is the victim of his capacities. The chief business of his eyes and ears is to keep a lookout for danger; when they find it they send a kind of telegraphic message to his legs, and they then take charge of the situation. He has no choice in the matter, being, so to speak, in the hands of his legs.

Hermosillo, the capital of Sonora, is a beautiful city of nine thousand inhabitants, situated on the Rio Sonora, and surrounded by groves and fields, save on the south, where a bold rock rises several hundred feet above the valley. It overlooks the town, and is said to have been a strategic point during the revolutions. The palm of victory was accorded to him who got possession of it. The city has some pleasant residences, while a plaza, set with orange trees, nestles in the heart of the town. It is the headquarters of the military division of Sonora. But such a military! We saw them on parade, and will take the spectacle along as a fragrant memory. Beginning at the spruce white cap, you pass down the apologetic features of the long blue coat to the greasy linen trousers and *guauches*, or sandals. These are mere rawhide soles, from which strings (also rawhide) pass up between the toes over the unwashed feet, and fasten around the ankle. Traveling from head to foot there is an increase in geometric ratio of shabbiness. The soldier seemed to regard his feet as distant and foreign provinces, that are scarcely worth attention. While in line we noted the Mexican law of variety in the slant of guns and the angle of feet, that ranged from a broad turn-out to a most decided pigeon-toe.

It was necessary, up to a few years ago, to keep a considerable force on hand to prevent revolutions. Politics was then a matter of mere personal following, and the leader had but to beat a drum upon the plaza and a thousand men would rally to his fortunes. These revolutions were never as serious as supposed by the outside world, as every step the news traveled added to its magnitude. In America revolution means bloodshed, and plenty of it; here it means a political change, with a sauce of lawlessness. But be this as it may, they are in Sonora almost, if not actually, things of the past. Most of the inhabitants of this State live in towns. The better-informed class are bitterly opposed to these outbreaks, while the lower class are learning that peace and protection to person and property insure development, prosperity, wealth, and happiness, and have so far changed that they, in the later revolutions, fled in great numbers from the leader into the mountains and out of the trouble. Those who understand the temper of the Sonorians now have but little apprehension for the future. American capital and energy are going into Sonora in considerable quantities, and already begin to show signs of their impress upon the order of the country. From what we have seen of the Mexican character, we are induced to believe they went into these revolutions more from a sense of duty to country than from a lawless instinct for plunder. This love of country and pride of native soil is a strong and prominent trait of the Mexican. His excesses are chiefly the fruits of ignorance, now rapidly passing away in Sonora under the attrition of American ideas and precedent. Scattered over Sonora are some of the richest mines and mineral deposits on the globe, and not a few are today being successfully operated by Americans. While traveling through Sonora a distance of six hundred miles, we were never molested or ill treated; on the other hand, we were as well received as the poverty of the people would warrant. We saw nowhere any evidence of hatred toward Americans. It may have existed, but, if so, it was so concealed as to defy our search for it. The number of Americans there mining and ranching is larger than we expected to see. While there, Mr. Doyle, of San Francisco, purchased a large mine for \$200,000, as we learned, and an Eastern firm purchased three-fifths of the great Mulatos lead, perhaps the largest body of free milling gold ore in the world. Up to a few months ago the Apaches held the great chain of the Sierra Madre, and not only kept operators out, but drove away many who were engaged in mining in those rich districts. Now they are in turn

driven out, and the American prospector, with his stout heart and unerring rifle, is here to bring to light the precious metals, and give the Apache such a reception as he don't fancy. The Apache rule in the Sierra Madre is over.

The mining law in Mexico is largely derived from the *Ordenanzas de Minería* of Spain, and, in many respects, is superior to ours. They require work to be carried on eight months in the year; but the political officer has the power, upon a sufficient showing, to grant a prorogue for eight months, which means a practical suspension of that provision of the law as to the particular property. It would transcend the limits of this paper to go into any detailed statement of the peculiar features of this system. Suffice it to say, that as mining, under Spanish domination and since, has been one of the most important industries of Mexico, it has been kindly recognized and carefully fostered by the laws.

At Hermosillo we met Don Carlos Plitz, a native of Germany, and for many years superintendent of mining in California and Nevada, and who now owns and operates a mine at Chipinaña, near Ures, and from whom we learned many interesting features of practical mining in Sonora. Years ago there grew up a kind of mining law, founded upon peculiar necessities, that is in force to-day. By it the superintendent of a mine has certain civil jurisdiction, subject to the revision of the highest judicial officer of the district, and criminal jurisdiction to the extent of a committing magistrate. He can assume jurisdiction of controversies among the miners, settle disputes, impose small fines, punish offenders, and, in fine, has such powers of local police as are necessary to protect his interests. As the miners are generally remote from towns and cities, where the regular officers reside, the necessity for this power is apparent. The superintendent generally keeps a store near the mine to supply the miners, and the law prescribes a system of bookkeeping between them. Instead of figures they use signs, adopted by legislation, and which, for the illiterate miner, is a protection. The scale is briefly thus:

•	equals three cents.
—	equals half a bit.
⋈	equals a bit, or 12½ cents.
△	equals half a dollar.
⊕	equals one dollar.
⋈	equals five dollars.
⋈	equals ten dollars.

At the opening of every month each hand is furnished a *boleto*, or bill in blank, upon which

the superintendent, under the miner's eye, places the price of everything purchased at the time, and also charges it on his books. This *boleto* is kept by the miner in a hollow stick, or quill, and protects him from false charges. So then if, at the end of a month, a miner's *boleto* stands thus:

✓✓/X00•/X0X//

he knows that he owes \$33.40½, and if the bookkeeper has more charged it cannot be collected. If this miner is receiving \$30.00 per month, the excess of \$3.40½ is carried on to the *boleto* for the second month, and he is to that extent a peon, and belongs to the creditor till it is paid. Or, more properly, the creditor has a lien upon his person for the debt. If he runs away he may be arrested anywhere in the republic, and returned to the creditor, who adds the charges and expenses to the debt owing by the peon, to be worked out, or his life spent in the effort. In the hands of shrewd, unprincipled men they generally do the latter. The system is fine—at least, for the owner of the store. For the peon it is quite another question. The Mexican legislator, perhaps, reasons that the laborer has his *boleto* to show him his financial latitude and longitude, and if he puts his head in the halter it's his own affair.

We left Hermosillo, with its *adobe* walls and beautiful orange, citron, and lime groves, at night, taking a conveyance for Guaymas. Soon we were all asleep, the rumbling of the vehicle over the smooth, hard road making a gentle lullaby. Nothing disturbed us but a *bronco* horse, that concluded that thirty-five miles was enough for one night, and set to kicking. He kicked his partner loose and out of the road, then did likewise to both wheelers, and was paying his respects to the front of the hack, when we got out. There were steps to the sides, but we preferred to get out behind. A piece of trace singing by, on its way out of the country, didn't disturb us. The road was hard, and we lay on each other, Story and Flory on top of me. Mine was a fine strategic position. Both the others would get it first, so I begged them to be still. Coming down, as they did, they weighed a ton; a mad *bronco's* heels would weigh two. Things were flying around generally, and the hack conducting a masterly retreat, every kick threatening to run over us. We moved out to one side. The Pro-

fessor was all this time coolly standing out of danger's way, and advising us to be quiet, that the *bronco* would quit after a while.

During all next day, till four in the afternoon, we dashed along through clouds of dust, whirling up from the powdered road-bed. We had four horses to the hack; four others were driven ahead, while two extra third and fourth assistant drivers cantered alongside our horses, yelling, throwing sticks and stones, and popping whips. Every twenty miles we halted at *postas* to rest a few minutes and let the animals drink. Don't imagine that we were traveling in state. Horses cost little here, and we had given the owner of this outfit a small sum to put us in Guaymas by the evening. Could we have gone by proxy, we would have hired a Pima Indian for a dollar a day, and he would have made the round trip in three days. He stands not very far behind the coyote on questions of personal transportation. These are queer people. They take a pride in being guides, and as such are invaluable and faithful to the utmost of human nature. One will make a contract to travel in the mountains with you. You ride; he foots it in preference. He is skirmisher, vanguard, vidette, cook, and general utility man. With his rifle and wallet of provisions, he climbs mountains and strides over plains without a long breath. You can sleep in safety alone with him one hundred miles from a house. He is the incarnation of faithfulness, until you return, settle with him, and give him his discharge. When the obligation is ended, he will steal your knife, a piece of tobacco, or anything, if you are not looking. His faithfulness dams up a reservoir of plundering, covetous wishes that, surging for an outlet, slop over at once when the obligation is ended. He then hoists the flood-gates. He never makes long contracts. Under a long one, he would get so full as to be in danger of an explosion.

After several days spent at Guaymas, Story shipped to San Francisco, and we returned to Hermosillo, where Flory purchased a mule, spurs, hair-rope, blankets, slung his Winchester across his saddle, and started for the mountains. Flory is good rider. We saw him tried. A bucking mule meets its match when it starts to the mountains with Flory. The Professor and I returned at our leisure to Tucson; but of this trip we say, as did the historian who came to two hundred years of which he was ignorant, and disposed of it by writing, "Nothing of importance occurred."

JAMES WYATT OATES.

NOTE BOOK.

CONVERSATION was one of the occupations in which our good great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers found much solace. It is a pleasant picture, this courtly group, with their grand manners and their fine talk—somewhat stilted, perhaps, but as full of stately courtesy as language can hold. Conversation comes of leisure, and nowadays we have no leisure. We must go straight at a thing, must probe it without indirection to its depth. As a result, we have small-talk and discussion—but no conversation. The discussion is to *convince*; the small-talk is a pitiful bridging over of the present moment until the work comes—it is an admission that we have neither time nor inclination to bestow anything of value upon the present occasion and company. All our democratic tendencies are polemic. Dr. Johnson, notwithstanding his loyalty, was at heart a democrat, and he was a confirmed disputant. To constitute true conversation, several elements must combine. There must be no heat—the cudgel must be thrown away—for minds will not become friends so long as there is antagonism. Then there should be knowledge—not necessarily profound, but enough to keep abreast of the subject—for haphazard opinions, formed and expressed on the moment, are utterly valueless. But most important in true conversation is honesty—the intellectual rectitude which is imperceptible, intangible, but which is always recognized and respected. It is impossible to converse—to do anything more than talk—with a man who does not believe what he asserts, who is moved to advance ideas for their novelty, their brilliancy, or, for that matter, if he does not believe them, for their truth. Intellectual and moral honesty should coëxist in conversation. Mutual respect and self-respect should both be present. Then interchange of opinion becomes possible, and this seldom, if ever, takes place in discussion. It is a great pity we cannot have more calm, dispassionate conversation. If I have half thought out a subject and am stopped by my limitations, and my neighbor has also come half way on the other side, it is a pity that we cannot help each other to a full understanding—that we cannot get together without each contending vehemently that his half is the whole.

THE BRADLAUGH CASE, as was foreseen, ended by the adoption of Gladstone's resolution, admitting the former to take the affirmation and to his position in the House of Commons. This resolution was made a standing rule for future cases. Except for the erratic course of Bradlaugh himself this result would have followed as a matter of course. That Bradlaugh was a person of unusual insignificance, a demagogue who appeals only to the element of discontent, simplified and abstracted the questions involved, and made the triumph of common sense the greater, inasmuch as there could be no suspicion of any personal favoritism to Bradlaugh himself. By the decision reached it is practically settled that the choice of a representative is with the constituency alone, and that this choice, once made, shall not be rendered inoperative by any religious impedi-

ments or obstructions. If Bradlaugh had been rejected it would have defeated the expressed wishes of the borough which elected him, and this solely on the ground of a religious disqualification. While we entirely disagree with Bradlaugh's belief, or, rather, lack of belief, in regard to the existence of a God, we fail to appreciate how such difference can bear upon the question of the right of a constituency to elect him as their representative, or his right to sit if elected. We may impugn the taste of a people who desire to be represented by such a member, but it is for them, not for us, to choose. That this doctrine should have been vigorously contested in a country where, a few years since, the daughter of a clergyman was refused permission to put the word "Reverend" on her father's tombstone because he had not belonged to the official church, is not strange. But that the resolution was adopted, and religious disqualification forever abolished, is a credit to the distinguished statesman who is at the head of the English Government, as well as to those who aided him by word and by vote.

A POLITICAL ARTICLE appears in this number of THE CALIFORNIAN, and, during the discussion consequent upon a Presidential election, other political contributions are promised from the pens of our most able and distinguished writers. In its higher sense we recognize the question of government as of the first importance, and believe that our columns should be open to calm discussions of political matters. We recognize the right of all sides to be fully heard, and we presume that it is unnecessary to announce that the writers whose names are appended to the several papers are alone responsible for the sentiments therein contained. We shall not prune or distort articles to make them conform to our own convictions; nor, on the other hand, shall we consider ourselves in any way bound by the opinions or statements of the contributors.

THE ONLY STANDARD IN ART seems to be the individual tastes of a majority of cultivated people. That art has been subject to fashion and to the wildest vagaries, the history of all time abundantly establishes. Of late years, however, the idea has been gaining ground that art should copy nature, and that pictures should, in some degree, resemble the objects they are intended to represent. Now, the editor of this magazine has no pretensions as an art critic, and out of the plenitude of his modesty has relegated the "Art and Artists" department to an eminent specialist, who, in all probability, would promptly expose our "fallacies" if we were to submit this note. But, nevertheless, we adhere pugnaciously to our theory, that nature is distinct, well defined, definite, satisfactory. The atmosphere may sometimes soften outlines, but it rarely makes a tree look less like a tree than before; and if occasionally this effect is produced it is a rare and by no means a constant mood.

We are led to make these remarks from a careful examination of several numbers of a leading magazine, to which the most eminent writers contribute, and which is edited with remarkable discrimination and ability. No expense is spared in the endeavor to make the illustrations entirely worthy of the articles, the authors, and the publication. The first picture to which we turn, in the number before us, looks dizzy. Carefully covering up the print with our hand we try to make out the subject without consulting the name. After some study we decide that it is a duck-pond, with a girl in the center of the water. How she got there or why she remains is not clear. A friend is called in, who pronounces the "water" to be clover, in which the maiden is standing. We are both agreed on the femininity of the central figure. Removing our hand, we find the sub-

ject to be something which is entirely foreign to our conjectures. With the aid of the name we slowly make out of the nebulous mass the form and shape that is indicated in the text. Thinking the artist may have desired to delineate one of Nature's hazy moods above referred to we turn to other engravings, with much the same result. Now, is this art? Our art editor would, probably, answer, "Yes;" and would, no doubt, wander off into a technical explanation which we would not understand, but which, we are charitable enough to admit, would mean something intelligible to him. But, after he had finished, these questions would not have been answered satisfactorily: "Does it resemble anything in the heavens or on the earth?" and "Why make everything with such indistinctness, when Nature herself is so only at intervals?"

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

USEFUL SHAMS.

One of the most noted features of modern industry is the ingenuity and skill displayed in devising cheap substitutes for rare or expensive articles in general demand. Celluloid may be instanced as one of those modern inventions which has been very largely employed as a substitute for various kinds of raw material. It is, perhaps, best known as a substitute for ivory. For many of the purposes for which that material has been employed, celluloid, although an imitation, a sham, is really better than the ivory itself, as it possesses not only all the strength and elasticity of that material, but it is also free from any tendency to warp, and does not discolor with age. The applications of celluloid are so various and well known that they do not need enumeration here. Among the other products which have also been successfully imitated are meerschaum, horn, and coral. These imitation products are manufactured from the pulp of potatoes, turnips, or carrots, treated with sulphuric acid, and are fully equal in every useful respect to the genuine articles. The manufacture of imitation precious stones has also become quite an important industry. Diamonds are now so perfectly imitated that, when properly cut, their refractive power is almost equal to the genuine article of the first water. Some artificial diamonds which were exhibited in the same case, side by side with real diamonds of the first water, attracted much attention at the late Paris Exhibition. The real diamond has been produced on a small scale by artificial means; but whether the process can be made profitable remains to be proved. Any person can convert a diamond into charcoal, but it is not easy to reconvert that coal into a diamond. Artificial pearls are so skillfully made as to deceive all but the most practiced experts. The natural alzarine of madder, which a few years ago represented an agricultural industry amounting to \$10,000,000 a year, is now almost entirely superseded by a chemical product which can be made for one-third the price of the former, and equally as good in quality. The aniline colors have not only supplanted those of former products, but they have added to our textile fabrics a great number of formerly unknown

but most beautiful shades. The value of the annual product of these artificial dyes—all the products of the chemical laboratory—is now fully \$16,000,000. The ultramarine of to-day—a substitute for that of a few years ago, which was prepared from lapis-lazuli at a cost of about \$400 to the pound—is now produced for twenty-five cents per pound, while the annual consumption has increased from a few hundred pounds to over eleven thousand tons. The ladies may be both interested and astonished to learn that even ostrich feathers, the coveted court plumes of fashion, are not all plucked from the king of birds. Imitations of spun glass and silk on a celluloid quill are the "shams" which are nowadays often imposed on ladies for one-fifth of the cost which they would have to pay for the genuine article. The costly animal product known as "eider down" is rapidly being replaced by a much cheaper and a really better vegetable product obtained from the silky coverings of certain seeds. The qualities which recommend this "sham" are immunity from the attacks of moths and other vermin, and a lightness, elasticity, softness, and warmth equal to the genuine article. The above, and some other articles which might be mentioned, may be included under the general head of "useful shams," as contradistinguished from the many mischievous and hurtful imitations which are now being imposed upon the public. The former are a result of legitimate manufacturing ingenuity and scientific skill, and furnish cumulative proof of the rapid strides with which skill and science are invading the domain of nature in searching out useful substitutes for the more expensive raw materials and articles of general use and demand.

ELECTRICITY IN CYCLONES.

Professor John H. Tice, a well known meteorologist of St. Louis, has recently been studying the phenomena connected with the storms which have lately passed over portions of Missouri, and other Mississippi States, with very desolating effects. One of the phenomena connected with the Marshfield tornado was the manifest presence of a wave, or wash, of water, which swept

along the storm-track, sometimes furrowing the ground in its progress. One of the most marked peculiarities connected with this special phenomenon was the fact that its presence was more apparent where the course of the storm ascended a hill, than when it passed over either descending or level ground. Fibrous roots, tufts of grass, bushes, etc., were left pointing *up* the hill, instead of down. Such would naturally be the case where a column of water was carried along in the tubular vacuum produced by a whirlwind—the lower portion of the column would naturally strike rising ground, and pass lightly over that which was descending or level. Again, it is said there was little or no wind outside of the immediate “whirl,” and the tornado generally passed over wooden roofs, doing very little damage, but utterly demolishing any roof in its track which was covered with tin or iron. A mill, situated a quarter of a mile from the center of disturbance, had its iron chimney torn away and hurled to quite a distance. The cupola of another building, which was covered with tin, was completely wrecked, but the wooden roof over the main portion of the structure was uninjured. The bodies of trees were stripped of their bark, the ends of the green branches denuded of both leaves and bark and rifted into fine fibres—literally broomed out at their extremities—while the dry limbs were not seriously disturbed. Effects such as these can be accounted for only by the presence of an unusual quantity of electricity, which attacks iron and leaves undisturbed the wood work connected therewith. Under its influence, the sap beneath the bark of trees, and in their smaller branches, may be instantly converted into vapor, expanding some two thousand times in volume, with such an explosive force as to throw off the bark, shatter the trunk and larger branches, and split the green twigs into fibres. The conditions required to produce a cyclone is an almost total absence of atmospheric disturbance over a wide area, united with a high temperature. The heating of the lower stratum of air causes it to rise, when, of course, there is a rush of air from all sides to the center of disturbance. This naturally generates a whirling column, which immediately commences an onward motion, both motions constantly accelerating in rapidity and violence until a point beyond the original disturbing causes is reached. These sudden changes of temperature and violent disturbances of the atmosphere are competent to generate and set in action electric forces of the most extensive and intense character. If the moving column chances to pass over a body of water, the vacuum created in the center of the whirl is filled with a column of that element, which, in its onward motion, might produce such phenomena as were witnessed at Marshfield. “Cloud-burst” is a name given to a class of phenomena altogether distinct, and produced in a manner quite different, from the above.

SCIENCE IN FLOUR MANUFACTURE.

Until recently it was believed that the only thing to be sought for in the production of a good article of flour was a more or less fine disintegration of the kernels of wheat. As long as millers held to the theory that “grinding” was all that was required, a large percentage of the flour had its nutritive powers greatly reduced by being ground to an impalpable dust. Science, by aid of the microscope, has shown that no really good bread can be made from flour, in which any large portion of the starch globules have been thus broken down.

The rising of bread is due to the starch globules which remain whole, while the dust from the disintegrated ones, by souring, impairs the lightness and sweetness of the loaf. It is but recently that these facts have been made known to millers, and since that time they have been discarding their old theories and machinery, and devising improvements with the view to *separating* the starch globules, rather than *pulverizing* them. Another important advance in this industry consists of an improvement in bolting machines. Until recently the bran was separated from the flour by a powerful air-blast, which blows off the light particles of bran. Considerable power is required for this process, and although it is carried on in a closed room, there is not only a great waste of the finer particles of flour, but the impalpable dust penetrates every part of the mill, and often gives rise to destructive explosions. By a recent invention, electricity is made to take the place of the air-blast. Just over the wire bolting-cloth, which has a rapid reciprocal motion, a number of hard rubber cylinders are kept slowly revolving and rubbing against strips of sheepskin, by which a large amount of frictional electricity is evolved. Then, as the middlings are seized by the reciprocal motion, the lighter bran comes to the top, whence, instead of being blown away by an air-blast, it is attracted to the electrically-charged cylinders, as light substances are attracted to a piece of paper, or a stick of sealing wax, which has been smartly rubbed. The removal of the bran from the rollers and its deposit on one side are readily effected, while the flour is carried in another direction. The separation is thus made complete, with very little loss or dust. Still another device has also been introduced to remove from the wheat, before being ground, small pieces of iron, which, despite the utmost care, will find its way into the grain, working great injury to mill machinery. This trouble is now remedied by the use of a series of magnets, directly under which all the grain is made to pass. These magnets readily capture all the stray pieces of iron from the wire bands used in binding; and they have also revealed the singular fact, that, of the scraps of iron and steel which find their way into the grain, fully one-third are something besides the binding wire. They are of larger proportions, of varying character, and much more hurtful to the machinery than the wire. Thus it is that science is constantly coming to our aid in all our varied industries, lightening the labor of the workman, decreasing the cost of products, and in every way improving all the various processes which are involved in the improved and constantly advancing civilization of the age.

AMERICAN PLATE GLASS.

The manufacture of plate glass is quite a new industry in this country. There are as yet but four companies in operation. The pioneer and the largest works of the kind is located at New Albany, Indiana. It occupies twenty acres of ground, and employs \$1,000,000 of capital. Connected with the works, and under the same management, is another, known as the De Pauw Plate Glass Works, with a capital of \$750,000. These two establishments give employment to upward of one thousand persons. The Ford Plate Glass Works, at Jeffersonville, is operated by a capital of \$600,000, and the Crystal City Works, near St. Louis, employs a capital of \$750,000. This industry is an important one, and as yet furnishes but a very small portion of the plate

glass consumed in the country. That it is profitable may be inferred from well authenticated reports that the most strenuous exertions have been made, by importers and foreign manufacturers, to crush out the business of home manufacture. It is said that efforts have been made, by a combination of those interested in the foreign manufacture, to purchase all the American factories, with a view to tearing them down, and establishing a monopoly of the business in the hands of the foreign manufacturers. Large sums of money, it is also said, have been spent in sustaining a strong lobby at Washington, to bring about either a material reduction or a total abrogation of the tariff on foreign plate glass. It is to be hoped that a business of so much and such growing importance will be fostered by the Government until it shall be able to take care of itself, an advantage which, under proper auspices, it will reach in a very few years.

THE MICROSCOPE IN GEOLOGY.

In no department of natural science has the student heretofore been compelled to tread with more uncertain step than in that of lithology. The interpretation of general geological phenomena has been quite satisfactorily given by Lyell; while the significance of organic remains in the sedimentary rocks has been quite as clearly unfolded by Buffon. But it is only recently that the geologist has been able to study the mineral constituents and minute structure of rocks, so as to decide with any degree of certainty in regard to rock-genesis, or rock-formation. In past times, if we gave a geologist a piece of rock for examination, he would tell us it was quartz, or granite, or trap, as the case might be. He might, perhaps, tell us it contained some kind of metallic substance, and with the aid of the crucible he would be able to tell us how much of the various metals it contained. But ask him about its mineral structure, how it was built up, the forms, nature, and relative condition of its component parts, and he could tell us little or nothing. Through this ignorance of the building up of rocks, great confusion has existed in regard to the whole subject of petrology, and rocks of widely different natures have often been classed by our most learned geologists under the same name. Various methods of investigation had been employed to reach more accurate determinations. The microscope had been brought into requisition in the ordinary way of its use. Chemistry had been invoked, and its searching analysis employed to unveil the secret workings of nature in building up the stony foundations of the earth, but all with little success; and the geologist had about concluded that any further progress in this special department was at an end. Just at this time Mr. Henry Clifton Sorby, an English geologist, resolved to apply the microscope in a new direction. He took thin scales of various rocks, ground them down into exceedingly thin plates, carefully polished these plates, or sections, on both sides, and mounted them on glass slides for examination, by either transmitted or by polarized light, with the view of determining how much they would thus be able to tell of their own history. He worked patiently for a long time in this direction before he reached any satisfactory results, and it is now only some ten or twelve years since he was enabled to announce to the world that what the spectrum had done in revealing the composition and condition of the distant stars, the microscope, in his hands, was doing for the rocks and

sands under our feet. A new and wide field of research was at once opened up, and great numbers of earnest students availed themselves of the opportunity, until now we are able to study not only the intimate structure of coarse or distinctly crystalline rocks, but also to investigate, with the utmost exactness, even the almost infinitely small crystalline structures, determine the form, nature, and position of their granules, study at our leisure the minutest details of their structure, and thus reach most accurate conclusions in regard to their genesis. The microscope is thus becoming not only a great aid, but an indispensable requisite, to the study of geology. It has already thrown a flood of light on a class of rocks that have hitherto been most obscure; it has introduced system where before all was vague and indefinite—in fact, it has quite revolutionized that branch of geology to which this new mode of study has been applied. By this mode of examination, the observer is often astonished to find that a piece of rock, which to the naked eye, or even when examined in bulk by a powerful glass, seems perfectly uniform—of one color and one type—really contains three, four, and perhaps five or more types. By the study of sections, prepared as above, the mining expert is now far better able than ever before to trace the continuity of either vein or wall rock, and note with certainty the minutest change in the rock through which he is working.

A NEW SKATING SURFACE.

An English inventor, after much study and experiment, has, quite recently, devised an entirely new skating surface, which he calls "crystal ice," and which consists of a mixture of various salts, mostly, however, sulphate of soda, which crystallize at ordinary temperatures. This preparation, which is comparatively cheap, is simply spread out, in a plastic condition, from an excess of water, upon an ordinary floor. As soon as the excess of water evaporates the substance becomes crystallized, presenting a surface much resembling ice, quite as hard, and upon which ordinary ice-skates may be used with about equal facility as upon a water-frozen surface. When "cut up" by skaters, its surface can be readily smoothed by a steaming apparatus, and the floor, when once laid, will last for years. It is obvious that such a floor must have many advantages over artificial ice and floors for roller-skating. It is said that the mixture of salts used contains about sixty per cent. of water of crystallization; hence, after all, the floor consists mostly of solidified water. The above facts are obtained from *Nature*, of June 5th, in which it is further stated that a small experimental floor has proved such a complete success that a large skating rink is to be immediately constructed upon this principle.

LUMINOUS PAINT NOT NEW.

Much is being said, just at this time, in regard to the utility and novelty of a luminous paint recently invented by Mr. Balmain. But now comes *Nature*, of June 10th, and informs us that the Japanese were acquainted with the art of luminous painting nine hundred years ago. That publication gives a translation from a Chinese book, written about that time, from which it appears that one Su Ngoh had a Japanese picture of an ox which, it was said, left the frame every day to graze,

and returned every night to sleep within it. This picture finally came into the possession of one of the Chinese Emperors, who showed it to his courtiers, and asked for an explanation, which none of them could give. At last a Buddhist priest informed the Emperor that the Japanese found a substance in a certain kind of oyster,

out of which they manufactured a paint which was invisible by day, but luminous by night. The explanation was given by the writer of the book, that when it was said the ox left the picture by day to go a-grazing, it was simply understood that during the day-time the figure was invisible.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE LOCAL ARTISTS.

In ordinarily prosperous years this is the season artists devote to those pleasant pilgrimages to Nature's shrines, in search of inspiration, motives, and the many enjoyments that are their birthright. We don't begrudge them their pleasures, but their absence is, no doubt, much felt by regular visitants to studios and places of exhibition. This year has been, to a certain extent, an exceptional one. Some of the studios are vacant, and, we regret to say, are likely to remain so, their former occupants having sought other fields for their labors. Hill is in Boston, Keith in Philadelphia, and we learn that Nahl and Tojetti are on their way to Europe. Messrs. Yelland and Strauss are in Oregon wrestling with Nature; likewise Mr. Bradford, whose objective point is Mount Hood. But the majority of our art devotees may still be found in their ateliers, working upon subjects the city and vicinity afford, or enjoying a quiet time in anticipation of renewed efforts later in the season. Few works are being placed on view owing to the unfavorableness of the times. The chief attraction of late among local pictures on public exhibition has been Mr. Yelland's view of the Golden Gate, to be seen at the gallery of Morris & Kennedy, on Post Street. This picture is regarded as Mr. Yelland's best work. It embraces all the excellencies of his former pictures, and shows a marked improvement in treatment. The subject is largely and simply composed, rich and harmonious in color, and is remarkable for care in detail, combined with breadth and comprehensiveness. Mr. Brooks has on private exhibition at his studio a recently finished life-sized picture of a peacock that commands the admiration of all who have seen it, and is, likewise, pronounced the *chef-d'œuvre* of this conscientious painter. Mr. Perry has completed another of the excellent and characteristic subjects entitled "Solitaire." A handsome lady seated at a Japanese table, and surrounded by a beautifully painted assortment of *bric-à-brac*, is amusing herself at the game of solitaire with cards. The subject is treated with great care and minuteness, and is excellent in color and composition. Mr. Bradford, also, has several fresh works, principally Yosemite views, painted from studies recently made in the Valley, and characterized by all the excellencies of that widely known painter. Bouvy is engaged upon a subject representing a procession of chanting monks, winding down a stairway to attend service. The chief interest in the subject will be in the portrayal of character and facial expression, in which Mr. Bouvy excels. Hahn is painting some Jersey cattle for Mr. A. K. P. Harmon. R. J. Bush has in his Oakland studio two unfinished pictures that promise

well—"A Spring Reverie," representing a pretty blonde girl pausing in the arrangement of a mass of flowers to contemplate a rose bud; and "The Little Tea Merchant," for which a picturesque little Oakland character posed. Deakin has just finished a picture of Cluny Castle, in Paris, on an order; and Denny, one of the yacht *Chispa*, also an order. In the "Latin Quartier" little seems to be doing. Mr. Rix has been working on a fine Oregon subject, which does him credit. Tavernier and Strong are devoting themselves largely to illustrating and preparatory work for coming pictures, and Mr. Robinson has been engaged upon an order from Dr. Toland. Otherwise, these gentlemen seem to be enjoying their *otium cum dignitate*, and reserving their powers for a more favored season. Mr. Cleenewerck, a comparatively recent arrival, has on view in the galleries several excellent pictures of the Munich order, landscapes and still life.

THE BEGINNING OF AN ART ERA.

It is gratifying to observe that the American people have awakened to a realization that there is something to achieve beyond the bare acquisition of wealth. It would seem that the long delayed inauguration of an American art era has been at length established. The present rage for decorative art is but a prelude to the introduction of those adornments of a higher order that are so sadly missed by visitors from the eastern hemisphere, and which add such a charm to the time-worn cities of Europe. Several of our leading cities are now engaged in a generous rivalry for the possession of art treasures. Museums of antiquities and articles of historical interest have already been started in New York, Boston, and other cities, and at present an unusual interest is manifested in the embellishment of our parks and public buildings with statuary, and in the introduction of a more picturesque and artistic order of architecture. Time will be required to effect the desired transformation, but the public-spiritedness that characterizes the day will soon work great changes. As a nation, we, at present, are just emerging from our "teens." We have passed through the period of youth, with its innocence and friskiness, and are beginning to awaken to a realization of the fact that there are many things not dreamt of in our philosophy. That assurance, begotten of a sturdy frame and vigorous physique, will soon give place to a more matured confidence, based upon cultivation, and a consciousness of equality with the world in those respects that distinguish manhood from immaturity. The recent general direction of thought and attention to the higher arts, as manifested

in the disposition to beautify our cities, and establish museums, galleries, and art schools accessible to the public, may be regarded one of the strongest evidences of our certain and rapid development; and it is only a question of time when our country will abound in monuments of taste and refinement. Already we possess many valuable private collections of pictures, and in several instances magnificent endowments have been bestowed by wealthy citizens for the establishment of public galleries. These institutions seem to be ably conducted. Art schools are also springing up all over the country, and facilities for education in that department are increasing so rapidly that probably before many years our youth will find it unnecessary to go abroad to prosecute their studies. For all this we are wholly indebted to private munificence. Little or no encouragement has been received from Government, and none, perhaps, was to be expected. Republics are not only "ungrateful," but are slow to bestow favors even upon their own. The fifty million guardians of the treasury are too directly interested in the national fund, and are too little in sympathy with art education at the present time to be willing to grant any sum for such purposes. France is a remarkable exception. With her the cultivation of art is second nature. Force of habit, acquired under the old monarchy, and the consciousness that to art, perhaps, more than any other cause, she owes her present greatness and prosperity, will long serve to keep alive the interest. Of the French people, however, it may be said with truth that their fondness in this direction is deep-seated—in fact, a national trait, and not based altogether upon self-interest. The generosity they have shown in the bestowal of casts and art treasures upon foreign institutions, as instanced by her liberal donation to the San Francisco Art Association, and the national gift of the great Bartholdi statue of Liberty, to be erected in New York harbor, are evidences of her disinterestedness. Many years will elapse before a like state of affairs will be found in our republic. Looking at the matter from the standpoint of art, it is, perhaps, to be regretted that our present Government was not anteceded by a century or two of aristocratic rule. As it is, our only resource is to look to the cultivated and wealthy in our midst for donations wherewith to foster and encourage the art tendency of the day.

WOMEN PAINTERS.

It has been claimed heretofore that women are naturally unqualified to become great artists—that is, to attain as great excellence as lies within the power of the other sex. No special reason seems ever to have been given, but the matter has been accepted by many as a truism, based probably upon the fact that history furnishes the names of no female Raphaels and Angelos. The injustice of this is at once apparent, since a glance at the past reveals the impossibility of their ever having entered the lists as competitors for art and fame, on account of the many restrictions put upon them socially, and the unchivalrous notions of their inferiority that it was the custom to entertain formerly. In these modern progressive and more enlightened days, those restrictions have been greatly removed, and woman has begun to assert herself in a manner that is rapidly gaining for her an acknowledgment of equal capacity with man in many departments from which she was formerly excluded. Especially in art has she demonstrated her capabilities, not only as a decorator, but in the higher branch

of picture-making. It is true the world has yet produced but the one Rosa Bonheur and the one Mrs. Elizabeth Butler, but when we consider that hardly one out of a hundred male artists acquires more than a national reputation, we have no reason to exact a greater proportion of genius from the limited ranks of woman artists. Especially in the last few years have women asserted their powers. The *Magazine of Art*, in a London article entitled "Pictures of the Year," bestows the greatest praise upon Mrs. Butler's picture, "The Defense of Rorke's Drift," a historical incident of the Zulu war, lately on exhibition at the Bond Street gallery of the Society of Fine Arts. Considering the fact that Mrs. Butler's picture was exhibited in direct competition with another of the same subject, painted by the famous French artist, M. de Neuville, her work must have been of a very superior order to excite any kind of favorable criticism. The writer, however, goes further than this. In comparing the two, he says, "his (De Neuville's) may be pronounced to be more pictorial, hers to be more intensely characteristic; his executive dash is supreme, but more vivid and significant is her reserved power." Further on, he speaks of the competition as having been a very close one, and of great interest to the public. At the Grosvenor Gallery, in London, this year, nearly one-fourth of the contributors are women; and in the French Salon a large number of the sex is also represented. It may be gratifying to Americans to know that among the latter an American lady, Miss E. J. Gardiner, occupies the foremost place, having a picture on the line which is highly spoken of. In our numerous American schools, lady pupils preponderate, and many of them display talent. Of these, only a few will acquire much skill, but probably that number will be sufficient, proportionately, to prove that their capabilities are in no sense inferior to those of the opposite sex.

GREATNESS IN ART.

It is often a cause of surprise that during the past centuries—since the *Renaissance*, in fact—among the thousands who have devoted themselves to painting the names of so few are preserved to posterity as being great. Of good painters each generation can boast many, and probably it may be said with safety that our age is especially favored in this respect. Only at long intervals in the catalogue of painters do we find names to which the prefix "great" can be applied unhesitatingly, and considering all the qualifications necessary to perfection in an important work of art, possibly no one can be mentioned whose skill, in every respect, surpasses criticism. As colorists many of the old masters have never been equaled. Others excel in composition, in form, technique, or *chiaro-oscuro*; but what master combines the highest attainable degree of excellence in all these respects, with vividness of imagination, and that delicacy of organization which proclaims the poet, and enables one to grasp and depict those subtle qualities of nature, whose presence in a picture at once stamps its superiority? Indeed, considering the almost superhuman power necessary to perfection in painting it is a cause of wonderment that any should ever have earned for themselves the appellation of "great;" and we are no longer astonished that years of study are required for the attainment of even a passable degree of excellence. Notwithstanding all this, it would appear, from the large number who to-day enjoy world-wide reputa-

tions, that in the future history of art relating to our era there will be no want of names entitled to distinction; and, possibly, unbiased historians of the future will accord to some of our contemporaries places as high in the temple of fame as those occupied by some of the so-called old masters. The truth of the adage, that "a prophet hath no honor in his own country," has been frequently demonstrated as applied to other callings. Would it be unreasonable to presume that our august selves may be victims, possibly, to that same perverse and inexplicable human trait which prompts one to deny to familiars their due, and sets us groping through the past for objects of adoration. We are aware that even to suggest such a possibility is rank heresy, and a violation of that "unwritten law" which grants to the old painters inimitable superiority; yet, without wishing to deny the past its undoubted excellence, we venture to claim that, perhaps, some of the men of latter days are equally great, and eventually will be so adjudged.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art was organized in New York about nine years ago, dependent entirely upon private contribution, and has already formed the nucleus of an important collection that will increase in value and interest with time, and eventually redound to the credit of the city. It seems to be the intention of the directory not so much to form a museum of curiosities as to gather together representative works of art and art industries, that will not only possess historical value, but will be of service for educational purposes, and for the encouragement of like industries in America. In the spring of 1879 the museum was moved to its present quarters in Central Park. Here many important acquisitions have been made by purchase and donation; among the latter, a valuable collection of coins, presented by Mr. Joseph Drexel, of New York, very recently, and valued at \$30,000. The contributions received thus far amount to \$350,000, nearly a fourth of which is the gift of the trustees of the institution. The opening of the museum that took place in the spring was one of the events of the day, embracing, in its display, a large number of valuable pictures, loaned for the occasion; and since then, upon those days when no charges for admission have been made, the attendance has averaged ten thousand people, proving not only the public appreciation, but that the museum supplies a long-felt want. Much comment, favorable and unfavorable, has been passed by the press upon a collection of old Dutch and Flemish pictures purchased by the directory. If it be the intention of the society to limit their purchases greatly, perhaps this money might have been more satisfactorily expended. However, as the representative work of the people and an era in art, such a collection would seem to possess great interest. One of the most important exhibits to be seen in the museum is the Cesnola collection of antique pottery, showing the origin of all Greek art, and wonderfully rich in its extent and variety of art-form, as well as antique portrait heads. Mr. Cesnola, from whom the collection derives its title, is director of the museum. A large collection of oriental porcelain, purchased of Mr. S. P. Avery, occupies a prominent place in the exhibit, also; and a collection of laces and embroideries, contributed by a lady who reserves her name, excites much interest among those who have taste to appreciate them.

As yet the museum seems to be little more than a beginning, considering variety, but the gentlemen in charge, whose enthusiasm increases instead of abates, will spare no pains as often as opportunity occurs to increase its attractiveness and render it more complete. To further the objects of the institution steps have been taken to establish an industrial school in its connection. A liberal New York gentleman, Mr. Auchmuty, has offered the use of a large piece of ground at First Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, free of rent for three years, and will erect, at his own expense, a suitable building for the schools, which he proposes to start and keep running for three years. We learn that the proposition has been accepted, and that work will at once be commenced upon the buildings.

THE SEPTEMBER EXHIBITION.

At a meeting of the artists, held some time in the spring, it was decided to recommend to the Directory of the San Francisco Art Association to hold a third exhibition of pictures each year, to take place in September, and to comprise mainly loan works from private galleries, each local artist being permitted to exhibit one picture. The object of the resolution was to increase interest in the Art Association, which, from the stress of the times, had begun to flag; also to afford the supporters of that institution greater return for their contributions, as well as to increase the much needed revenue. Of late it has been the custom to give two exhibitions annually, one of pictures from local studios in the spring, and a winter display of the work of pupils connected with the Art School. Much is anticipated from the September display, and if our wealthy citizens respond as readily and willingly as on former occasions, we may look forward to a treat. Notwithstanding our remoteness from art centers, there are to be found in our midst many works of a high order of excellence, from both American and foreign studios, which would form an exhibition not easily surpassed. Some of these, comprising the works of Troyon, Corot, Gérôme, Bouguereau, and many others possessing world-wide reputations, have been exhibited on former occasions, but so long a time has elapsed since that art lovers and the public generally will hail their re-appearance with fresh enthusiasm. Many more recent acquisitions of art wealth to the community have been made also, and, if properly applied for, will no doubt be generously loaned. Such an exhibition will afford great pleasure, as well as instruction, to Californians, and will prove interesting as an exponent of the art taste of the community. Some of our artists may feel a little hesitancy in placing their work in direct competition with pictures of such standing, but it is to be hoped that each one will be represented; and no doubt, in many instances, it will be found that, as at the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, instead of suffering greatly by the comparison, they will command a higher appreciation.

AN ART EXCURSION.

Acting upon a hint furnished, no doubt, by the Tile Club excursion in a canal-boat up the Hudson River, an account of which appeared some time since in *Scribner's Monthly*, a wealthy gentleman of New York has extended an invitation to the members of the Artist Fund Society, of that city, to make a canal-boat excursion to Niagara Falls. He proposes to defray all ex-

penses, making all the stoppages desired, and secure hotel accommodations for the party *en route*. It is the intention to ascend the Hudson under tow to Albany, and proceed by the Erie Canal to the Falls, where the party will remain three days, and return to New York in drawing-room car. The Society consists of sixty-five members, of which number about forty artists have accepted the invitation, each one of whom will paint a picture from sketches made during the trip, and present

it to the host. The twenty-first of June was settled upon as the time of starting. Among those intending to participate are many of the most prominent New York artists, so that the gentleman, in addition to the pleasure to be derived from such an excursion, will become the possessor of a valuable collection of representative American pictures. It is to be hoped that the public will become participators in this, as in the Tile Club excursions, by means of some of our periodicals.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN DE WITT, GRAND PENSIONARY OF HOLLAND. By James Geddes. Volume I. 1623-1654. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Fayot, Upham & Co.

When the Dutch Republic burst its Spanish swaddling clothes there sprang into national life a class of educated, shrewd, clever (perhaps not always grand) statesmen, of whom John of Barneveldt, of the gentle stem of Oldenbarneveldt, whose heroic career has been traced by Motley, and Cornelius and John de Witt may be regarded as fair types. Holland in those days cultivated the traits of the *bourgeoisie* with the same tenderness that it bestowed upon tulips; and when the burgher towns grew too powerful for the blunt administration of the Dircks and Florenses, Counts of Holland, who took toll from the mercantile barges that floated on the sluggish streams, and compelled the merchants to break bulk and to open markets upon their castellated mudbanks, the government practically devolved upon the proud burghers who conducted those same markets, and who had established their warehouses around the falling fortresses of their liege lords. These burghers were commercially aristocratic. In their way, they felt themselves quite the peers of feudal barons, whose castle were garrisoned, but whose lives were warfare, unsoftened by the elegances of life. Burghership had its honors, its duties, and its dangers. The routine of their town and village functions, enlarged when it came to administration of the province, and crowned by the States General, made them trained diplomatists. Their sons aspired to be civilian doctors of laws; and if ever a body of men understood international jurisprudence as part of their daily life and manners, it was the colleagues of De Groot and their successors. These men were no worse sailors than they were advocates in chancery; and an amphibious statesman, whose eye was as searching when resting on the rigging and equipage of a man-of-war as when engaged in parsing the language of a treaty, was a dangerous personage to have as antagonist in the conflicts of nations for supremacy, either on land or sea. Of this stamp of ability were the De Witts—uncompromising aristocrats, burghers, lawyers, diplomats, statesmen. Holland and its associate provinces were in those days governed by an oligarchy of such cultured, half mercantile, half juristical elements, with a popular class below, jealous of the hands that guided their government, and with a royal power threatening them from above, in the shape of the House of Orange, which, besides the prestige of feudality, was surrounded

by the glamor of having snatched from the Spaniards, and successfully defended, the liberty and autonomy of the nation. For the Dutch of those times (1650-72), the reigning Prince of Orange was the Man on Horseback, and it was the life-long business of John de Witt to prevent his entry into the Stadtholdership, a task in which the Grand Pensionary was successful only during the minority of the Prince; and when, finally, William (afterward King of England) came to manhood, the hero-worship of the populace, and the threatening success of the Grand Monarch, proved too much for the lawyer burgher, and John and his brother, Cornelius, met death as a propitiatory sacrifice on the entry of William into his hereditary office of Stadtholder. The De Witts were, from father to son, the objects of Orange fears. Old Jacob, their father, had been virtually disfranchised by the father of William. He had even been a prisoner, suffering for his principle. But when John became Pensionary (1652), William was an infant in his nurse's arms, and so the field was clear for the young patriotic lawyer. The Dutch had won distinguished naval renown, which, however, was likely to be impaired by the energy of Cromwell. With Cromwell, therefore, John de Witt managed a peace (1654), and secured additional guarantees that the Orange family should be kept out of power. This was good while it lasted; but Cromwell died, and the Stuarts returned, and the Stuarts were relatives and allies of Orange. So the energetic Pensionary turned to France (1664) for aid against the restored English dynasty. But the peace with France could never be sincere, and De Witt attempted a fresh alliance with England (1667) against France. What sort of an ally Charles II. would have been as against France, we, of this day, can hardly imagine. Had, however, the then English Government made solid terms with the Pensionary and kept them, and prevented William from taking the Stadtholdership, it is hardly likely that the Stuart dynasty would, twenty years later, have been driven into exile. But Louis XIV. invaded the Provinces; the Provinces, in terror, reestablished the Stadtholdership; and (1672) the two De Witts, John and Cornelius, were massacred, the one (Cornelius) in prison, and the other (John) while visiting him. Our present historian has selected the half century ending with the death of John de Witt as the subject for his history, making the Grand Pensionary the chief figure, and Volume I. ends with the peace with Cromwell. In reading the book one is somehow dimly reminded of the American Adams family. Making allowances for differences in epoch and race, one finds the same uniformity

of talent, the same coldness of purpose, and the same lack of personal favor with the populace. The author has made his work a matter of industrious study, and clothes his historical outlines with as much warmth as the subject will permit; indeed, if there is any defect in style, it is, perhaps, an over partiality to the dramatic present in narration, and to a semi-prophetic way of lighting up the immediate incident that is being told with a reference to the future events. The book is one that every cultivated reader of a political turn in this country will enjoy, and take as a lesson in politics.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. By Alfred Henry Huth. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880. For sale in San Francisco at Appleton's Agency, 107 Montgomery Street.

Henry Thomas Buckle was a man with an object. To the accomplishment of the purpose which he had in view he gave his time, his energy, his private fortune, his most generous enthusiasm, and, eventually, his life. That purpose was to write a history of civilization, which should be not merely, as other histories had been, a dramatic narration of events, arrayed in chronological sequence, but an exegesis of the laws which regulate the movements and affect the opinions of men. For, with Buckle, civilization was the result of causes; the human intellect moved in the realm of law; and human actions, though as individual as the apparent vagaries of a comet, were yet in subordination to a general system. Upon the threshold of this work he discovered that it was too vast for one life, and his first limitation upon his original plan was to confine his history to England as a nucleus, treating other lands incidentally and by way of illustration. In breadth of thought, in capacity for generalization, in honesty of mind, and in singleness of purpose, he was eminently qualified for the undertaking he had planned. But, on the other hand, there were obstacles which would have dismayed another. His health was delicate from childhood, and, as he finally discovered, was unequal to the task; his education had not been such as the general opinion would have pronounced sufficient for the necessary researches; old prejudices would have to be combated, new paths opened; and ultimate success would expose him as a target, if not to ridicule, to aversion and hatred. But Buckle was a pioneer, made of the "undaunted mettle" which, in the field either of action or of thought, presses on in defiance of obstacles. The first volume of the introduction to his history (1857) took the world by surprise. The doctrines announced were antagonistic to many accepted ideas, which, as they were acquired by heredity, seemed the more established and unassailable. But, as Buckle himself remarks—for he never affected to be unaware of his ability—"the people of England have such an admiration of any kind of intellectual splendor that they will forgive, for its sake, the most objectionable doctrines." As had been foreseen, the book was immediately and bitterly attacked; but such was the beauty of the style, which Buckle had for a series of years assiduously cultivated, and such the force of the argument, that the author rose at once from obscurity to fame. Letters poured in upon him, which showed that his work was read and appreciated by the thinking and by the laboring classes alike. That Buckle fell into some errors, that he pushed some doctrines too far, that he did not push others far enough—all this may be admitted without detracting from the merit of his work. It is often asserted that Buckle has been left behind; but so

has Newton in science, so has Edwards in theology, so have all pioneers in every line of thought and activity. In 1861 his second volume appeared—still a part of the "Introduction," in which he was deducing the general laws by which the history itself was to be written. His health now failing, he embarked for the Orient, taking in charge two boys, of whom his biographer was one; and in 1862 he died in Syria, in his early manhood, with his projected history no further completed than the "Introduction." Of his personality Mr. Huth gives us pleasant glimpses. Of his contemporaries, Mill most excited his admiration, by the accuracy of his intellectual methods. Whatever mistakes we may detect, or imagine we detect, in Buckle's work, certain it is that no man was ever more honest in conviction or more fearless in avowal. The brilliancy of his style, the fervor of his enthusiasm, the grasp of his mind, and the extent of his information, gave him a hold upon modern thought which is remarkable, when we reflect that all that he wrote was little more than a fragment.

SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN SOUTHERN EUROPE. By John Addington Symonds. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

Here are two volumes by a man of letters in the truest sense, and a fine observer of society and men. Southern Europe has been not inappropriately called "the home of history." To a man of Mr. Symonds's scholarly abilities and impressionable spirit the lands bordering on the Mediterranean Sea must be full of historic and poetic suggestions. Those who have traveled will find in these volumes a new interest in their former experience, and those who remain at home will be inspired by true sympathy of thought, feeling, and imagination to travel without leaving their native shores. The beauty, refinement, and fervor of the author's style remove him far from all mere chroniclers, and make his studies at once a feast to the eyes, the mind, and the heart. Those who are familiar with Mr. Symonds's "Studies of the Greek Poets" will discover here the same spirit and tone applied in other directions and to other themes. The essays cover a wide range of thought, and are a striking illustration of a mind enriched by generous culture. The essay entitled "Love of the Alps" will be esteemed singularly beautiful for its genuine touches of nature, human nature, and human life. Upon the other hemisphere of thought, the essay on "Lucretius" will furnish a study for all reflective minds on the grounds and conditions of human knowledge, and the reappearance of the theory of the Roman poet in Tyndall's Belfast address, showing that ontological speculation has made no advance in twenty centuries; the chief difference between the Moderns and the Ancients being that we know better the depths of human ignorance. These volumes are printed in a manner altogether worthy of the author's pure style.

THE GODS AND RELIGIONS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES. By D. M. Bennett. Vol. I. New York: Liberal and Scientific Publishing House. 1880.

This heavy and bad-odored volume belongs to the *Truth Seeker Library*; a library made, we suppose, for the benefit of that particular class who cannot find truth in the general treasures of human life and thought, where other people do. The writer was serving out a sentence in the Albany Penitentiary for violating the

law concerning immoral and obscene publications. If the gods had not been a gossip and scandalous set, they would never have let the writer into their company. But he got in, and he has managed to tell all he heard; though not all, for we are assured that there is another volume to come—from which may all the gods deliver us. D. M. Bennett belongs to the lowest rank of that class of writers—or printers, rather, for he is in no sense a writer—who make books by the rod; when one is needed it is easily got by cutting off a piece. This book is the climax of stupid conceit. The author approaches a great theme—the theme that gives the thread of history and the key to human progress—with an air of disgusting familiarity, and patronizes Carlyle by telling him that he is “quite correct,” and twaddles on about “getting up the different systems” of religion, as if a religion could be made to order. We know nothing about the author’s guilt or innocence concerning the matters charged against him, and for which he was imprisoned; but the presumptions raised by this book are that his punishment was just. As a clew to the history of the religious sentiment, or as a guide to the comparative anatomy of religion, or even as a decanter of information from which to decant the cheapest intelligence, the book has no value. It would be far better to study the dictionary to get an idea of the Homeric poems, or read the alphabet “from A to Izzard” to get the secret of the “Oration on the Crown.”

CRITICAL ESSAYS AND LITERARY NOTES. By Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Although not in any sense a genius, few men ever wrote more pleasantly or were welcomed by the public with more appreciation than Bayard Taylor. This last and posthumous volume gives us a glimpse of his literary work in a line different from that in connection with which he is ordinarily remembered—namely, that of book reviews and essays on authors. To say that these are discriminating is to do scanty justice to the accuracy of the judgment and the nicety of the criticism therein displayed. A large number of authors and books are treated, most of them very briefly; yet in each essay or note a vivid impression is left on the mind of the point which the critic desired to make. One thing is conspicuous in all—i. e., a spirit of utmost fairness. There is no hypercriticism. A desire is evident to consider the value of the best work of the author under review, and that work is stated at its best, with entire candor and friendliness, even in those cases where the conclusions are unfavorable. These considerations combine to make these essays models in the art of thoughtful and impartial criticism.

A FOREIGN MARRIAGE, OR BUYING A TITLE. A novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale at the book stores.

A Foreign Marriage, or Buying a Title, naturally suggests the record of one of those mercenary affairs, with money on one side, title on the other, and scheming on both, which can but result in sublime misery for all concerned, love being an entirely secondary consideration to worldly advancement. The facts of the story do not quite bear out the supposition. A young Italian nobleman and a wealthy American girl became interested in each other before either knows who the other is, and as the acquaintance continues, naturally fall in love, are married, and are blissfully happy for a time, quite in the

manner of ordinary love matches. The Prince amuses himself after the fashion of his country by flirting with his neighbor’s wife, and, as a result, kills the husband in a duel. The little Princess, in view of the shocking event, visits the church of St. Mark in a pensive mood, and absolutely refuses to drive again with her husband in the Cascine! (It was in the Cascine that the jealousy of the husband had been aroused.) The Princess then relapses into a tender melancholy, and finds her happiness for the rest of her life in devoting herself to the care of her son. Whether her husband still holds any place in her affections we are not distinctly informed. The plot is weak and rambling. With an abundance of cause there is very little effect. The principal characters are utterly spiritless and uninteresting, and their conversations entirely vapid. The best work in the book is the delineation of some of the minor characters. Mrs. Jefferson, the vulgar American resident, is very well drawn; and Hannah Stort is a representative woman, strong and symmetrical. The old Count Carmine Guigione, “fresh, dainty, and smiling,” too, leaves a distinct impression of his personality. The writer shows great familiarity with famous sights in Florence, where the scene is principally laid. Some of the descriptions are exceedingly well done, as the Giglio Palace and the Church of St. Mark. The narration of the various fêtes is life-like and interesting. There is something too much of description, however. The long lists of objects described having no bearing on the story grow exceedingly monotonous. One always resents too much time being taken away from the actors in a novel. The people must always be preëminent. If we grumble at too much “jew” in *Daniel Deronda*, shall we not much more condemn too much familiar Italian scenery in a feeble writer?

LAWS AND REGULATIONS OF SHORT WHIST. Adopted by the Washington Club of Paris, compiled from the best modern authors, etc., with maxims and advice for beginners. By A. Trump, Jr., New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

In these days of “booms” the game of whist has not been exempt, and the last few years have added largely to the literature of this favorite amusement. The book before us is a compilation of the rules which are usually accepted by players, and follows generally in the wake of Cavendish, Pole, and earlier authorities. A few new rules are given, not found in previous works. The lovers of whist will find it a satisfactory compendium.

SANTA CRUZ AND MONTEREY. Illustrated Hand-book. Compiled by Henry Myrick. 1880. San Francisco: News Publishing Company. For sale at the book-stores.

OUR POLITICAL PARTIES. By Benjamin F. Tefft, D. D., LL.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1880.

HARPER’S HALF-HOUR SERIES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

Life of Charlemagne. By Eginhard. (Translated from the text of the *Monumenta Germanie*, by S. E. Turner.)

The Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone. A biographical sketch. By Henry W. Lucy.

Tales from the Odyssey. For Boys and Girls. By “Materfamilias.”

Fellow-Townsmen. A novel. By Thomas Hardy.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

No. 117.—*Prince Hugo*. A novel. By Maria M. Grant.

No. 118.—*From Generation to Generation*. A novel. By Lady Augusta Noel.

No. 119.—*Young Lord Penrith*. A novel. By John Berwick Harwood.

No. 120.—*Clara Vaughan*. A novel. By R. D. Blackmore.

THE PRODIGIOUS ADVENTURES OF TARTARIN OF TARSACON. Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by Robert S. Minot. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

EASTWARD, HO! OR ADVENTURES AT RANGELEY LAKES. A book for boys. By Captain Charles A. J. Farrar. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1880. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co., San Francisco.

THE VIRGINIA BOHEMIANS. A novel. By John Esten Cooke. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

THE HYSTERICAL ELEMENT IN ORTHOPÆDIC SURGERY. By Newton M. Shaffer, M.D. New York: Putnam's Sons. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

THE LIFE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT. By Theodore Martin. Vol. V. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

OUTCROPPINGS.

A LEGEND OF FORT ROSS.

"Fair voyage, Captain, and safe return," cried the Commandant of Fort Ross, as his boat left the side of the frigate, and moved toward the shore. "In three months I shall expect you back."

"Do so. Success to the colony in the meantime," replied Captain Kotzebue, waving his hat as the distance increased between the boat and his ship; and the latter, with a freshening breeze, stood out to sea, while a parting cheer arose from the crowd of settlers lining the beach. One, however—a stalwart young man, with heavy, expressionless features, and dark, brooding eyes—took no part in the cheering, but, standing with folded arms a little apart from the others, regarded the departing vessel with a gaze of silent intensity. Him the Commandant addressed the moment he stepped on shore.

"What, Feodor, you here? I thought you were unwell."

"I am better now, your Excellency," replied the young man, quietly and respectfully.

"Your recovery is rather sudden," observed the Commandant, dryly, looking at him askance.

The suspicion implied by the tone and manner of the speaker caused an anxious, hunted look to come into Feodor's mournful eyes, which the officer noticed; whereupon, being naturally averse to the inflicting of unnecessary pain, he hastened to add, kindly:

"Never mind, however. I am glad you have recovered. You may resume your duties now, if you feel able."

Feodor bowed, and looked relieved, while the Commandant, walking toward his quarters, muttered:

"I never could make him out. He is a strange fellow."

Both assertions were certainly true. Feodor undoubtedly was a strange fellow; and since the morning, months ago, when he had first appeared, wet and dripping, at the settlement, claiming to have been lost overboard the night previous from a Russian whaler, nobody had ever been able to "make him out." His appearance and story seemed so equivocal that the

commander would doubtless have taken measures ere long looking to a thorough investigation of his case had not the castaway, during the first week of his stay at Ross, proved himself such a valuable addition to the working force of the settlement that its ruler was loath to discover any reason for depriving himself of so valuable an assistant. As it was, affairs were allowed to remain *in statu quo*.

Feodor—by this name was he called—showed himself to be intelligent, industrious, faithful, and obedient; never interfered with others, and attended strictly to his own business. Thus had time passed until the arrival of Captain Kotzebue, in the spring of 1824, with orders from the Russian Government to assist the settlers at Ross in every manner possible. Finding, however, upon his arrival, that his services would not be in request for several months, he put to sea again almost immediately, for a cruise to San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, while at the settlement, after his departure, the days and weeks dragged by in the dull and lifeless fashion natural to existence in a spot so remote from the world and its excitements. The Commandant and his officers, when not occupied in the performance of duty, spent their time principally in calculating the shortest possible period necessary for Kotzebue to complete his cruise and return. There was another, also, who, from the questions he occasionally asked, appeared to take considerable interest in the probable date of the frigate's reappearance. This was Feodor. He had, since his sudden recovery from his more sudden illness, been as efficient and faithful a follower as previously, and the Commandant's confidence in him increased daily. But it was destined to receive a severe shock. On the morning when the white canvas of the vessel was at last visible in the distance, Feodor sought an audience with his commander.

"Well, Feodor," said the officer, as the young man entered his presence, "what can I do for you?"

"I am come, your Excellency, to ask leave of absence."

"I fear it is impossible, my good fellow; but how many days do you wish?"

"Three or four weeks."

"Weeks! In the names of all the saints, man, where do you intend to go—in this wilderness?" demanded the astonished officer.

"Somewhere in the interior, Excellency, hunting," answered Feodor, letting his eyes fall beneath the other's intent gaze.

"But what sudden whim is this?" resumed the Commandant. "You have said nothing concerning it heretofore."

"No, your Excellency, but I have thought much. You have been kind enough to notice my indifferent health during the last few weeks. This expedition would, I am sure, restore it."

"I doubt it, Feodor," replied the officer. "Hardship and exposure are not likely to cure illness of any kind. No, no, my friend. We must do what we can for your health here at the fort, for it is impossible to grant leave to any one at present. The frigate is in sight, and will reach her anchorage before dark; and, until she sails again, we shall be only too much in need of whatever assistance you are able to give. Afterward, it shall be as you wish."

A strange look, half mirthful and half terrible, came for a moment into Feodor's brooding eyes; but he said nothing further, and, with a submissive bow, left the room. A few hours later, however, the Commandant found, to his indignation, that the young man had quietly taken his gun and a supply of ammunition, and left the settlement. Why he had chosen to go thus, could not be determined; but gone he was, and for many a long day the settlers saw nothing of him. However, the presence of Kotzebue and his crew served to divert, at least in a great degree, the thoughts of both Commandant and subordinates from the conduct of their late fellow-colonist; and as the weeks and months flew by, under the reviving influence of the new life, borrowed, so to speak, from the frigate, and the time of the vessel's departure drew near, their minds had still less leisure in which to dwell upon the fortunes of the fugitive. At length the whirl of excitement ended; the day fixed as the utmost limit of the frigate's stay arrived and passed. Night had come, the final farewell had been said, crew and Captain were embarked, and only waiting for the momentarily expected breeze. The fog crept slowly in, hiding the vessel from sight, and the throng of settlers lining the beach turned reluctantly to their domicils. Among them was the Commandant, who could not repress a feeling of lonely sadness as he thought of his departing guests. From this, by a sudden transition, his mind turned to the desertion of Feodor, and its sadness gave place to indignation. No sooner had he reached his quarters than he summoned his second in command.

"Lieutenant," he said, as the officer entered, "tomorrow we must commence search for traces of the deserter, Feodor."

The Lieutenant suppressed a smile as he replied:

"It is unnecessary, Colonel. Feodor is here."

"What! Here?"

"In his cabin."

"When did he return?"

"While you were on the beach. He has, however, been wandering about the neighborhood for some days, but probably could not, until now, muster sufficient courage to meet you."

"Bring the rascal here this moment."

The Lieutenant left the room, and almost immediately returned with the culprit. In the latter there seemed

little change, save that he had grown haggard, as from hardship, and that the strange, hunted look had deepened in his eyes. But the Commandant, in his anger, noticed nothing of this, and burst out, harshly:

"So you are back at last. Where have you been?"

"Different places, Excellency. Sometimes here and other times in the south."

"With the Mexicans, rascal, of course! And what scheme of treachery led you there?"

Feodor's eyes flamed as he answered:

"Your words are hard, Excellency. I had no thought of treachery."

The Commandant was commencing an angry retort, when the door suddenly opened, and Captain Kotzebue entered the room, exclaiming:

"A thousand pardons, my dear Colonel, for the interruption; but, at the last moment before sailing, I chanced upon the memorandum for which we were searching only to-day, and as the wind is as yet a mere breath, I made an excuse for—"

The speaker suddenly stopped. His gaze had fallen upon Feodor, who, with blanched face and glaring eyes, was hastily moving towards the door. In an instant Kotzebue flung himself in his path, crying aloud:

"God in heaven! 'tis Ouschendi!"

The Commandant started forward.

"Ouschendi!" he cried; "and who is he?"

"Once the favorite serf of Baron Moreff, but now for three years the blood of his master has been upon his hands," answered Kotzebue. "Colonel, my interruption was well timed. Feodor Ouschendi, you are my prisoner."

Feodor's eyes gleamed like those of a wild beast at bay, and his hand crept, furtively, to his breast; but the officers, discovering the movement, sprang upon him, and pinioned his arms. He raged and raved like a maniac, screaming:

"I had left the accursed land forever, and my life would have known no other crime. I have sought to expiate the deed. Why, have you no mercy?"

"Your mercy might have spared my murdered comrade's silver hair, Ouschendi," answered Kotzebue, sternly. "But words are useless. Your crime has overtaken you at last."

Soldiers, hastily summoned, now entered the room, and the wretched man was dragged, raving and cursing, to the doorway. There, for a moment, he ceased; and, turning his despairing eyes upon the Commandant, said, with a look of unutterable misery and bitterness:

"Do you wonder now that I cared not to meet the only witness of my crime?"

The next moment the door closed behind him, and he was hurried down to Kotzebue's boat, whither the Captain himself, after some further brief explanation to the Commandant, soon followed, and conveyed his prisoner on board the frigate, which immediately set sail. The settlers heard her parting gun with a thrill of horror, as they thought of their late comrade and the fate awaiting him; and when, later in the night, the waves rose, and, amid their sullen roar, a wild, thrilling scream seemed to rise from the sea and sweep by on the hurrying wind, the listeners crossed themselves, muttering that the wraith of the lost Feodor had given warning of his coming doom. But these ghastly fancies fled before the more horrible truth, when the morning sun, rising in majesty, shone down upon the wave-swept beach, where, with all the light washed out of his long,

fair hair, and the brooding luster of his eyes forever quenched, while upon his nerveless wrists were the scars of the iron bonds he had broken only to die, lay Feodor. They buried him upon the beach; and even at this late day, though the banner of the Czar has long since gone down from over the works which are now but moldering ruins, there are those who say that, on wintry nights, when the winds and waves are high, an unearthly scream rises above the rushing roar of the storm, like the dying cry of Ouschendi.

GEO. HOMER MEYER.

YOSEMITE.

"In the majestic sweep of glacial seas
Sequestered amid the silences,
Strange glories of the sun and of the snows
Gleam on my giant brows, undecorate
Save by the wonders of Creative Love.
Unmated in the world, I, consecrate,
Reign queen of solitude, and gaze, star-crowned,
Into infinity; from whose wide realms
Chant God's great harmonies. The burning moon—
Sweet solemn voices, spiritual as night,
Blazing its raptures o'er the fainting earth—
Sates me with splendor, till my thousand hills
With foam-fair fingers dash their arrowy spray
Across the radiance of my sun-lit heaven,
Veiling its brilliance. Morning's dewy mist
With its aerial web of shimmering light,
And evening shadows purpling in their gloom,
Shroud me anew with mystery. The awe
Of those who talk with God is on my steps,
Dread, terrible, and lone. Invincible—
Reverberate furies of ten thousand storms
Thunder in vain around me. Age on age,
Cycle on cycle, have I, scatheless, reared
My crest amid the clouds; the circling skies
Sole witnesses." Judah's high altars were
The eternal hills. Is a new Sinai here?

ISABEL A. SAXON.

STARTING A GRAVEYARD IN SELF-RISING.

Self-Rising is now a prosperous mining town in Arizona, nestling cozily among the sunny hills. It was a long time getting established as a permanent town. In its early years people lacked confidence in it. It had no graveyard. A good graveyard gives a town a solid aspect. It shows that people are settling there permanently. Business men, hunting for locations, would come and look at Self-Rising, and leave. It was devoid of that homelike cheerfulness which a graveyard flings over a town. Capitalists would not invest money in it. Capital is timid. It shuns a town which has no graveyard. The reason Self-Rising was for so long a time denied the comforts of a graveyard was because its first settlers came from a town about ten miles off, and, when they died, would return to the older town. This got to be a custom. All decent people wanted to be buried at the old town. Every one considered himself decent, though the weight of public sentiment might have been inclined the other way. The death of a man, as a general thing, is a matter of no particular moment to any one except himself, and he himself seems indifferent about it after he is dead. But in Self-Rising the death of a man involved others. There was the funeral to attend. It took a round trip of twenty miles to attend it.

This gave the attendants ample time to think upon death—more, probably, than they wanted to use. Twenty miles of looking solemn had, after a while, its effect. The residents of Self-Rising began to wear a serious expression all the time, as if they were thinking about dying. It finally got so that the livery-man and the undertaker were the only persons in town who seemed to feel the genuine joy of existence. Business, too, was affected. Men had to spend too much time on that solemn twenty miles. Yet they felt a delicacy about refusing to attend funerals. The citizens of Self-Rising discussed the expediency of building a graveyard of their own. But when a man died, and it was proposed to start a graveyard by making him the corner-stone, his friends would object. They would say:

"Oh, he'll feel lonesome there by himself."

Then men who had the prosperity of Self-Rising at heart, and were anxious to shake off the twenty miles that were preying on its vitals, tried to hire a man to be buried on the outskirts of the town, as a starter. But, as it was necessary to die first, there was no great rush for the job. There were men in the camp who desired employment, but they were transient persons, that did not want to engage permanently. This job of starting a graveyard was offered as a steady one. Any man taking it, and giving satisfaction, would be allowed to keep it as long as he wished to follow the business. One day, while Self-Rising was still struggling with the twenty-mile problem, two roughs, new men in the camp, engaged in a desperate fight with pistols. Their forces were all slain. As they had no friends, and seemed unfriendly to each other, it was thought they would be good material with which to found a graveyard. They were buried on the edge of town, side by side. As they had fallen together in life, it was deemed meet that they should not be parted in death. A renewal of hostilities, on account of the closeness of their resting places, was not feared, as each seemed satisfied with the turn the fight had taken. No complaint. Men who had often traveled the twenty miles congratulated themselves on this foundation for a graveyard. They thought it would afford a rallying point for Self-Rising's dead. They mistook. An old resident would still drop off occasionally, but he would shun the new graveyard with the stubborn stiffness of a dead man.

By and by, a book-agent came into the camp. He was very persistent in soliciting subscriptions. The more a person endeavored to get away from the book-agent the more he got mingled and mixed up with him. If one tried to refuse to subscribe that moment he could feel, as it were, the book-agent beginning to wind around him—slowly, but surely. One morning that book-agent was found dead on a back street. It was thought that possibly he had met with foul play. His head was split open, and a bloody hay-knife was lying near his lifeless form. But the sections of his head had been stuck together again, seemingly to prevent suspicion, and make it look like a suicide. The book-agent was buried at the new graveyard. This made a third grave. Still, occasionally, an old citizen of the place would die, but his friends would not consent that he should be buried in the new graveyard. They were afraid the book-agent might hem him up in his coffin, where he could not help himself, and worry him for all time. A negro minstrel troupe came round to Self-Rising. When they opened in the evening, and began to get off their jokes, a very venerable man in the audience arose to his feet. He was ninety-two years old, and

had spent three-quarters of a century in the East Indies, where he had drifted as a sailor-boy. He was indignant when he arose. He pronounced the minstrels a fraud; said he had heard those same jokes nearly a century ago, when he was a lad in Boston. The boys backed the old man up. A fight ensued. One of the minstrels was killed. He went to the new burying-ground. A lecturer visited Self-Rising to lecture on his travels in Australia. He never traveled more. Fourth grave. A great many kinds of people came to Self-Rising, looking around. Some remained, some passed on. A Freiburger came. He wore spectacles. The good people of the camp thought they had done nothing to deserve this visit. He said he had wandered all over the world. He didn't wander any further. During his life he had been useless, but in death he became handy for a fifth grave. His spectacles were suspended from a stick over his grave. Swinging in the sighing wind they gave a warning click. Still, no old-time inhabitant of Self-Rising was buried in the growing graveyard. A young man, beardless, and in his teens, came into camp. He was from the East, where he had been reading dime novels until he could stand it no longer, and had just buckled on two pistols and a long knife, and started to the West, to make life burdensome to the Indians. When he reached Self-Rising he had not seen any Indians, but had passed over some wild-looking country, had seen a bear's tracks and a dead coyote. He felt lonesome and timid, and was glad enough to get into the camp. He said he wished he was back home. He remained timid. A shock of an earthquake came one day. He was not expecting it. He fell to the earth. He never rose more. Fright. The sixth grave. His father came out and erected a tombstone over the grave. It was a stylish-looking piece of rock; had the figure of a lamb on it—one that looked sick and was about to die. That lamb took. The old citizens began to want to rest under the shadow of that tombstone. Time rolled on. They gathered around it, one by one, and each had a tombstone with a dying lamb on it. And now Self-Rising has as flourishing a graveyard as there is in Arizona. It is a source of pride to the people of the town. The arid south wind still whips the more arid hills in the vicinity of Self-Rising; the whirlwind lifts the fine sand into the thin air, and the ominous click of the Freiburger's spectacles goes on.

LOCK MELONE.

CARLYLE.

There were six of us there in the parlor.
We were talking of "culture" and "art;"
We exhausted Guido, Leonardo,
And we touched upon Kant and Descartes.

We soared upon Music's high pinions,
We descanted on Tennyson's style,
And were widely apart in opinions
Till somebody mentioned Carlyle.

Then three of them said he was "charming,"
And two of them said he was "grand,"
And I found my position alarming
When I asked, "Could they all understand?"

They declared him exceedingly simple,
If one's comprehension were clear;
And I caught the faint trace of a dimple
That redeemed a fair face from a sneer.

I left them extolling his grandeur,
And went to my room, where I wrote
A nonsensical extravaganza,
With the meaning entirely aloft.

It contained not the faintest suggestion;
It was turgid, obscure, and oblique,
But so solemn you'd swear, if not wisdom,
It was something exceedingly like.

I returned down the stairs, and I said,
"Don't allow the lateness to part us
Until first, with permission, I've read
This fine extract from *Sartor Resartus*."

I read it with slow declamation,
And I emphasized each misty clause.
They received it with loud acclamation,
And with most unstinted applause.

They said it was "grand" and "prophetic,"
They admired its profound, learned style,
And declared that where'er they had met it
They'd have known it was penned by Carlyle.
ICON O. CLAST.

DRUMS.

That bright May-day, months ago, while looking from my window on the procession which had formed to wreath with flowers of remembrance the graves of heroes fallen in the war of the rebellion, all sorts of queer thoughts kept running riot in my head. They were memories rather than thoughts, and were called into life by the beat of the drum.

Not only that the martial music of the drums was such that it might have aroused the fallen brave from their gory beds, but the sound recalled to my mind other drums I had heard beaten, in different localities and under a variety of conditions. Those broad fields of glory, the Soldiers' Cemeteries, sprang up before my eyes, and I heard again the fife and drum that led the single file of soldiers who bore a sleeping comrade to his last repose. How many times, when out for an afternoon's drive in the vicinity of St. Louis, during the dark days of that unhappy time, did we meet such a *cortège*—impressive from its very simplicity. But of the poignancy of grief and the depths of sorrow which these little squeaking fifes, accompanied by the beat of muffled drums, will express, no one can have any idea, unless he has heard for himself.

How differently the drums, unmuffled, and in resonant tones, sounded when heading a new regiment that passed through the streets on their way from Benton Barracks to their first battle-field. Clear and sharp the fifes piped out their shrill notes, and the drummer-boys lustily beat their drums, as if they had no thought for the bullets that would soon whistle about their ears, and lay them low on the field. The most striking object in a photograph of the Antietam battle-field, taken soon after that fierce fight was the lifeless form of a drummer-boy, amid the slain, his poor dead arms still bent as if holding the drum-sticks—his drum, broken, lying a stone's-throw away.

With what deafening rattle the innumerable drums were beaten in the grand parade at the close of the war, in Washington, when Sherman's "bummers"—the *bona fide* article—brought up the rear of that almost endless cavalcade! Darkies and bummers, mixed, riding or driving before them mules and donkeys, on which were perched live specimens out of Noah's Ark, from a rac-

coon to a Thomas-cat! Such screeching of parrots and crowing of game-cocks, such bleating of young lambs and chattering of old monkeys, were never heard before nor since. They were all war-trophies, and so many proofs that the drummer-boy had "beaten" his way through the South with success.

No beating of drums ever excited the same feeling as the sound of the "long-roll" through the streets of Washington on the night of Lincoln's assassination. To those who were already asleep when the news of the tragedy became known—which it did about two minutes after the dread deed had been done—the sudden alarm must have been fearfully startling. Even to myself, who happened to be only a block or two away from Ford's Theater, one of a numerous party, this sounding of the general alarm had something terrifying, though appraised of the murder a moment before by a bare-headed, wild-eyed individual who rushed into the house, and threw open the parlor-doors without the ceremony of knocking or asking permission to enter.

A hollow mockery is the drumming of the little band at the head of recruits or regular soldiery on the march to a frontier post. Wearily they plod along through sand, dust, or mud, with the rain pouring or the sun blazing down on their drooping heads. Pretty soon a village or settlement comes into sight, and instantly the noisy taps of the drum-sticks and the ear-splitting squeals of the fife seem frantically to assert and insist that "there's nothing half so funny, nor so full of harmless glee, as the roving joyous life of a bold soldier boy."

Entirely different these same drums sound when the post or the camp has been reached, and the brisk tattoo seems to say, "Well, we're in an Indian country, and we've all got scalps to lose, but we'll keep a sharp lookout for 'Lo' by day and by night." "Taps" have a more quieting, reassuring sound; they say, "All safe; lights out; good night." In the morning when the sun rides high above the mountain that looks down on the plain, and guard-mount goes forward in camp, the drums seem to call out volubly to the rugged heights, "We're all here yet, and we all mean to stay, though a soldier's life in these parts is not so very gay."

What sort of a noise the drum makes when it sounds the call for battle when fighting begins in earnest, I don't know; I never made strenuous efforts to get near enough to learn. As a fear-inspiring instrument, the drum may be named when in the hands of the small boy, about Christmas time.

The drum, as an educator, is spoken of by Heine in his *Book le Grand*.

"*Parbleu!*" he says, "how much do I not owe to the French drummer who was quartered at our house; who looked like a devil, but was good as an angel at heart, and beat the drum so excellently well. It was a small, mobile figure, with a terrible black mustache, from under which the red lips pouted fiercely, while the black eyes darted hither and thither. Little boy that I was, I stuck to him like a burr, helped him to brighten his buttons till they shone like mirrors, to whiten his vest with chalk—for Monsieur le Grand was anxious to please—and followed him to the parade and guard-mount. There was nothing then but glitter of arms and meriment—*les jours de fêtes sont passés*. Monsieur le Grand knew but little broken German, only the principal expressions—'bread,' 'kiss,' 'honor,' but he could make himself very well understood on his drum. If, for instance, I did not know what the word '*liberté*' meant, he beat the '*Marseillaise*,' and I understood

him. Did I not know the meaning of the word '*égalité*,' he played the march, '*Ca ira! ça ira! Les aristocrates à la lanterne*,' and I comprehended.

"Once he wanted to explain to me the word '*l'Allemagne*,' and he drummed that all too primitive tune which we hear at country fairs, where they have trained dogs to perform, 'Dum, dum, dum.' It made me mad, but I understood him. * * I speak of the palace garden at Dusseldorf, where I often lay on the grass and listened devoutly when Monsieur le Grand told of the deeds of war the great Emperor, beating the marches which were drummed during those actions, so that I vividly saw and heard it all. I saw the passage over the Simplon, the Emperor in front, behind him climbing the brave Grenadiers, while the startled birds croaked overhead, and the glaciers thundered in the distance; I saw the Emperor, the flag in his arm, on the bridge at Lodi; I saw the Emperor in his gray cloak at Marengo; I saw the Emperor on his horse at the battle by the Pyramids—nothing but powder, smoke, and Mamelukes there; I saw the Emperor at the battle of Austerlitz. *Hui!* how the bullets whistled over the smooth ice plane. I saw, I heard the battle at Jena—dum, dum, dum; I saw, I heard the battle of Eylau, Wagram—but really, I could hardly bear it any more. Monsieur le Grand drummed so that my own tympanum was almost destroyed.

"While seated on the old bench in the palace garden, dreaming myself back into the past, I heard confused voices behind me, deploring the hard fate of the poor Frenchmen who had been dragged, during the Russian war, to Siberia, and held there as prisoners for years, although peace had been proclaimed, and who were only now returning home. When I looked around I saw them, these orphan children of glory. Through the rents of their tattered uniforms peered naked misery; in their weather-shrunk faces lay sad, deep-sunken eyes; and, though maimed, limping, and feeble, they still kept up a kind of military gait, and, strangely enough, a drummer with his drum staggered along at their head. With a secret shudder, I remembered the story of the soldiers who fell in battle during the day, rose up again at night, and, with the drummer at their head, marched toward their native town.

"Truly, this poor French drummer seemed to have climbed, half decayed, out of his grave; it was only a shrunken gray shadow, in a dirty, torn *capote*, a deceased yellow face with a huge mustache, which hung dejectedly down over his shriveled lips. The eyes were like blackened tinder, in which gleam but a few remaining sparks; but by a single one of these sparks did I recognize Monsieur le Grand. He recognized me, too, and drew me down on the grass beside him, and there we sat again, as in former times, when he taught me French and modern history on his drum. It was still the old familiar drum, and I could not wonder enough how he had protected it from the Russian grasp. He drummed again, as he used to, only without speaking. But if his lips were closely silent, his eyes spoke all the more, lighting up victoriously as he played the old marches. The poplars beside us trembled as the red 'Guillotine March' resounded. The struggles for liberty, the old battles, all the mighty deeds of the Emperor he drummed as of yore, and the drum seemed to become a sentient being, glad of the chance to express its inward delight.

"I heard again the thunder of the cannons, the whistling of the bullets, the din of battle; I saw again

the death bravery of the Guards, the fluttering of the banners, the Emperor on his horse; but a sad tone gradually crept into the most exultant roll. From the drum there came sounds in which the wildest joy and the deepest mourning were strangely mingled; it was a march of victory and a funeral march at once. Le Grands eyes were ghostly wide open, and in them I saw nothing but a white field of ice and snow, covered with the dead; that was the 'Battle of the Moscwa.'

"I had never thought that the old, hard drum could yield such wailing notes as Monsieur le Grand now drew from it. They were beaten tears, and they sounded softer and softer, and, like a dull echo, broke the sighs from Le Grand's breast. And he himself grew weaker and more ghost-like; his withered hands trembled with the cold, he sat as in a dream, only stirring the air with his drum-sticks, and seemed to listen to voices afar off; and at last he looked at me with a deep—abyss-deep—imploing look. I understood him; and then his head fell on his drum!

"Monsieur le Grand never beat drum again in this life. Nor did his drum ever more utter sound. It should serve no foe of freedom for a slavish tattoo. I had very well understood the last imploing look of Le Grand. I drew the sword from my cane and thrust it through the drum at once." JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

"WHEN WITH A LINGERING ROSY LIGHT."

[From the German of Emanuel Geibel.]

When with a lingering rosy light
The day descends into the sea,
Love, in the fragrant beechen shade
Come wander forth with me.

Above us shines the crescent moon,
Afar we hear the nightingale;
I press thy hand, I speak no word,
To break the silence of the vale.

The highest bliss can find no speech,
For maddest love is ever dumb;
A glance—a smothered sigh—a kiss,
The wildest longing will o'ercome.

ALICE GRAY COWAN.

TO A HUNGARIAN MAIDEN.

Sweet friend, when I would speak to thee,
I'd say less than my thought, or more,
Because your presence moves me as a sea
By the waste woods and winding shore;
And many a pulse of ancient story
Your glance to my swift fancy brings.
Such eyes, in days of Magyar glory,
Flashed from castles, weird and hoary,
On armies led by hero kings.
O soul that hath had part in history!
(Pure women and heroic men lived then).
O royal one! Daughter of fallen Hungary,
Thy life has been a star to common men,
Full of rare sweetness, faith, and purity.

C. H. S.

THOUGHTS ON HOME.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

ALEXANDER POPE.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"

THOMAS MOORE.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools that roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light.
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childish tale is told;
Or lips move tunelessly along
Some glorious page of old.

FELICIA HEMANS.

I'd kind o' like to have a cot
Fixed on some sunny slope; a spot
Five acres more or less,
With maples, cedars, cherry trees,
And poplars whitening in the breeze.
'Twould suit my taste, I guess,
To have the porch with vines o'erhung,
With bells of pendant woodbine swung,
In every bell a bee;
And round my latticed window spread
A clump of roses, white and red.

To solace mine and me,
I kind o' think I should desire
To hear around the lawn a choir
Of wood-birds singing sweet;
And in a dell I'd have a brook
Where I might sit and read my book.

Such should be my retreat,
Far from the city's crowd and noise;
There would I rear the girls and boys,
(I have some two or three.)
And if kind Heaven should bless my store
With five, or six, or seven more,
How happy I would be!

ANON.

A NEW SERIAL.

The editor takes pleasure in announcing a brilliant serial story commencing with the next number of THE CALIFORNIAN, and running through the remainder of the year, from the pen of Mr. W. C. Morrow, whose short sketches and stories in this magazine have attracted such wide and favorable notice.